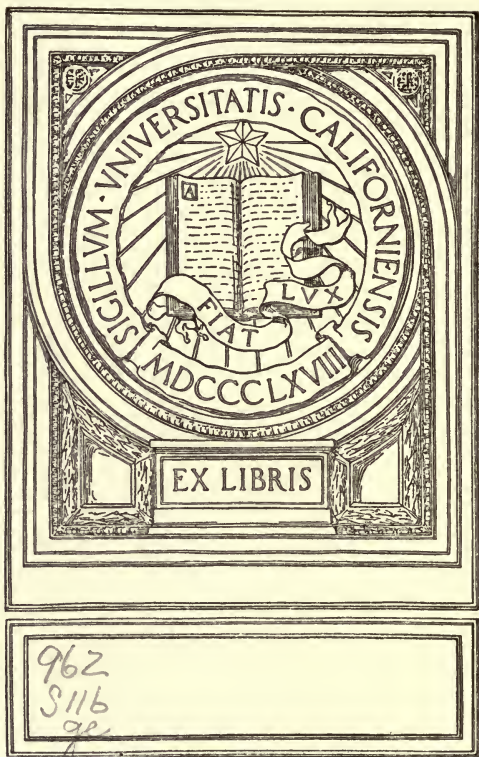


GENERAL CROOK AND THE FIGHTING APACHES

EDWIN L. SABIN





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GENERAL CROOK AND THE FIGHTING APACHES

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GENERAL CROOK AND THE FIGHTING
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BUFFALO BILL AND THE OVERLAND
TRAIL

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

DAVID CROCKETT: SCOUT

ON THE PLAINS WITH CUSTER

GOLD SEEKERS OF '49

WITH SAM HOUSTON IN TEXAS

WITH GEORGE WASHINGTON INTO
THE WILDERNESS

IN THE RANKS OF OLD HICKORY

Handwritten text in the top right corner, consisting of approximately 15 lines of cursive script.

Small handwritten mark or signature in the center of the page.

Faint handwritten text or markings in the lower left quadrant of the page.



"GET DOWN, GET DOWN!" THEY ORDERED, FURIOUSLY, IN APACHE

GENERAL CROOK AND THE FIGHTING APACHES

TREATING ALSO OF THE PART BORNE BY JIMMIE DUNN IN THE DAYS, 1871-1886, WHEN WITH SOLDIERS AND PACK-TRAINS AND INDIAN SCOUTS, BUT EMPLOYING THE STRONGER WEAPONS OF KINDNESS, FIRMNESS AND HONESTY, THE GRAY FOX WORKED HARD TO THE END THAT THE WHITE MEN AND THE RED MEN IN THE SOUTHWEST AS IN THE NORTHWEST MIGHT BETTER UNDERSTAND ONE ANOTHER

BY

EDWIN L. SABIN

AUTHOR OF "OPENING THE WEST WITH LEWIS AND CLARK,"
"BUFFALO BILL AND THE OVERLAND TRAIL," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES H. STEPHENS
PORTRAIT AND A MAP



PHILADELPHIA & LONDON
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

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LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

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TO THE
LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

PRINTED IN UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

**TO THE
TYPICAL AMERICAN SOLDIER**

**WHOSE MOTTO, LIKE GENERAL CROOK'S, IS BRAVERY,
EFFICIENCY, AND "JUSTICE TO ALL"**

M25178

**"Then General Crook came; he, at least,
had never lied to us. His words gave
the people hope. He died. Their
hope died again. Despair came again."**

Chief Red Cloud of the Sioux

FOREWORD

“IT should not be expected that an Indian who has lived as a barbarian all his life will become an angel the moment he comes on a reservation and promises to behave himself, or that he has that strict sense of honor which a person should have who has had the advantage of civilization all his life, and the benefit of a moral training and character which has been transmitted to him through a long line of ancestors. It requires constant watching and knowledge of their character to keep them from going wrong. They are children in ignorance, not in innocence. I do not wish to be understood as in the least palliating their crimes, but I wish to say a word to stem the torrent of invective and abuse which has almost universally been indulged in against the whole Apache race. . . . Greed and avarice on the part of the whites—in other words, the almighty dollar—is at the bottom of nine-tenths of all our Indian trouble.”

GENERAL GEORGE CROOK

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GENERAL GEORGE CROOK

From "On the Border with Crook." By Captain John C. Bourke.
By Courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons.

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE CROOK

Called by the Indians the "Gray Fox," because of his weather worn canvas suit and his skillful methods. Admired by them also as "a common man who makes war like a big chief." He first organized the army pack-mule trains, and employed Indians to fight Indians. He was noted for his dislike of "show," his strict honesty, his incessant hard work, his great endurance, and his knowledge of Western animals and Indian ways.

Born near Dayton, Ohio, September 8, 1828.

Graduates from West Point Military Academy, 1852, No. 38 in his class. Assigned as second lieutenant, Fourth Infantry, and stationed in Idaho.

First lieutenant, March, 1856.

Captain, May, 1861. Meanwhile has been wounded by an arrow during campaigns against the Indians in Oregon and Washington.

Appointed Colonel of the Thirty-sixth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, September, 1861, and drills it so thoroughly that it is styled the "Thirty-sixth Regulars."

Brevetted major in the regular service, May, 1862, for gallantry at the battle of Lewisburg, West Virginia, where he was wounded.

Brigadier general of Volunteers, September, 1862.

Brevetted lieutenant-colonel in the regular service, September, 1862, for gallantry at the battle of Antietam, Maryland.

Brevetted colonel, October, 1863, for gallantry at the battle of Farmington, Tennessee.

Commands the Army of West Virginia, August and September, 1864.

Major-general of Volunteers, October, 1864.

Double brevet of brigadier-general and major-general in the regular service, March, 1865, for gallantry in the Shenandoah Valley campaign.

Commands the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac, spring of 1865.

Commands Department of West Virginia, 1865.

Assigned as major of the Third U. S. Infantry, July, 1866, and stationed in Northern California.

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE CROOK

- Lieutenant-colonel, Twenty-third U. S. Infantry, July, 1866, to command in the Boise district, Idaho, where he makes a reputation as an Indian campaigner against the Warm Springs Shoshones or Snakes of Oregon.
- Appointed to command the Military Department of the Columbia (the State of Oregon and the Territories of Idaho and Washington), July, 1868.
- Transferred to California, 1870.
- Appointed to command of the new Department of Arizona, June, 1871.
- By reason of his success with the Apaches of Arizona, is promoted from lieutenant-colonel to brigadier-general, October, 1873.
- Transferred to command the Department of the Platte, with headquarters at Omaha, March, 1875.
- Campaigns, with pack-trains and Indian scouts, against the Sioux and Cheyennes of the plains, 1875-1878; subdues them and thereafter devotes his available time to hunting and exploration.
- In 1882 is reassigned to the Department of Arizona, where the Apaches are unruly again.
- Fails to succeed in holding Geronimo, the Apache war leader; is relieved at his own request, April, 1886, and reassigned to the command of the Department of the Platte.
- Appointed major-general, April, 1888, and assigned to the command of the Military Division of the Missouri, with headquarters in Chicago.
- Dies March 21, 1890, in his sixty-second year, at Chicago. Interred with high honors at Oakland, Maryland, pending the transfer of the remains, soon thereafter, to the National Cemetery at Arlington, Virginia.

MAJOR-GEN. OLIVER OTIS HOWARD

A man distinguished for his deep religious spirit and his benevolence, as well for his bravery upon the field of battle and his friendship with the Indians.

Born at Leeds, Maine, November 8, 1830.

Graduates at Bowdoin College, Maine, 1850.

Graduates at West Point Military Academy, 1854, No. 4 in his class. Assigned as second lieutenant of ordnance at Watervliet Arsenal.

Assigned to command of the Kennebec Arsenal, 1855.

In 1856 transferred to Watervliet again.

December, 1856, ordered to the Seminole Indian campaign in Florida.

First lieutenant and chief of ordnance, Department of Florida, 1857.

Assistant professor of mathematics at West Point, 1857-1861.

Expected to resign from the army to enter the ministry, but in June, 1861, accepts the colonelcy of the Third Maine Volunteer Infantry.

Commands a brigade at the battle of Bull Run.

Brigadier-general of Volunteers, September, 1861.

Loses his right arm, from two wounds, at the battle of Fair Oaks, Virginia, June, 1862.

Major-general of Volunteers, November, 1862.

Commands an army division at the battles of Antietam and Fredericksburg.

Commands an army corps at the battles of Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Chattanooga, and elsewhere, and has the right wing in Sherman's march to the sea.

Thanked by Congress, January, 1864, for services at Gettysburg.

Brigadier-general in the regular army, December, 1864.

Brevetted major-general in the regular army, March, 1865, for gallantry.

Chief of the Freedman's Bureau, at Washington, for the education and care of the negroes and refugees, 1865-1874.

Sent by President Grant to New Mexico and Arizona, as special peace commissioner to treat with the Indians, 1872, and wins the trust and love of the various tribes.

MAJOR-GENERAL OLIVER OTIS HOWARD

Assigned to the command of the Department of the Columbia, August, 1874.

Campaigns against the Nez Percés of Chief Joseph, 1877.

Campaigns against the Bannocks and Pai-Utes, 1878.

Superintendent of West Point Military Academy, 1880-1882.

Commands the Department of the Platte, 1882-1886.

Major-general, March, 1886, and appointed to the command of the Division of the Pacific.

Awarded medal of honor, by Congress, March, 1893, for distinguished bravery in the battle of Fair Oaks, where he lost his arm.

As commander of the Department of the East is retired, November, 1894.

Devotes his energies to religious and philanthropic work, and dies at Burlington, Vermont, October 26, 1909, aged seventy-nine.

THE APACHE INDIANS

- A large collection of Indian tribes inhabiting the Southwest. They first are mentioned in 1598 by the early Spanish explorers in New Mexico.
- The name "Apache" is derived from the Zuni word "Apachu," meaning "enemy." Their own name was "Tinde (Tinneh)" and "Dine (Dinde)," meaning "men" or "the people."
- They always were bitter enemies to the Spanish and Mexicans, who offered high rewards in money for Apache scalps, and enslaved captives. They were not openly hostile to the Americans until, in 1857, a Mexican teamster employed by the United States party surveying the Mexican boundary line shot an Apache warrior without just cause. The survey commissioner offered thirty dollars in payment, which was refused, and the Apaches declared war.
- In 1861 Cochise, chief of the Chiricahuas, who had been friendly, was confined, on a false charge, by Lieutenant Bascom of the army, at the army camp at Apache Pass, Arizona. He cut his way to freedom. His brother and five others were hanged by the Americans. Cochise hanged a white man, in return, declared war, and almost captured the stage station where the troops were fortified.
- Beginning with the Civil War, the Apaches ravaged all southern Arizona and the stage line in New Mexico also. Terrible tortures were committed upon settlers and travelers.
- In 1863 Mangas Coloradas (Red Sleeves), an old Mimbrenño chief related by marriage to Cochise, was treacherously imprisoned and killed by soldiers, at Fort McLane, New Mexico. Thenceforth the Apaches and whites in Arizona had little common ground except that of "no quarter." There was constant fighting.
- In March, 1871, a number of Arivaipa Apaches gathered peacefully under the protection of Camp Grant are killed, captured or put to flight by a vengeful party of Americans, Mexicans and Papago Indians from Tucson.
- In the fall of 1871 the Government peace commission tries to adjust the differences between the white people and the red. The Apaches are offered reservations and guaranteed kind treatment. They have little faith in the words.
- The Apaches, with the exception of the White Mountain in Arizona and the Warm Spring in New Mexico, and some

THE APACHE INDIANS

- smaller bands, decline to gather upon reservations. In 1872 General O. O. Howard arrives as special peace commissioner, and by his talks and actions wins the trust of the Indians. The reservation idea seems a success. Cochise and his Chiricahuas agree to remain in their own country of the Dragoon Mountains, southern Arizona.
- In the winter of 1872-73 General George Crook proceeds against the outlaw Apaches of Arizona, especially the Tontos and the Apache-Mohaves or Yavapais. His cavalry, infantry, pack-trains and enlisted Indian scouts trail them down and subdue them.
- General Crook's plans to make the Indians self-supporting on their reservations appear to have brought peace to Arizona.
- In 1874 the control of the reservations passes from the War Department to the Indian Bureau. Reservations given to the Indians "forever," by the President, are reduced or abolished, and various tribes are removed against their protests. Agents prove dishonest, the Indians are not encouraged to work, and are robbed of their rations.
- The Chiricahuas are generally peaceful, although Mexico complains that stock is being stolen and run across the border into the reservation. Chief Cochise, who has kept his word with General Howard, dies in 1874. Taza his son succeeds him, as leader of the Chiricahua peace party, until his death in 1876.
- In April, 1876, whiskey is sold to some Chiricahuas, at a stage station on the reservation. A fight ensues, and killings occur. The great majority of the Chiricahuas refuse to join in any outbreak.
- In June, 1876, it is recommended by the governor of Arizona that all the Chiricahuas be removed to the San Carlos reservation. They do not wish to go, but the majority follow Taza there. Chiefs Juh, Geronimo, and others escape.
- The policy of the Indian Bureau contemplates putting all the Apaches together upon the San Carlos reservation. The White Mountain Apaches, who have voluntarily lived upon the White Mountain reservation, their home land, adjacent, and have supplied the government with scouts, decline to go to the low country. When forced, they drift back again, and finally are allowed to stay.
- In 1877 the Warm Spring Apaches and the Geronimo Chiricahuas who had taken refuge there are ordered from the Warm Spring reservation in New Mexico to San Carlos. Some escape; the remainder escape a little later. Thereafter, Chief Victorio and his Warm Springs are constantly on the war-path, out of Mexico.

THE APACHE INDIANS

- In January, 1880, Chiefs Juh and Geronimo of the Chiricahuas agree to stay upon the San Carlos reservation. In August Victorio is killed by Mexican troops.
- In September, 1881, Juh and Nah-che (a son of Cochise and a lieutenant of Geronimo), break from the reservation, for Mexico.
- In April, 1882, Geronimo and Loco of the Chiricahuas follow. General Crook is now recalled to the command in Arizona. He talks with the Apaches on the reservations, finds a marked state of mistrust and misunderstanding, and places his troops to guard the border against the outlaws.
- In March, 1883, Chato, or Flat-nose, a young captain of Geronimo's band, with twenty-six men breaks through, raids up into New Mexico and Arizona, and murders settlers. With forty cavalry, about two hundred Apache scouts, and pack-trains, Crook overhauls the Chiricahuas in the wild Sierra Madre Mountains of Mexico two hundred miles south of the boundary, and persuades the whole band to return peaceably to the reservation.
- The Chiricahuas are placed under the control of General Crook, and he locates them upon good land on the White Mountain reservation. Both reservations are policed by the army. The Apaches seem to be content, under the Crook plan that they shall work for an independent living. In 1884 they raise over four thousand tons of produce. There have been no outbreaks.
- In February, 1885, disagreements arise between the War Department and the Interior Department, of which the Indian Bureau is a function. General Crook's powers are interfered with by civil interests at Washington and in Arizona, liquor is being permitted upon the reservations and the Indians grow uneasy.
- In May, 1885, after a controversy with the agent over the right to dig an irrigating ditch, and having obtained a supply of liquor, one hundred and twenty-four men, women and children under Geronimo and Nah-che, his lieutenant, escape again into Mexico. During their raids they kill seventy-three whites and a number of Apache scouts.
- General Crook secures an international agreement that United States troops may operate in Mexico, and Mexican troops in the United States, and sends a column on the trail of Geronimo.
- In March, 1886, Geronimo signifies that he desires to talk. The general meets him, Chihuahua and other chiefs, and they accept the terms of two years' imprisonment, with the privilege of the company of their families.

THE APACHE INDIANS

On the march north a vicious white man by the name of Tribollet supplies whiskey to the Chiricahuas, at ten dollars (silver) a gallon, alarms them with lies by himself and his unscrupulous associates. Geronimo and Nah-che, with twenty men, thirteen women and two children, disappear. Chihuahua and eighty others remain.

The general's action in making terms with the Chiricahuas, and in not so guarding them that they would be forced to remain, is indirectly censured by General Sheridan, commanding the army. Crook explains that no other methods on his part would have met with any success, under the circumstances, and asks to be relieved from the command of the department.

In April, 1886, General Nelson A. Miles takes the command in Arizona. He increases the number of heliostat signal stations, discharges the reservation-Apache scouts (whom he suspects of treachery), employs a few trailers from other tribes, and by a very energetic campaign which permits Geronimo no rest, in September induces his surrender upon only the conditions that his life shall be spared and that he shall be removed from Arizona.

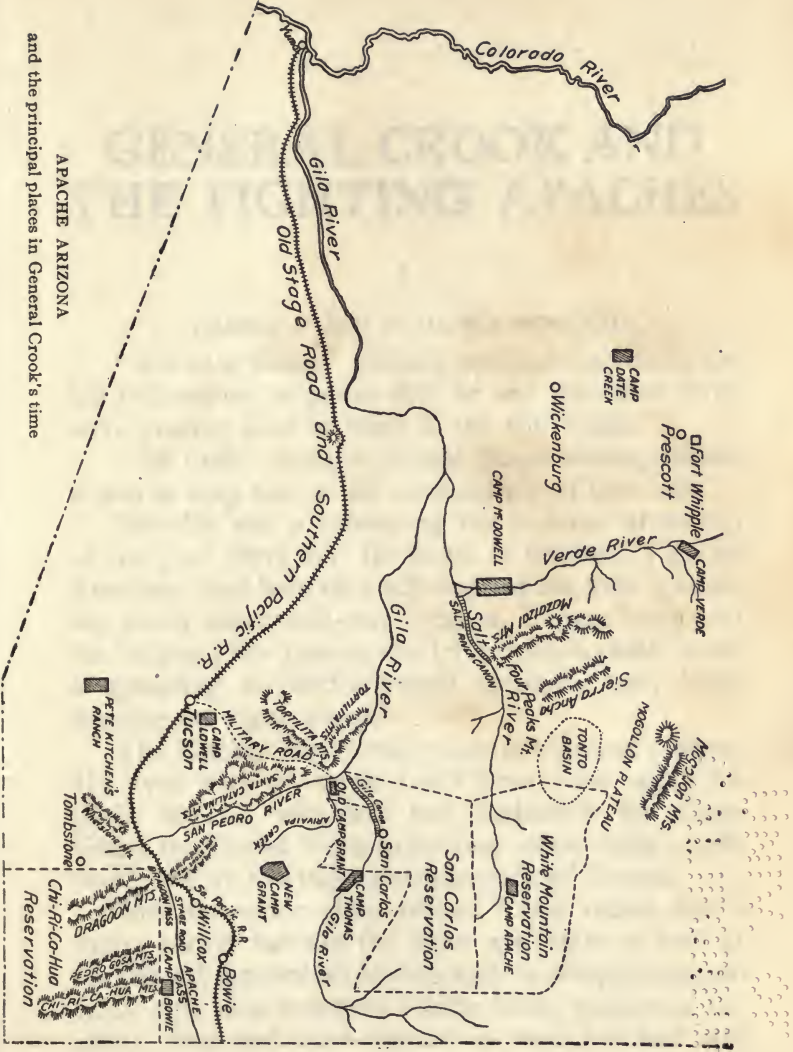
Without delay the Geronimo and Nah-che remnant of hostiles, and all the Chiricahua and Warm Spring Apaches, four hundred in number, at the Fort Apache (White Mountain) reservation, are removed, whether friendly or not, to Florida. This is deemed the only practicable measure of freeing the Southwest from the menace of Apache outbreaks. The expenses of the Department of Arizona are lessened by \$1,000,000 a year.

The climate of Florida is unfavorable to the Apaches. Geronimo complains that he and Nah-che had understood that their families were to accompany them. Many of the Apaches die from disease and homesickness.

In May, 1888, the Apaches are removed from Florida to Mt. Vernon barracks, Alabama; and in October, 1894, as prisoners of war to Fort Sill Military Reservation, Indian Territory (now Oklahoma).

The principal reservations of the Arizona Apaches are the Fort Apache and the San Carlos, each containing between two and three thousand Indians. There are still over two hundred of the Chiricahuas and Warm Springs at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. Geronimo died February 17, 1909, at Fort Sill. Nah-che succeeded him as chief.

APACHE ARIZONA
and the principal places in General Crook's time







GENERAL CROOK AND THE FIGHTING APACHES

I

JIMMIE DUNN IS BADLY FOOLED

“TINKLE, tinkle,” placidly sounded the bell of the old bell-wether, to prove that he and the other sheep were grazing near at hand in the stiff brush.

“All right,” thought Jimmie Dunn, whose business it was to keep tab on the whereabouts of that bell.

For this was a simmering hot summer afternoon of the year 1870, far, far down in southern Arizona Territory; and here on a hill-slope of the Pete Kitchen big ranch about half-way between Tucson town and the Mexican line Jimmie was lying upon his back under a spreading crooked-branched mesquite tree, lazily herding the ranch sheep.

The Kitchen ranch really was not Jimmie’s home. He lived with his uncle Joe Felmer (not really his uncle, either), who was the blacksmith for Camp Grant, the United States army post ninety miles northward, or fifty-five miles the other side of Tucson.

But the region close around Camp Grant was a sandy pocket famous for fever and ague as well as for other disagreeable features, such as scorpions, tarantulas, ugly Gila monsters (thick, black, poisonous lizards), heat and sand-storms; so that Joe had sent

GENERAL CROOK AND FIGHTING APACHES

Jimmie down to their friend Pete Kitchen, on a vacation.

Everybody, American, Mexican and Indian, in southern Arizona, knew the Pete Kitchen ranch. It was noted for its battles with the Apaches who, passing back and forth on their raids out of the mountains of Arizona and Mexico both, were likely to plunder and kill, at any time. Sturdy Pete had not been driven away yet, and did not propose to be driven away.

Jimmie himself was pretty well used to Apaches. They prowled about Camp Grant, and attacked people on the road from Tucson, and frequently the soldiers rode out after them. Joe Felmer had married an Apache woman, who was now dead; he spoke Apache and Jimmie had picked up a number of the words; but there were plenty of unfriendly Apaches who every little while ran off with Joe's mules or filled his hogs with arrows.

On his back under the mesquite tree Jimmie was not thinking of Apaches. He was idly surveying the country—at the same time having an ear open to the musical tinkle of the bell-wether, who told him where the sheep were straying. And a delightful, dreamy outlook this was, over all those quiet miles of mountain and desert Arizona which only the Southern stage-line traversed, and which, so thinly settled by white people, the roving Apache Indians claimed as their own.

In his loose cotton shirt and ragged cotton trousers Jimmie felt very comfortable. Presently his eyes closed, his head drooped, and he nodded off, for forty or so winks.

JIMMIE DUNN IS BADLY FOOLED

He dozed, he was certain, not more than five minutes; or perhaps ten. Then he awakened with a sudden start. Something had told him to awaken. He sat up and looked to see that the sheep were all right. He could not see one animal, but he heard the tinkle, tinkle. He twisted about to find the old bell-wether—and he gazed full into the grinning face of an Apache boy!

The Apache boy, who appeared to be fourteen or fifteen years old, was not more than five yards from him—standing there beside a giant cactus, naked except for a red cloth band about his forehead, and a whitish cotton girdle about his middle, with the broad ends hanging down before and behind, and regular Apache moccasins reaching like leggins half way up his thighs for protection against the brush: standing there, grinning, in his left hand a bow, in his right the wether's bell!

He had been tinkling that bell! And a smart trick this was, too: to sneak up on the wether, get the bell, and ring it to fool the herder while other Apaches drove away the sheep!

For an instant Jimmie stared perfectly paralyzed with astonishment. He could not believe his eyes. Instead of a staid old tame sheep, here was a mischievous young wild Apache! Then, trying to utter a shout, up he sprang, to run. On the moment he heard a sharp swish, the noose of an Apache's rawhide rope whipped about his shoulders, and right in mid-step he was jerked backward so violently, head over heels, that he had no time or breath for yelling a word.

GENERAL CROOK AND FIGHTING APACHES

Barely had he landed topsy turvy in the brush when a heavy body rushed for him, a supple dark hand was clapped firmly over his mouth, and hauled upright he was half dragged, half carried, through the mesquites and the cactuses and around the slope of the hill.

Now he was flung, limp and dazed, aboard a pony, his captor mounted into the saddle behind him, and away they tore, while the brush beneath reeled by under Jimmie's swimming eyes.

This was a fast ride until the sheep were overtaken. There they were, almost the whole flock, being forced hotly onward by Apaches afoot and ahorse, with other Apaches guarding the flanks. It looked like a war party returning with plunder from Mexico. The bands about the foreheads, the round rawhide helmets that some wore, the thigh moccasins, the guns, bows, lances and clubs, proved that they were a war party; and they had a lot of loose horses and mules besides the Pete Kitchen sheep.

Jimmie sighted another captive—a Mexican boy, older than he, fastened upon a yellow mule led by an Apache horseman.

A broad-shouldered, finely built Indian wearing an Apache helmet with feathers sticking up from it, and riding a white horse, evidently was the chief in command.

The grip of the Apache who held Jimmie had slackened. Jimmie managed to squirm 'round enough to look up into the Apache's face. In return he got a grin, and two or three Apache words that said: "Good boy. No fear." These were common words with

JIMMIE DUNN IS BADLY FOOLED

the "tame" Apaches who sometimes came into Camp Grant or to Joe Felmer's little ranch near by, so Jimmie understood.

The country grew rougher and wilder and higher. By the sun Jimmie knew that the course was generally eastward, and he guessed that these were Chiricahua Apaches.

The Apache Indians, as almost anybody in Arizona could say off-hand, were divided into the Chiricahuas and the Pinals and the Arivaipas and the Coyotes and the White Mountains and the Apache-Mohaves and the Apache-Yumas and the Tontos and the Mogollons, and the Warm Spring Apaches and the Mimbres (of New Mexico), and the Jicarillas (Heek-ah-ree-yahs) or Basket Apaches, who never came into Arizona; and so forth.

The Tontos and Pinals, who were outlaws, and the Chiricahuas (Chee-ree-cah-wahs), who were hard, thorough fighters, seemed to give the most trouble. The Chiricahuas lived in the mountains of southern Arizona and of northern Mexico.

The pines and cedars of the higher country were reached before dusk. Not a tenth of the sheep had come this far. The most of them had been left to die from heat and exhaustion. Now having passed through another of their favorite narrow canyons, the Apaches halted, at dark, to camp beside a trickle of water in a rocky little basin surrounded by crags and timber.

This night Jimmie was forced to lie between two Apache warriors, the one who had captured him, and a comrade; and he fitted so closely that if he moved

GENERAL CROOK AND FIGHTING APACHES

he would waken them. It was an uncomfortable bed, there under a thin dirty strip of blanket, limited by those greasy, warm bodies, and he was afraid to stir. But he was so tired that he slept, anyway.

Very early in the morning the camp roused again. Apaches when on a raid or when pursued were supposed to travel on only one meal a day and with only three hours' rest out of the twenty-four. So now on and on and on, through all kinds of rough country they hastened, at steady gait and speaking rarely—Jimmie riding a bareback horse.

In late afternoon they halted on the rim of a valley so deep and wide that it was veiled in bluish-purple haze. On a rocky point three of the Apaches started a fire of dried grass, and sent up a smoke signal by heaping pitchy pine cones upon the blaze.

Chewing twigs and sucking pebbles to keep their mouths wet, the Apaches, talking together and watching, waited, until a long distance across the valley, whose brushy sides were thickly grown with the mescal, or century plant cactuses, blooming in round stalks twenty feet tall, a smoke column answered.

The Apaches tending to their own fire fed more pine cones to it, and two of them rapidly clapped a saddle-blanket on and off the smoke, and broke it into puffs. The smoke column across the valley puffed in reply.

The Apache boy who had played bell-wether pressed to Jimmie's horse.

"Chi-cowah," he said, pointing. That was Apache for "My home."

JIMMIE DUNN IS BADLY FOOLED

Now the party appeared satisfied. They scattered their fire, and struck down into a narrow trail that crossed the bottom of the valley. A peculiar sweetish smell hung in the misted air. This, Jimmie guessed, was from the steaming pits wherein the hearts of the mescal, or century plants, were being roasted.

They glimpsed several squaws and children gathering foodstuff in the brush. As they filed through a little draw or rocky pass they were hailed loudly by an Apache sentinel posted above. He could not be seen, but the chief replied. The pass opened into a grassy flat concealed by the usual high crags and timbered ridges. Here was the Apache camp or rancheria (ran-cher-ee-ah), located along a willow-bordered creek.

Fifty or sixty of the Apache brush huts or jacals were sprinkled all up and down the flat, and as soon as the party entered, a tremendous chorus of welcome sounded. Women shrieked, children screamed, dogs barked and mules brayed. Right into the center of the camp marched the party, and stopped.

A circle of staring women and children, and a few men, surrounded. Other squaws bustled to take the horses and mules from the dismounting warriors. Jimmie was told to get off. Feeling lonesome and miserable, he saw close in front of him a boy who did not seem to be Indian at all, for he had fiery red hair and brick-red freckles and only one eye, which was blue!

Yes—a red-headed, one-eyed, blue-eyed boy, rather runty, in only a whitish cotton girdle, and moccasins.

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Evidently he dressed that way—or undressed that way—all the time, for his body and limbs were burned darker than his face.

Jimmie was not granted much space for staring back into that one blue eye. He was slapped upon the shoulder, "Aqui (Here)!" grunted the chief, in Spanish, and strode on through the circle. So Jimmie followed, hobbling at best speed.

The chief went straight to a scrub-oak tree, with a hut beneath it, and an Apache sitting in the shade of it, on a deer hide before the hut. By the manner with which Jimmie's Apache spoke to the sitting Apache, who did not rise, it was plain to be seen that the sitting Apache was the principal chief, and that Jimmie's Apache was maybe only a captain.

They talked for a moment in Apache, too fast for Jimmie to understand. Then the sitting chief, who had been eying Jimmie sharply, addressed him in simple Mexican-Spanish easy to catch.

He was not at all a bad-looking Apache. In fact, he was about the finest Apache that Jimmie had ever met: a broad-chested six-footer, like the captain chief, but large eyed and kindly faced and dignified.

"What is your name?"

"James Dunn."

"No Mexicano?"

"Americano," corrected Jimmie proudly.

"Your father Pete Keetchen?"

"No."

"Where you live?"

"Camp Grant."

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“With soldiers?”

Jimmie reflected an instant. If he said “With Joe Felmer,” then the chief would surely hold him as a great prize, for Joe Felmer, Government scout as well as post blacksmith, was an important enemy. So——

“Sometimes,” asserted Jimmie, which was true.

“Why on Keetchen rancho?”

“Tend to sheep.” And Jimmie blushed when he recalled that he had been a great sheep-herder!

“Pete Keetchen your father?”

“No!” repeated Jimmie. “No father, no mother.”

The head chief and the captain chief gazed at him as though they would read his very thoughts. The captain chief had such piercing dark eyes that they bored clear through. But he was a sure-enough Apache, with straight black hair and dark chocolate skin, darker even than ordinary.

’Twas to be imagined that neither of the chiefs believed Jimmie’s statements. They still suspected that he belonged to Pete Kitchen.

The head chief spoke abruptly.

“You ’Pache now. Ugashé (U-gah-shay)—go!”

Jimmie knew that he was dismissed, and he turned away. He was faint in the stomach and weak in the knees, and he had no place in particular to go, until he saw the Mexican boy captive sitting in the sun, with his feet under him and his shanks high. Jimmie seized upon the opportunity to talk with him, at last.

“What is your name?” he asked, squatting beside him. All Americans in southern Arizona could speak

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some Spanish; Mexican-Spanish was as common as English.

“ Maria Jilda Grijalba (Maree-ah Heel-dah Greehal-bah).”

“ Where did you live? ”

“ In Sonora ” (which was in Mexico). “ Where did you live? ”

“ Camp Grant—American fort, Arizona.”

“ How far? ”

Jimmie shrugged his shoulders.

“ Do not know.”

“ You do not live on the rancho? ”

“ For little while.”

“ You have father, mother? ”

“ No. Apaches kill them.”

“ My father, mother, brothers, sisters, all killed,” lamented Maria, weeping. “ Alas! All killed, by Apaches.”

“ We run off, pretty soon? ” proposed Jimmie.

“ No! ” opposed Maria, in much alarm. “ Must stay. Be Apaches. They not let us run off. Big country. Get lost and die. Get caught and be killed.”

But Jimmie had made up his mind that he was not going to be an Apache; he would escape if he could. Or maybe he would be rescued.

However, here came the captain chief, and the bellwether Apache boy, and the strange red-headed boy with the one blue eye.

“ Ugashé! ” roughly ordered the captain chief, of Maria. Poor Maria obediently arose and shuffled away.

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The captain spoke to Jimmie, and smiled. He, also was a fine-looking Apache: almost six feet tall and straight and sinewy, with square face and thin, determined lips, and those extraordinary sharp eyes.

Jimmie stood up.

"Chi-kis-n," said the captain, and nodded aside at the bell-wether boy.

"Chi-kis-n" was Apache for "my brother." The Apache boy grinned and held out his hand.

"Chi-kis-n," he greeted.

The red-headed, one-eyed boy explained in Spanish.

"Your name Boy-who-falls-asleep, his name Nah-che. But you must call him chi-kis-n—my brother."

"Muchos gratias (Many thanks)," answered Jimmie, shaking hands with Nah-che. Nah-che was a stocky, round-faced boy, and Jimmie liked him in spite of that trick with the sheep bell.

"The chief's name is Go-yath-lay," continued the red-headed boy. "He is war-captain of the Chiricahua. Nah-che is son of Cochise, head chief."

The war captain, who had been listening intently, trying to understand the words, nodded, and spoke again in Apache.

"Your chi-kis-n will show you," translated the red-headed boy, who knew Spanish and Apache both.

"Aqui (Here)," bade Nah-che: and Jimmie followed him to one of those regulation Apache jacals—a low round-topped hut made from willow branches stuck in a circle and bent over to fasten together, with pieces of deer hide and cow hide laid to cover the framework of the sides, and flat bundles of brush to thatch

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the roof. The jacals resembled dirty white bowls bottom-up. Each had a little opening, as a door to be entered only by stooping half double.

Before the hut an Apache woman in a loose cotton waist worn outside a draggled calico skirt was busy cooking. She stirred the contents of an iron kettle, set upon a bed of coals in a small shallow pit. She threw back her long, coarse black hair and scanned Jimmie curiously while Nah-che spoke a few words to her.

Then repeating the title "chi-kis-n" Nah-che strolled away. The woman smiled broadly at Jimmie, took him by the arm, and talking to him led him inside the hut. The earth had been dug out, there, so that they might stand, in the middle, and not strike their heads on the ceiling.

The woman made Jimmie remove his trousers and shoes; and leaving him his ragged shirt tossed to him a pair of old moccasins.

Again out-doors, she gave him a mess of the stew, in a gourd bowl. The stew was corn and beans cooked together, and was very good indeed, to a hungry boy.

"Go," she signed. "Come back at night."

Here in the open, Jimmie felt rather odd, with nothing on but his shirt and moccasins. Still, most of the boys and girls of his age, in the village, had even less on. They were brown, though, and he was white, which seemed to make a difference.

Some of the boys were playing at what appeared to be hide-and-seek amidst the brush and trees and rocks; others were shooting with bows and arrows. The little girls had dolls, of rags, and stuffed, painted

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buckskin. They all viewed him out of their sparkling black eyes, and the girls giggled the same as white girls.

Jimmie's squaw shoved him from behind.

"U-ga-shé!" she ordered. "Go!"

After all, thought Jimmie, if he had to live here for a while, he might better pretend to enjoy himself, until he got a good chance to escape. So he boldly joined in the game of hide-and-seek. At first everybody there let him alone. But he chased around, with the others, his shirt flapping, and soon he was one of the "gang" and was being shouted at in Apache.

The one-eyed boy and Nah-che and several others of that age stayed by themselves, playing a game with raw-hide cards, and talking. They were too old for foolishness.

This night Jimmie slept in the squaw's hut. There was a feast and dance, judging by the noise that he heard when awake. Nah-che came in late. In the morning the red-headed boy went away on foot with three Apaches who evidently had been visitors at the village; and as he did not return during the day, he probably belonged somewhere else, himself.

II

JIMMIE LEARNS TO BE APACHE

THESE were the principal band of the Cho-kon-en Apaches who were called Chiricahua ("Great Mountain") Apaches because of the Chiricahua Mountains amidst which they lived. But Cho-kon-en was their own name.

The pleasant-faced Cochise was the head chief. He was about fifty-five years old. The captain Goyath-lay or "One-who-yawns" was the war chief. He was forty years old. The Mexicans whom he had fought had given him the name Geronimo (*Her-on-i-mo*), which is Spanish for Jerome.

There were other bands of Chiricahuas, under other chiefs—Na-na and Chihuahua (*Chi-wah-wah*) and Loco, and so forth. Na-na was the oldest of all; he was nearly eighty, and had been wounded many times in battle—yes, as many as fifteen times. Chihuahua was stout and good-natured. Loco was thin and quite bow-legged.

In the Sierra Madre Mountains of Mexico, which were the south end of the Chiricahua Range, were the Nedni Apaches, under old Chief Juh, or "Whoa." Chief Cochise and Chief Juh frequently went to war together against the Mexicans.

Northeastward, or in western New Mexico lived the Chi-hen-ne—the Ojo Caliente (*Oho Cal-i-en-te*) or Warm Spring Apaches, under Chief Victorio. With Chief Victorio's people the Cochise people had long been as brothers.

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The woman who had charge of Jimmie was Nah-da-ste. She was a sister of Geronimo. Her husband had been killed in battle with the Mexicans. The warrior who had captured Jimmie was Geronimo's younger brother Porico, or "White Horse."

Nah-che, Jimmie's chi-kis-n, was the youngest son of Chief Cochise. Geronimo the war chief liked him very much. His name meant "meddlesome," for he had been a mischievous baby. In about three years, or when he was seventeen, if he had proved himself worthy in the hunt and on the long trail, he would be admitted into the councils as a warrior.

The same with another boy, Chato. He was called Chato, or "Flat-nose," because he had been kicked in the face by a mule.

Taza, Nah-che's elder brother, already was a warrior and would be head chief, probably, after Cochise his father died. But that was not certain; head chiefs were elected and not born.

As for the red-headed, one-eyed blue-eyed boy——

"His name is Red-head," said Nah-che. "He is not one of us. He is part Mexican and part American. He was captured a long time ago by some of our men, but he lives with the White Mountains now, in the north. The White Mountains are at peace, on their land where the new American fort is being built."

Jimmie rapidly learned Apache, although many of the Chiricahuas spoke Spanish. He soon had lost his shirt, and went about with only a rag around his waist. Everybody in the Cochise camp was kind to him. He was an Apache boy, now. The Apaches never whipped

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their children, nor punished them in any way except by scolding.

The little children were made to help in the fields where corn and squash and beans and melons were raised; and went with their mothers to gather seeds and berries and acorns and mescal—for the Apaches ate curious things.

The girls played with dolls, and at housekeeping and tended to the babies, of which there were many. The boys of nine and ten, Jimmie's age, and over, worked some, but they were encouraged to use the bow and arrow, and throw the lance, and practice at war and at the hunt, so as to train them as warriors and to strengthen their muscles.

The war game was the best sport. Some of the boys pretended to be Mexicans. The others remained Apaches. The "Mexicans" were given a head-start, into the brush and timber, and the "Apaches" set out to find their trail and to surprise them.

Although the "Mexicans" did everything they might think of, to conceal their tracks and to get away, they always were discovered. Then by running and sneaking and crawling flat with grass and cactus tied to their heads the "Apaches" proceeded to ambush the "Mexicans." Then the "Apaches" yelled and shot fast with light arrows, and the "Mexicans" were killed or captured.

Turkeys were caught by running after them up hill and down until they were so tired that they could not fly, and were killed by a blow from a club on the neck. Rabbits were chased, too, and surrounded by a circle

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of boys armed with bows and clubs; and they, too, were killed.

All these sports made the Apache boys fleet of foot and quick of eye and arm, and very strong in lungs and legs.

The Apaches had curious customs as well as curious food.

“You must never ask a Tinneh (‘Tinneh’ was the Apache’s own title; it meant ‘man’) his name,” explained Nah-che. “Only somebody else may speak it. If he spoke it, he would have bad luck.”

And——

“You must never speak of the bear or the mule or the snake or the lightning unless you say Ostin Shosh (Old Man Bear), or Ostin Mule or Ostin Snake or Ostin Lightning. It is not well to talk about them or the owl. They are medicine.”

And——

“After you are married you must not look upon the face of your wife’s mother. You must avoid meeting her or speaking to her. You must hide your face or turn your back, or you will be disrespectful.”

And——

“You must not eat fish meat, or the meat of the pig. They are bad.”

And——

“When anyone dies we give away everything of his that we don’t burn. If that was not done, then there might be persons of bad hearts who would wish a relative to die so that they would get his property.”

And——

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“When I go on the trail as a warrior, for the first four times I must not touch my lips to water. I must drink through a hollow reed, or I will spoil the luck of the whole party. And I must not scratch my head with my fingers. I must use a scratch stick.”

War parties went out frequently, sometimes under Geronimo, sometimes under Cochise also. The warriors marched on foot, as a rule, because then they could climb and hide better. On foot an Apache could travel forty to seventy-five miles at a stretch, which was as much as a horse could do. No white man could equal an Apache, in covering rough country and desert country.

The parties were sent out mainly against the Mexicans of Mexico, to get plunder, although the Chiricahuas had no love for the Americans, either, Nah-che explained again.

He was sitting, pulling the hairs from his chin and cheeks with a pair of bone tweezers. It was unmanly for a warrior to have any hair on his face, and Nah-che expected to be a warrior after he had made four war-trails. Four was the lucky number, with the Apaches.

“We hate the Mexicans. They are bad,” said Nah-che. “They kill our women and children, and pay for scalps. With the Americans it is like this:

“When they first came into our country we were friendly to them. We saw that they were different from the Mexicans, and they had been at war with the Mexicans, too. They shot one of us, and offered to pay a little something, which was not punishment enough. Still we did not stay at war with them.

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Cochise made a camp near the American wagon-road at Apache Pass, where Camp Bowie is now, and traded, and sold wood. One time a Mexican woman and her baby were stolen by some bad Indians from an American, and the Chiricahua were asked to return them. We did not have them, or know anything about them, but Cochise and Mangas Coloradas of the Mimbrenño Apaches and some other chiefs went with a white flag to meet a young American war chief at Apache Pass, and talk.

“When they got there the American chief surrounded them with his soldiers and told them that they would be kept shut in a tent until they sent and got the baby and woman. They decided they would rather be killed than be kept prisoners. So they drew their knives, and Cochise cut a hole through the back of the tent, and there was a fight. Several were killed. But Cochise and Mangas Coloradas escaped. Cochise was wounded in the knee by a gun knife (bayonet). The Americans hung his brother and five others, by the neck, and Cochise hung an American by the neck; and he and Mangas Coloradas called all their warriors and nearly captured the Americans. The young American captain had acted very foolish.

“After two or three years Mangas Coloradas (this was Spanish for “Red Sleeves”) grew tired of fighting. He was badly wounded, and he sent word that he would like to treat for peace. The Americans told him to come in with his people. Cochise had married his sister, and we and the Mimbrenños often helped each other, and now Cochise advised him not

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to trust the word of the Americans. But Mangas Coloradas went to an American fort in New Mexico.

“Then they seized him and put him into a little house with only one window, high up. The soldiers scowled at him; so that when he was put into the little house he said to himself: ‘This is my end. I shall never again hunt through the valleys and mountains of my people.’ And that was so. This night while he was asleep somebody from outside threw a big rock down on his chest—or else a soldier guard punched him with a hot knife on the end of a gun. We do not know. Anyway, he was much frightened. He ran about, trying to climb out and fight with his hands and then the soldiers shot him many times, and he died.

“Now you see that the Chiricahua cannot be friends with the Americans any more than with the Mexicans, and it is so with other Tinneh. The Warm Springs are friendly, because Chief Victorio thinks that is wise; and the Sierra Blanca (White Mountains) have agreed not to fight. But they have not lost chiefs and brothers like we have.”

This was the way the Chiricahua Apaches thought. But of course there were two sides to the quarrel. Joe Felmer and Pete Kitchen and other pioneers had claimed that old Mangas Coloradas had been a regular bandit who never intended to stay at peace. He had tortured and killed men and women and children, and was determined to drive all the Americans out of the country. Once he had been captured by miners and tied up and whipped, which had made him worse.

He had lived to be seventy years old, and although

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even Pete Kitchen did not wholly approve of the manner with which he had been disposed of, it was a great relief to have him out of the way. Maybe he might have been educated to stay at peace, and maybe not.

But now that the Chiricahuas hated the Americans and Mexicans both, Jimmie saw little chance of escape.

Maria the Mexican boy had settled down to be an Apache. All his folks had been killed, and he said that he might as well live with the Apaches. He had plenty to eat and little to do; and he thought that he would marry an Apache girl, when he was old enough, and stay Apache.

The Red-head boy who lived with the White Mountain Apaches came in once or twice, to visit, while out hunting or just scouting around. He could not speak English. His father had been Irish and his mother Mexican, and Spanish had been the only language used in his home. Since the Apaches had captured him eight or nine years ago he had learned Apache, too.

"Are you going to stay Apache, Red-head?" asked Jimmie.

"Yes," answered Red-head, in Apache. "I'll stay with the White Mountains, but I don't like the Chiricahua. It is no use for them to fight the Americans. Besides, they killed my father and mother. Are you going to be a Chiricahua, Boy-who-sleeps?"

Jimmie shook his head.

"No. I am American. I don't want to be anything but American. I'm a white boy."

"That is good," approved Red-head. He was a

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snappy, energetic boy, built low to the ground, and with his red hair and freckled face and one bright blue eye looked very nervy. "I like the Americans. Some day I'll be a scout with the American soldiers. The White Mountain Apaches are good Apaches. Chief Pedro is wise. He knows that it is no use to fight the Americans. It is better to live at peace with them, and raise corn, and hunt, and be given food and clothes. That is easier than fighting and starving and losing warriors. The Americans are too many, and are well armed. The Chiricahua have bad hearts and will all be killed. You ought to leave them."

"I can't," replied Jimmie. "I don't know where to go."

"Well," said Red-head, winking with his one shrewd blue eye, "wait and maybe I'll help you. But don't tell anybody about my talk with you."

III

THE RED-HEAD TURNS UP

JIMMIE had been with the Cochise Chiricahuas about a year, as he reckoned, because winter (and not a cold winter) had passed, and the yuccas, or Spanish-bayonet cactuses, and the mescal, or century plant cactuses, were again in bloom with their tall, stately plumes of white, which indicated May.

All this time nobody had come looking for him, and he did not know what was going on outside—at Pete Kitchen's or at Tucson or at Camp Grant or at Joe Felmer's, or anywhere.

All the news was Apache news; gossip about hunting and raids, and cowardly Mexicans and stupid Americans.

Camps had been changed frequently, for the Chiricahuas did not remain long in any one spot. He had not seen Red-head in several months. According to Nah-che the soldiers were getting more numerous, and were fighting all the Apaches—the Chiricahuas and the Tontos and the Yavapais or Apache-Mohaves and the Mogollons: all who would not settle down at peace like the White Mountains and the Warm Springs.

Part of the winter had been spent in Mexico, but just now the camp had been located again amidst the Chiricahua Mountains. Most of the warriors were out on a big raid, under Cochise and Geronimo. They had not taken any of the older boys. By this it looked as though they were going into American country, where they might meet the soldiers.

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Nah-che admitted as much. He said that report had come of a killing of friendly Apaches at Camp Grant, so it was useless to trust the White-eyes (as the Americans were called); they were the enemies of the Apaches, and Cochise had gone to kill all the Mexicans and Americans that he could find, down there.

Jimmie felt anxious. He well knew how cunning and bold the Cochise Chiricahuas were. They had plenty of arms, including guns that they had captured. They were particularly eager to kill a young American war-captain who had been leading soldiers upon their trail.

“Was he a new young war-captain?”

“No, he was an old young war-captain—a horse chief. He had killed Apaches out of Tucson and Camp Grant both.”

As Nah-che would not talk any more about him, Jimmie might only guess. But all the young officers in the First and the Third Cavalry at Camp Grant had been brave.

The Cochise and Geronimo party were gone more than half a moon before word arrived from them. Then, one morning, two runners or messengers, Porico (“White Horse”), who was Geronimo’s brother, and Hal-zay, who was a half-brother to Nah-che, appeared. They had traveled hard and were tired, but they brought exciting news.

The Chiricahuas had ambushed twenty American soldiers and scouts at the Bear Springs in the Mestinez (Mustang) Mountains only a day’s march east from Tucson; had killed six of them, maybe more, and had

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driven the rest back clear into Camp Crittenden, south-east of Tucson; would have surrounded and killed them, too, had they not fought so skillfully.

A few Chiricahuas had been killed, but among the first to fall, of the Americans, was the young horse chief who had given the Chiricahuas so much trouble. They had taken his clothes and other trophies, and had easily escaped to the Sierra Madre Mountains of Mexico.

Cochise was going to stay there for a time, until the soldiers quit trying to trail him. Then he would come north.

The old squaws in the rancheria immediately lay flat upon their stomachs and screeched and wailed, mourning the warriors who had fallen. This was Apache custom. But the camp on the whole was happy and Jimmie was the only truly sad member. He was not an Apache; he was an American, even though he did not look much like a white boy, now, save for his eyes and hair.

The camp was moved, to guard against a surprise from the soldiers of the American forts. After another half a moon the war party came in and were given a great welcome. They had eaten most of the captured cavalry horses, but they brought some of the other plunder. Taza was wearing the flannel shirt of the young officer.

He was very proud of it. It was a blue shirt, with the straps of a first lieutenant sewed upon the shoulders. Jimmie recognized these, because he knew army uniforms. The shirt was passed about. Inside the neck

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had been stitched a little tag, bearing the letters "H. B. C." printed on it.

Oh! This was Lieutenant Cushing's shirt, then! His initials were H. B. C., for Howard B. Cushing; and he was a first lieutenant, and he had commanded lots of detachments out of Camp Grant, against the Apaches. He was a terrific fighter, too, and one of the very best officers on a trail. Jimmie remembered him well. All southern Arizona knew of Lieutenant Howard B. Cushing of the Third Cavalry. He had served through the Civil War; one of his brothers had been killed at Gettysburg and another, as a lieutenant in the navy, had blown up the Confederate iron-clad Albemarle by poking it with a bomb attached to a long pole.

This Lieutenant Cushing of the Third Cavalry was just as brave. The Apaches had had good reason to fear him. No wonder they rejoiced, now that they had ambushed him and wiped him out.

Nah-che saw Jimmie gulp in his throat. Nah-che had keen eyes.

"You know him?" asked Nah-che.

"Friend," answered Jimmie, turning away.

"He was a brave captain," volunteered Nah-che.

"He fought hard. But in war brave men die."

Jimmie longed for the Red-head to take him away; or for soldiers or scouts to attack the camp and rescue him.

The killing of Lieutenant Cushing encouraged the Chiricahuas. Cochise had talks with Chiefs Loco and Chihuahua, and with Chief Nana who was with a

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Warm Spring band and helping the Chiricahuas. Parties were being sent out constantly; some of the captains took their families, Maria was traded to Chief Nana, and soon the main Chiricahua camp was much smaller.

One day Nah-che, who had been away with Geronimo, came hurrying in with orders for the camp to be moved again.

“There are soldiers marching this way,” he reported, breathless, and big with his news. “They struck us when we were eating, in the medicine springs valley near the Sierra Bonita. We were bringing meat up from Mexico, but we left it. We have seen signal fires telling us of other soldiers. Geronimo says to go at once to the next place-we-know-of.”

Instantly the camp was all confusion. The old men shouted, the women ran around screeching and gathering their household things, children scampered and screamed, dogs yelped. The frameworks of the huts were set afire, and leaving in the smoke the Chiricahuas hustled out for other quarters.

They made a queer procession. The old men stoutly hobbled by aid of long staffs or “walking-sticks”; the women were laden with huge bundles slung to their backs by means of straps about their foreheads, and with babies tucked into their shawls or bound in wicker cradles; ponies had been packed with baskets; the smaller children rode atop, but the strong boys and girls walked. Jimmie and the boys of his age were not obliged to carry anything.

Through canyon and across valley, into brush and timber, up slope and down, they toiled, led by old

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Cha-dah, who was the camp tatah or chief. Every so often the tatah and the other old men in advance halted, and stuck their staffs into the ground, and waited. Here everybody rested, for a brief space. By this system many miles were covered before camp was established, at evening, and all might eat and sleep.

Jimmie, lying wrapped in a piece of blanket near Nah-che, under a pine tree, was awakened in the night by a hand firmly pressed upon his forehead. The pressure warned him not to stir, so he only stared up—and in the star-lighted dimness he saw the one bright eye of Red-head beaming down from close above him.

Red-head was squatting, waiting. Now he removed his hand slowly, and beckoned with his finger, and silently backed away.

This was enough for Jimmie. What Red-head was doing here, on a sudden, after a long absence, he did not delay to reason out, but began cautiously to slip from his blanketing.

First he drew away, crouched; then on hands and knees; then, stooping, and carefully setting foot before foot, testing the ground lest a twig snap. From tree to tree he stole, until he was beyond the camp—and on a sudden, again, Red-head arose right in front of him.

That was good! Now he followed behind the Red-head's soundless course, swiftly, straight away, until Red-head stopped.

"Do you want to escape?" asked Red-head. He carried a bow and quiver, and wore only a cloth about his middle, and moccasins.

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“ Yes.”

“ If you'll travel fast, I'll take you,” said Red-head. “ Soldiers are coming. If we don't find them you can go to Chief Pedro of the White Mountains. The Chiricahua never visit there, because of the fort.”

“ Bueno (Good),” approved Jimmie.

Red-head set out at a trot and rapid walk, but Jimmie kept right in his wake. Jimmie's legs were as strong as those of Red-head; his training in the Apache games stood by him. On and on and on they hastened, without a word, through the night, amidst timber, and across open flats, and down cactus hills and up again.

Red-head seemed to know what he was about, but Jimmie of course was completely lost. Not until the dusk had thinned and the eastern sky was pink did Red-head halt, at a spring which had made the ground mushy in a little hollow among rocks and cedars.

“ Drink, eat, rest,” he said. He grinned with his freckled face, his long red hair was damp with sweat. “ You did well, Boy-who-sleeps. One more travel and they cannot catch us. Wait.”

He fitted an arrow to his bow-string and stepped aside, hunting. Jimmie flung himself down, drank, and lay flat, resting. The sky was pink as far as over-head, he might glimpse Red-head moving silently among the cedars; saw him shoot an arrow; and presently Red-head returned with two rabbits.

They started a fire by twirling a pointed stick set upon a flat piece of wood until the dust smoked; then they blew upon the dust and some bark tinder until there was a glow. Then they cooked the rabbits over dry cedar that made no smoke.

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First by the stars and later by the pink east Jimmie knew that they had been traveling toward the north. Now Red-head explained. Some of his talk was Apache and some was Spanish-Mexican. He used whichever language came the easier.

"We will not go straight to Camp Apache in the country where the White Mountains are," he said. "It is better that we go round-about. If the Chiricahua see that we are going to Camp Apache that might make trouble. They would say that the White Mountains stole you, and some time they might capture *me*. Now if they try to follow us, we will fool them.

"I will tell you about the soldiers. There is a new American comandante. He has come to Tucson, to fight the bad Indians. He is leading out a great lot of horse soldiers and white scouts and tame-Indian scouts—Navahos and Papagos and Yaquis and Apaches, too—and wagons and pack-mules. He has been at Camp Bowie, and he is marching north to Camp Apache, but he may not stay. The White Mountains have heard this from runners. The runners say that he is a wonderful comandante, who knows everything but asks many questions. Shall we try to find him, Boy-who-sleeps? I think that now is a good chance, while the Chiricahua are hiding."

"I don't want to live with the Chiricahuas," asserted Jimmie. "I hate them. They kill my friends. I'm not an Indian. I'm white."

"I don't know whether I'm American or Mexican or Indian," grinned Red-head. "I can be anything. What is your American name, Boy-who-sleeps? I will call you by it. We will quit being Apache."

THE RED-HEAD TURNS UP

"James MacGregor Dunn, but everybody called me Jimmie."

"Inju (good)," grunted Red-head, in Apache. "I am called Micky Free by the soldiers at Camp Apache. You shall call me Micky, and I shall call you Cheemie."

"How did you lose your eye, Micky?"

"By a deer. Three or four years ago I shot a deer with an arrow, and knocked him down. I thought I had killed him, but when I ran and grabbed his head he fought me and struck me with his horn in the eye. Old Miguel has only one eye, too. He lost that in battle."

"Who is old Miguel?"

"He is a White Mountain chief. There are Miguel and Pedro and old Es-ki-tis-tsla and Pi-to-ne. They are for peace."

"Inju," grunted Jimmie.

While they rested and ate and drank, Micky kept a sharp look-out. Every now and again he mounted upon a rocky ledge and lay there, peering.

"I see smokes," he said, coming down the last time. "I do not think they are meant for us. The Chiricahua are signaling to each other. But we had better go on, Cheemie, to a cave I know of. We will sleep."

Yes, there were smokes, far back on their trail: smokes that signaled "enemies." This was well, because with enemies around, the Chiricahuas would not risk following the trail of a boy. So that noon Jimmie and Micky slept in Micky's cave, which was concealed

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high up in the side of a canyon. They entered it from above. From the mouth they might see a long distance.

“In two days we shall cross the Tonto country,” remarked Micky. “That is where we turn east for Camp Apache and the White Mountains. We will have to be very careful again. The Tonto are bad people. They are outlaws. When an Apache gets bad, he joins the Tonto.”

IV.

THE CANVAS SUIT MAN

THE country was steadily growing wilder, with much large timber. For two days Micky had been leading on and on. The Chiracahuas did not seem to be pursuing, and Jimmie was certain that he had escaped from them. He wished that he might have said good-by to good Nah-da-ste, who had taken care of him; and to his friends Nah-che and Chato, and some others; but of course that had not been possible. They might have known that he could not stay being an Apache.

Now on this the third day from the cave Micky suddenly stopped short and examined an object beside him. They had been following just below a gravelly ridge, so as to be out of sight. Yuccas and bunchy grass grew here, and a few cedars, and the sun was warm.

"Tonto sign," spoke Micky, pointing.

It was a band of dried grass knotted around a yucca leaf. Only eyes like those of Micky would have seen it; but Micky saw everything.

"How do you know, Micky?"

"Because I know," answered Micky. "That is the way the Tonto tie their grass. A White Mountain would have tied different, and so would a Chiricahua or a Pinal. And the same with piling stones or writing signs on rocks or bark. It means a Tonto war party has passed here, and tells other Tonto to follow. See—there is the trail."

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“ Shall we hide, Micky? ”

“ No. The trail was made early this morning. It is an old trail. See, Cheemie? You have lived with the Chiricahua and you ought to know. There is a broken twig, where it was stepped on, and the leaves are wilted. The sap is done flowing. I think we'd better follow and see where those Tonto are going, so we won't run into them.”

The trail proceeded up the gravelly ridge, where moccasin prints were plain, and over, and through among cedars of a flat mesa; and suddenly Jimmie fairly gasped for breath. They had come out upon the edge of a great, broad, deep valley lying like a green basin; it was so deep that the trees in it looked like shrubs, and the farther edge was veiled in purple mist.

“ Tonto home,” said Micky. “ Down in there the Tonto live, where they can hide. Up here is Mogollon country. It is all a flat mountain top, on the Sierra Mogollon. We shall see many big pine trees soon. When we find where this Tonto trail goes we had better turn back.”

The trail skirted the dizzy edge; then it veered inland, and was joined by another trail, and presently the joined trails made straight into a tremendous forest. The trees were all pines; they stood up tall and stately, and under them the ground was clean, except for the needles and the low grass and flowers. Throughout the long aisles flecked by the sun not a thing moved. It was a silent forest.

Micky and Jimmie trotted fast, their eyes upon the trail, or searching ahead. Now it was past noon.

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Once in a while the view opened into the great Tonto Basin; and again there was only the timber, with the serried trunks extending on every side. In such a forest, and when gazing into such a basin, a boy felt small.

About an hour or an hour and a half after noon Micky, who was just before, stopped short once more—stopped so quickly that he stood with one foot up-lifted. He signed “Come,” and Jimmie came on.

“Horse tracks now, Cheemie. American horses. Mules, too. American soldiers.”

This was a larger trail; the pine needles were imprinted with many hoof marks. The horses had been ridden four abreast—yes, five and six abreast, so that the trail lay broadly. They were shod horses, which meant cavalry horses, because the Apache horses were not shod, save with buckskin boots in cactus country. No Apaches rode four or five abreast, anyway. The mule prints were smaller and rounder; and the prints cut deeper, showing that the mules had been laden: pack-mules.

Hah! Micky studied the new trail. The Tontos, too, had paused and studied it.

“These are some of the soldiers I spoke of, I think,” finally declared Micky. “They have been at Camp Apache, maybe. Anyhow, they are going away from it. Maybe the Tonto will attack them. What do you say to do, Cheemie? My heart tells me we have gone far enough. Shall we turn back, for Camp Apache?”

“I’d rather try to find the soldiers, Micky.”

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“ I will take you to Camp Apache. There are soldiers at Camp Apache; and the White Mountains will be good to you if the soldiers don't want you. We will all be chi-kis-n to you.”

“ Are you afraid of these soldiers, Micky? ”

“ No; but I am afraid of the Tonto. Besides, I live with Chief Pedro's people on the reservation near Camp Apache. I have no business off in this other direction.”

“ I have, though,” answered Jimmie. “ I live at Camp Grant. Maybe these soldiers are marching back to Camp Grant, or Tucson, and they'll take me there.”

“ Well,” replied Micky, “ I will follow with you, Cheemie.” His one blue eye danced. “ If there is a fight, I would like to see it. I would like to see those Tonto whipped. But don't expect me to stay with the soldiers, Cheemie. That might make me trouble. Come on, but we must be very careful, or the Tonto will kill us, too.”

After having surveyed the soldiers' trail the Tontos had continued on beside it, and between it and the edge of the basin. But Micky crossed the soldiers' trail and hurried away from it. He seemed much excited by the prospect of a fight, for he set such a pace that Jimmie half ran. Evidently he was going to circuit out and back again, to cut the trail farther ahead.

Jimmie kept his ears sharp pricked for soldier sounds—voices, or the creak of saddle-leathers, or the tinkle of pack-mule bells; and also for the shooting of guns: but all was silence. Twice Micky and he struck the trail again. It wended right along, among the trees, and it was getting fresher. Indeed, the soldiers

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could not be far ahead, now. No Tonto trail had been cut; therefore the Tontos were still on the other side of the soldiers' trail.

The sun had sunk toward some high purplish ridges away yonder, bounding the basin in the west, and evening was near. The third time that Micky led in, to cut the trail, he and Jimmie got clear to the edge of the great basin without coming to any trail at all. For the last hundred yards they had crawled, with bunches of weeds tied to their heads, lest the Tontos should be in waiting, but nothing had happened.

The big pines extended to the edge of the basin, and along the edge were large boulders, scattered among the trees here. Some of them were the size of a hut. They lay in twos and threes, as if dropped by a blast.

Micky, with Jimmie close behind, wormed from the trees for two boulders that touched. They touched at an angle, so that they left a space, within which two boys might crouch, on the ground, and see out by peeping through the cracks, or by standing up.

"We have come far enough, Cheemie," whispered Micky. "It is a good place to stay, till the Tonto and the soldiers pass. And if they do not fight I am going back to my White Mountains. But I want to see the fight. Are you thirsty, Cheemie? You'll have to drink a stone."

He picked up a round pebble and put it into his mouth. Jimmie did the same. A pebble in the mouth made the mouth wet.

"Listen!" bade Jimmie. "I hear tinkle!"

* Yes; pack-mules. The soldiers are coming. You

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can go with them, Cheemie, but you must not say one word about me. Promise."

"All right, Micky."

The bells of the pack-mules were yet a long way off. Micky, with the weeds still bound on his head, cautiously rose, to peer over the two boulders—and down he dropped.

"S-s-s! Tonto!" he whispered.

He began to poke out his head, gradually, around a corner of the rock on his side. Jimmie gently wriggled, crawling flat, until he was under an overhang on his side, and might see straight before, with his head just raised from the ground. Right up over the edge of the mighty basin figures were popping, and scuttling for the timber: a file of them, Apaches!

They crossed not more than thirty yards away. They were naked of body and limbs, their hair was black and long and straggly, they were daubed with deer blood and mescal juice, they carried strung bows and quivers, they were the fiercest, most hideous Apaches that Jimmie had ever seen.

The low sun shone full against them, showing them plainly. They scarcely glanced aside as they hurried; and if they did chance to note Micky's head or Jimmie's head, they thought them to be two motionless tufts of weed, like other tufts growing here and there.

Tontos! Jimmie counted seventeen, all springing out of the depths of the earth as suddenly as jacks-in-the-box, darting across, and in among the pines. Then there were two more, who dropped among the rocks under the trees.

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After the last had passed and vanished, Micky kicked Jimmie's leg, and Jimmie drew back to face him behind the boulders. Micky's blue eye fairly sparkled; even his freckles glowed, he was so excited. He certainly loved danger. He was not American enough to say "Hurrah!" but he looked it!

"The Tonto are ready," he whispered. "We'll see the fight. Good! Quick! The soldiers are coming."

He crawled around the boulders, craned and peered, crept swiftly, with Jimmie in his tracks, to a better place, and wormed his way until they both might lie in a warm niche half filled with washed-in soil and screened with brush. From here they could see much better into the timber beyond the cross trail of the Tontos.

Jimmie felt a wild desire to warn the soldiers of the ambush by the Tontos; but the Tontos were cutting him off and he had no time for making a circuit. No, none at all. The soldiers were in sight—the head of their column had appeared, riding on, up an aisle through the towering pines, a short way back from the edge of the basin.

The first, by themselves, were five, riding leisurely almost knee to knee, and apparently enjoying the scenery. Their voices might be heard, as they chatted. One, a small, sun-dried man, wore an old slouch hat and grayish flannel shirt and dark trousers and cowhide boots. He was Tom Moore, a government packer. Jimmie knew him—had seen him at Camp Grant and in Tucson. Hah! And three were officers, in cavalry

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fatigue—there was Lieutenant John Bourke, of Camp Grant! Yes, sir! And Lieutenant William Ross! And another. But the man in the middle, on a mule, Jimmie did not know at all.

If he was riding there he ought to be an officer, but he seemed to be wearing a brown canvas suit, a sort of brown canvas round-brimmed hat, and carried a shotgun across the pommel of his saddle, the muzzle of course pointing ahead. Perhaps he was some sportsman from the East, on a hunting trip, with the cavalry.

Micky lay perfectly still, intent to see with his one eye what would happen, but Jimmie trembled. His soldier friends were riding into an ambush and evidently had no suspicion of danger. Neither did their horses. The timber, with the sunshine streaming through the long aisles, stretched fragrant and peaceful. The air was so quiet that the riders' voices, the occasional blowing of the horses, the scuff of hoofs and the creak of saddles, could be heard plainly.

The cavalry column itself was to be seen, behind, a short distance, winding on among the trees, and the tinkle of the pack bells sounded, again. Jimmie caught his breath. Micky was tense, beside him. The advance squad apparently had reached the Tontos—were within short bow-shot, anyway. Why didn't——? Ah, look out!

“Twang! Whiz!” “Twang-twang! Whiz-whiz!” “Twang-twang-twang!” And “Whiz! Thud! Thud-thud!” The Tontos were whooping and screeching and shooting; their daubed faces and flying hair and naked bodies could be glimpsed gyrating among the



HAD THE FIRST VOLLEY KILLED ANYBODY? DIDN'T LOOK SO



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trees; their arrows whizzed and glanced and hummed and thudded, to the twanging of the bows. They were mainly behind the advance squad, trying to stampede the cavalry column. Up half-rose Jimmie, up half-rose Micky, the better to see. Had the first volley killed anybody? Didn't look so, for not one of the squad was in sight; the animals were rearing and snorting, but every rider had instantly plunged from the saddle and dived for a tree, gun in one hand and reins in the other.

That had been quick and smart work. Lieutenant Bourke and Lieutenant Ross and Tom Moore were no fools; and that sinewy man in the canvas suit was no fool, either.

"Inju! Bueno! (Good! Good!)" chattered Micky, in Apache and Spanish both. "Huh! Tonto run already! Cowards!"

"Hurrah! There come the other soldiers!" babbled Jimmie.

The carbines were banging, as the first troop began to fight—officers shouted, the man in the canvas suit jumped out, yelled orders and pointed, and leveled his shot-gun—"Bang!" The first troop, dismounted to the notes of a bugle, deployed on, firing, another troop was spurring in at a gallop—and the Tontos were scampering off through the timber.

Jimmie was just about to spring upright, glad, when Micky nudged him hard, in warning. Not all the Tontos had gone. The two who had dropped into ambush among the rocks at the timber edge had been cut

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off by the cavalry, and were now running back, and dancing and dodging, their heads turned.

“Don’t shoot them!” shouted the canvas suit man, in a loud voice. “We have them!”

He was running, too—and his officers—and the foremost of the men—from tree to tree, after them, to surround them at the edge of the basin. The two Tontos had crouched, again, behind a large boulder. Jimmie might have tossed a stone and struck them; they were close in front of him and Micky, and fully exposed, against the boulder. But the soldiers had formed a half circle, hemming them in against the basin’s edge. Up straightened the two Tontos, behind their rock, drew their bows to the arrows’ heads, and stood, at bay, aiming now here, now there, threatening their enemies.

“Don’t shoot them!” the canvas suit man kept shouting. “Take them alive.” And he called to the Tontos: “Friends! Friends!”

However, the two Tontos would have none of *that*. They stood braced, with bended bows, glaring from tangled hair, as defiant and menacing as a coiled rattlesnake. On a sudden—“Twang!”—they had loosed their arrows, and with a single backward spring and another bound had disappeared over the edge! Evidently they preferred death to capture—they certainly had killed themselves, for the basin looked to be a sheer drop of over a thousand feet.

Out bolted Jimmie and ran, the better to see. Forward ran the canvas suit man and his officers and the soldiers. And there were the two Tontos, alive and

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running, themselves. They were leaping and bounding like rabbits, from rock to rock and landing-place to landing-place of the merest trail zigzagging them almost straight up and down! that must have been the trail which all the Tontos had climbed.

For a moment everybody was too astonished to shoot. Then—"Bang!" The canvas suit man had thrown his gun to his shoulder, lightning-quick, and aimed and pulled trigger.

The second of the two Tontos leaped aside, one arm fell limp, and was dyed red. But he did not slacken. Now "Bang! Bang! Bang-bang!" The soldiers and the officers also shot as fast as they could, so that even the basin echoed. They were excited, and shooting down-hill, the Tontos were leaping and dodging and looked very small, not much larger than coyotes; and as far as anybody might see, not a bullet touched them.

Pretty soon they had plunged into the brush and scrub-oak chaparral almost at the bottom of the precipice; they had got away.

Jimmie drew a long breath. In the excitement he had forgotten all about himself. Now he came to, and discovered that he was standing out here, alone, on a curve of the basin rim; and that the soldiers, the nearest only a few paces away, holding their smoking carbines were surveying him keenly. Some had begun to steal around, to head him off.

Naturally they took him for an Apache.

The canvas suit man had seen as quickly as any of the soldiers.

"No cuidado, muchacho! Ven' aqui! (Don't be

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afraid, boy! Come here!),” he called, in Spanish, to Jimmie. And added, in English, to the soldiers: “Bring that boy in.”

Jimmie did not wait to be brought in. He raised his hand in the “peace sign,” and ran forward, crying:

“I’m not Apache. I’m American. I’m Jimmie Dunn, Lieutenant Bourke! Hello, Tom Moore! Don’t you know me?”

V.

JIMMIE REPORTS FOR DUTY

“WELL, for goodness' sake!”

Bronzed Lieutenant Bourke stared: runty Packer Tom Moore gaped amidst his wrinkles; everybody stood stock-still, amazed. Jimmie's shrill announcement, as he ran in, created a sensation.

Now Lieutenant Bourke hastened to him; so did Tom Moore; so did Lieutenant Ross: all the officers and men within hearing pressed around him.

“By gracious, boy, we thought you were a bleached-out Tonto!” exclaimed Tom.

“What are you doing here?” demanded Lieutenant Bourke. “Pete Kitchen said the Chiricahuas had you.”

“They did,” answered Jimmie, so glad to speak English again. He found the words a little stiff on his tongue, but he had not forgotten. “I ran away.”

“Those were Tontos, weren't they? How came you among the Tontos?”

“I wasn't among 'em. They didn't have me.”

“Are you here alone?”

Huh! Jimmie looked around an instant; he was so happy that he was a-tremble. He did not sight Micky; the soldiers were covering the very spot where he and Micky had been hiding, but Micky was not with them. He had mysteriously vanished. Jimmie had promised not to betray him, and must keep his word.

“Yes, sir.” So far as he knew now, that was true.

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"How long have you been traveling?"

"Nearly a week, I guess."

"Well if that ain't the limit!" exploded weazened Tom Moore.

"You'd better report to the general, Jimmie," bade Lieutenant Bourke kindly. "General George Crook—that man in the canvas suit. He's our department commander now, so don't omit to salute him. Come along."

Scanned by curious eyes, Jimmie followed First Lieutenant John Bourke to where the man in the canvas suit was standing expectant, his shot-gun at an order.

The lieutenant saluted, and Jimmie saluted. That was regulations.

"This boy is Jimmie Dunn, sir," reported the lieutenant. "He was taken by the Chiricahuas about a year ago, while herding sheep on the Kitchen ranch south of Tucson. He says that he has run away from them, and," added the lieutenant, with a quizzical laugh, "he doesn't want to go back."

Jimmie stood at attention, while General Crook eyed him. This, then, was the new "comandante" of whom Micky had spoken. He was a straight, square-shouldered, active-looking man, as strong on his feet as any Apache. Yes, he was of a tall, muscular build like Geronimo. He was of light complexion, with sandy hair and thin sandy moustache, and high forehead, and from between two very keen, gray-blue eyes a large sharp nose jutted down to a firm mouth set over a longish, firm chin. He needed shaving. The hands upon his shot-gun were brown and sinewy.

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Now he queried abruptly, military fashion but not gruff; merely as though he required a short direct answer.

"What band of Chiricahua?"

"Cochise's band."

"Where are they now?"

"I don't know, sir. They're traveling around."

"Where were they when you left them?"

"They were in the north part of the Chiricahua Mountains, I think. They were moving to a new camp, because of the soldiers."

"Hah! Was Cochise there?"

"No, sir. He was out and so was Geronimo. It was just the old men and the squaws. Most of the chiefs were in Mexico, on raids."

"Who is Geronimo?"

"He's Go-yath-lay, the war chief."

"How long ago did you run away?"

"Five days, I think."

"How did you happen to get up here? Did the Tonto have you?"

"No, sir. I was trying to go to Camp Apache."

"You answer like a soldier, boy. Are you a soldier's son?"

"No, sir. My mother and father were killed by the Apaches, but I lived with Joe Felmer. He's post blacksmith for Camp Grant."

"Lieutenant Ross and Moore and I have seen him there often, general," put in Lieutenant Bourke. "He calls Joe Felmer uncle, but they're not relations, as I understand."

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"No, sir; we're not," said Jimmie. "Joe is mighty good to me, though."

"Did the Chiricahua treat you well?" asked the general.

"Yes, sir; but I don't like them."

"Why not?" And General Crook slightly smiled. When he smiled his face was kind and fatherly.

"Because they wanted to make me an Apache, so I'd help them kill Americans and Mexicans and steal cattle. They torture people. And they killed Lieutenant Cushing, too!"

"How do you know that?" sharply queried the general.

"They did, didn't they, sir? I saw his shirt. Taza was wearing it."

"Hum!" mused the general. "Could you guide us to the Cochise camp, do you think?"

"N-no, sir," faltered Jimmie. "You see, they have their own names for places, and sometimes I was in Mexico and sometimes I was in Arizona, and I got all mixed up."

"I see," admitted the general. "You say you were trying to reach Camp Apache. Don't you know that this is a long way west of Camp Apache? How did you happen to be off here?"

"Yes, sir; I know it," replied Jimmie. "The Chiricahua might think I was starting for Camp Apache, so I tried to fool them. Then I saw the Tonto trail, and then I saw the soldiers' trail, and I was hurrying to catch you as soon as the Tonto did, when the Tonto jumped out of the basin, and I couldn't do

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anything but hide and watch. I knew the soldiers would whip 'em, though. Did—did anybody get killed?"

"No," said the general grimly. "That will do," he continued. "We've been at Camp Apache, and can't take you back there; but we may be able to send you down to Camp Grant. Turn him over to Mr. Moore, if you please, lieutenant, and see that he's outfitted more like a white boy and less like an Indian."

"Yes, sir." Lieutenant Bourke saluted; Jimmie rigidly saluted. "Come with me, Jimmie." And they looked up Tom Moore.

There were two troops of cavalry and twenty pack-mules. Tom Moore was busy, just now, attending to the pack-train; and having been left with him Jimmie might gaze about and listen.

None of the soldiers had even been wounded, but those Tontos certainly had shot hard. The general and party were examining a pine-trunk into which a Tonto arrow had buried itself clear to the feathers! In several other tree trunks there were arrows that could not be pulled out. As far as might be discovered, no Tontos had been wounded, except the one shot by the general. It had been a sharp skirmish, nevertheless.

Micky Free had disappeared. Not a trace of him was noted. Jimmie loyally said not a word about him, and did not see him again for some months.

"All right," presently spoke Tom Moore. "Now, boy, you can ride behind me, on my hoss, and I'll fix you out after we get to camp. Haven't time here."

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For the sun was setting in a range of mountains across the big basin; the basin itself was growing dark, while the high plateau was still bathed in the last rays; and the general had given the order to march and make a camping-place.

With Jimmie behind his saddle, Tom rode in the advance party. This was composed of the general, and Lieutenant Bourke his aide, Captain Brent and Lieutenant Ross and Guide Archie MacIntosh. Mr. MacIntosh was a new man from the Hudson's Bay country of the Far North—a fine scout but not yet acquainted with this part of Arizona. In fact, even Tom Moore had never been through here. So Tom was acting as pack-master and assistant guide, both.

At camp that evening Jimmie was awarded an old flannel shirt and pair of cotton trousers. The shirt belonged to Lieutenant Ross; the trousers belonged to "Chileno John," one of the packers. The suit didn't fit very well, but Jimmie now felt more like a white boy again.

Because he was in charge of Tom Moore, his place was with the packers. They were a merry set, around their fires after supper: Charley Hopkins and old Jack Long, of Tucson; and "Hank 'n Yank"—who were Hank Hewitt and Yank Bartlett; and "Long" Jim Cook (who had a brother "Short" Jim Cook); and Jim O'Neill, and "Chileno John," and José de Leon, and Lauriano Gomez who sang Spanish songs; and others. They looked rather rough and they talked rather rough—but such stories they had, to tell, of

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their adventures in California and Arizona and Mexico, and up in British Columbia!

The soldiers strolled over, to sit and listen and swap yarns. The general and officers listened, too, now and then, and laughed. Altogether it was a much more pleasant camp than a Chiricahua rancheria.

According to soldiers' and packers' talk this General George Crook had made a hit. He had suddenly arrived, last June, in Tucson by stage from San Francisco, to take command of the new Department of Arizona. His regular rank was lieutenant-colonel in the Twenty-third Infantry, but as he had been brevetted or given honorary rank of major-general for gallant service in the Civil War, he of course was called "General."

Up in the far Northwest, where he had commanded the Department of the Columbia, he had done such good work against the Shoshones or Snakes that the Government had now sent him down to see what he could do with the Apaches.

He had set right to work. "A powerful active sort of man," he was, declared Tom Moore. After having questioned all the post commanders and many scouts, about the trails and other conditions, he had started out from Tucson with five companies of cavalry and a company of scouts, both white and red, and a great pack-train, to make a big circle of some six hundred miles: east one hundred and ten miles to Camp Bowie at Apache Pass in the Chiricahua Mountains, thence north two hundred miles across the mountains to Camp Apache and the White Mountain reservation,

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thence west two hundred and fifty or three hundred miles to Fort Whipple at the town of Prescott, which was the department headquarters.

Lieutenant Bourke's Troop F of the Third Cavalry it was which had surprised the Geronimo and Nah-che band and made them leave their meat; and there had been other skirmishes. At Camp Apache the general had talked to the White Mountain Apaches.

"That man," asserted Tom Moore, "he cert'inly knows Injun. He said he'd nothin' against the 'Paches; he wasn't out to war on 'em, but to get 'em to live peaceably. They could see for themselves that the white people were crowdin' into the country, and that pretty soon there wouldn't be enough game to live on. So the 'Pache'd better decide to settle down and go to farmin' on the land that was given him. He'd be protected from his enemies, and wouldn't need to steal. The 'Paches who came in peaceful wouldn't be punished; they'd be treated same as white people; but the bad ones who hung out would make trouble for the good ones, and he'd expect the good 'Paches to help him run down the bad 'Paches. That sounded like sense, and Pedro and the rest of 'em agreed."

"He's shorely got some pecul'ar ideas," commented old Jack Long. "For one thing, he says an' Injun's as good as a white man an' some white men are wuss'n Injuns, 'cause they know better. But I reckon when he says 'peace' he means peace, an' when he says 'fight' he means fight. He wanted mightily to ketch those two Tonto an' talk with 'em—an' when they threw arrers at him an' skadoodled, blamed if he

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didn't up an' shoot 'em himself! Got the olive-branch in one hand an' sword in t'other, *he* has."

However, with only these two companies of cavalry and a small pack-train the general was now on his way to Fort Whipple, there to wait and plan; for when with all his force he had arrived at Camp Apache, he had received dispatches from the War Department directing him to quit until the Government Peace Commission had tried.

This Peace Commission had been formed in 1867, for the purpose of seeing that the Indians were being honestly treated, and of persuading them to live upon reservations. President U. S. Grant was much in favor of such a scheme. The Indians of Arizona never had been talked with, so the President was sending a Mr. Vincent Colyer, a patriotic and large-hearted New Yorker, to represent the Commission in the Southwest.

"That thar peace plan may work with some o' those Eastern Injuns, but 'twon't work with 'Paches," grumbled old Jack Long. "They got too much country to travel 'round in, an' war is meat an' drink to 'em. They ain't been licked yet, an' till they're licked they'll think the whites are 'fraid of 'em. They won't understand civilian peace talk, by a stranger. Some big white chief ought to do the talkin'. An' now the soldiers an' settlers got to sit back an' be perlite, so's not to stir up trouble, an' Gin'ral Crook can't make his words good an' go get the bad lots. 'Pache'll see 'tain't any use to stay on a reservation if he can have more fun in the hills."

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Jimmie rather believed, himself, that Mr. Colyer or any stranger from the East, who was not used to Indians, would have hard times "catching" the Chiricahuas.

During the next few days General Crook proved to be a most remarkable man indeed. At first sight, nobody would take him for a general in the United States army. He wore no uniform—just a plain canvas suit; he rode a mule, and he preferred a shot-gun to a rifle. He was not above talking to anybody, as he chose. Only when you saw how straight and decisive he was, would you suspect him to be a soldier and an officer.

Nothing was too small for him to notice, and nothing too hard for him to do. He could talk in the sign language and he could read a trail. He could speak Snake and Spanish and some Apache; and he knew almost as much about Arizona as Tom Moore or Jack Long did. He was up in the morning, even by two o'clock, as soon as the cooks. All day, as he rode in the advance, he constantly asked the names of trees and bushes and flowers, and mountains and streams—and he never forgot. He was a tremendous hunter, and could stuff the beasts and birds that he killed, and he had studied wild animals until he could tell many curious things about them. He liked to explore by himself, with gun and fishing-rod, and never was lost. He drank only cold water—no tea or coffee. He could do without drinking at all, and without eating, either. In fact, Tom Moore and Archie MacIntosh agreed, he could "out-Injun the Injuns"!

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The pack-train was his particular hobby.

“He fetched a lot o’ notions down from Idyho an’ Californy,” explained old Jack, with wag of head; “an’ by jinks, he began to tear things loose as soon as he struck Tooson. Nothin’s too good for the pack-train. Consequence is, now we’ve got critters an’ men who’ll go anywhar a dog’ll go, an’ be fresh for an’ arly start next mornin’. He’s sort o’ pack-train daddy, I reckon.”

Jimmie did not ride clear through to Fort Whipple at Prescott. At Camp Verde, the post fifty miles this side of Whipple, the general sent off dispatches for some of the posts south, and told Jimmie that this was a good chance to reach Camp Grant, where he belonged.

“But if you do fight the Apaches, can I help?” ventured Jimmie.

He loved the bronzed, lean, untiring, wise General Crook, so brief of speech, so kind in manner, so fatherly and yet so soldierly; who quickly learned whatever he didn’t happen to know already, and who somehow got things done without any loud orders.

“I didn’t come in here to fight them,” smiled the general. “I came in to make peace. But those who won’t make peace and keep it, I’ll fight very hard—they may depend on that also. I promised the White Mountain Apaches that I’d protect the good Indians and punish the bad ones; and the only way to control Indians is to do exactly what you promise to do. Now we’ll all have to wait until Mr. Colyer of the Peace Commission has tried. He’ll give them an opportunity to gather upon reservations and learn to support themselves without murdering and stealing. A great

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deal of the fighting between the Indians and the whites has been unnecessary, because there are white men who don't believe in good Indians. You go to your friends at Camp Grant. Learn all you can about pack-mules and soldier duties, too, and don't forget Apache. I haven't any doubt that some day you can help the Government very much."

When at last Jimmie was delivered at Camp Grant, and set out for Joe Felmer's little ranch, above, to surprise Joe, he met him coming in, mule back. As a result, Joe opened his whiskered mouth widely, and almost fell off his mule: for here was Jimmie Dunn, who had been captured by the Apaches in mid-summer of 1870, and now it was the close of August, 1871.

"Hello, black-beard white man," greeted Jimmie, in his best Apache.

VI

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"WALL, 'xpec' you want to hear all the news yourself," proposed "Uncle" Joe, that evening, at the ranch, after Jimmie had told his own story in every detail.

"Yes, if you please," answered Jimmie.

"Wall," mused Joe Felmer, stroking his shaggy full beard, "lemme see. 'Six-toed' Hutton's been kicked in the jaw by a mule, an' he's like to go under. The kick busted his heart, same time it busted his jaw, 'cause he ought to've known better than to get in the way."

"Six-toed" Hutton's real name was Oscar Hutton. He had six toes on either foot, and was one of the bravest scouts at Camp Grant. To be killed by a mule kick did indeed seem an untimely end for a scout.

"'Paches have been awful bad all 'long the line," continued Joe. "Chiricahuas an' Tontos an' Pinals been raidin' the stage road out o' Tucson, both ways. Forty-seven whites an' Mexicans have been killed down thar'bouts, an' ten thousand dollars' wuth o' property burned or stolen. Up 'round Prescott the Hualpais an' Apache-Mohaves have corraled the mail rider an' run ranchers an' miners off. An' a passel o' blamed rascals lit out with an old mule from my very pasture—three of 'em at once on her back, in broad day!"

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The recollection of this evidently made "Uncle" Joe very angry again. He paused to mumble.

"Thar's a band o' Es-kim-en-zin's Pinals an' Arivaipas farmin' on the creek 'bout a mile from Grant," he resumed. "Gathered thar ag'in after that massacre last spring, when those whites an' Mexicans an' Papagos from Tucson way came up an' wiped out 'most their women an' old men an' stole their children. Yessir, killed over seventy squaws an' only eight bucks, some of 'em while asleep, an' carried off thirty children. Sold 'em 'mongst the Mexicans an' Papagos, they did. Now I hear tell that the Government's sendin' what it calls a 'peace commissioner,' from New Yawk, to fetch in other 'Paches an' feed 'em an' treat 'em nice. Wall, reckon he'll have his hands full."

Although Joe and others, soldiers and civilians both, at Camp Grant, insisted that there could be no good excuse for attacking Indians who had surrendered themselves, the Tucson papers and people declared that these very Pinals and Arivaipas had recently been murdering Americans and Mexicans, and stealing stock, and deserved Indian punishment instead of white protection. It would teach the Apaches a lesson.

Of course, when one's father and mother and brothers and sisters have been tortured and killed only because they were white, it is hard to feel at all kindly toward the race that did it. Jimmie knew how that was. White persons' clothing—the clothing of the very ones who had been murdered—was found in the Pinal and Arivaipa camp. Still, for the white people to act like Indians, set a bad example, if the Indians

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were to be shown that the white way of living was the better way.

The Camp Grant massacre aroused a great cry in the East. The East sided with the Apaches. But when he had arrived, Commissioner Colyer seemed to be going about with very odd notions. He was reported as thinking that the Apaches were only a poor ignorant race, who had been robbed of their lands and forced into war by the whites, and that they ought to be met with kindness alone. Then they would be peaceable. The Tucson *Citizen* asserted that he advised the Arizona people to avoid trouble by getting out of the Indians' way. And the *Citizen* and the Prescott *Miner* published hot, sarcastic articles about him and the Peace Policy. The Apaches were being referred to as "Colyer's babes" and "Colyer's pets."

"What's that?" growled Joe. "Thinks the Chiricahuas an' Tontos don't know any better'n to hang folks up by their heels over a slow fire, does he? An' that we ought to call off the troops an' get off our ranches, so we won't be irritatin' the Injuns? Then they'd come in of themselves, to be civilized! Jest why the 'Paches who can live by fightin' an' stealin' as they please will want to live by ploughin', I'd like to hear. This is part o' the United States, an' the white people are jest as much entitled to protection as the 'Paches are."

Camp Grant was a four- or five-company post located here in a desert basin where the valley of the Arivaipa Creek, from the east, and of the San Pedro River, from the south, joined. The San Pedro was

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supposed to flow on north, for a few miles, to the Gila River; but it and the Arivaipa were only dry sandbeds during the greater part of the year.

Camp Grant was not a pretty place; it was only a hollow square of clay or log huts and ragged tents, shaded in front by brush porches or *ramadas*.

Against it beat the sand-storms in the spring and the blazing sun throughout nine months of the year—temperature, one hundred and twenty in the shade! The giant cactuses, instead of trees, were many and extra large—and so were the rattle-snakes, scorpions and centipedes. And the Apache had always been extra bold.

One never might foresee what was about to occur, at Camp Grant. On some days it would be perfectly quiet, with only the sentries walking their hot beats, and the tame Indians squatting out of the sun; and again there would be a sudden running to and fro, and away would trot the cavalry, to rescue (if possible) a wagon train, and pursue the hostiles.

In a few days, at best, but likely enough not until after a week or more, back the troopers would come, maybe with wounded, maybe with prisoners, but in any case all fagged out, both men and horses.

Joe Felmer's little ranch lay three miles south, up the San Pedro. As Joe was post blacksmith, and also sold ranch stuff to the quartermaster, Jimmie felt as though he belonged to the post, himself. He knew all the officers, and old Sergeants Warfield and John Mott, and others of the men; and "Six-toed," and Antonio Besias the former Mexican captive of the

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Apaches, and Concepcion Equierre the half-Apache interpreter, and old Santos the short-legged Aripaiva ex-chief who was Chief Es-kim-en-zin's father-in-law; and many more.

When he had left, last year, Grant had been occupied by some of the First and the Third Cavalry; but they had been transferred, Lieutenant Cushing's and Lieutenant Bourke's Troop K of the Third had been sent down to Camp Lowell near Tucson, and now the Fifth Cavalry was here.

It was in October when Commissioner Colyer, on his rounds, appeared at Camp Grant. Jimmie was lucky enough to drive down there, with Joe and a wagon-load of pumpkins, just in time to be present at some of the "doings."

Mr. Colyer had arrived in a six-mule army ambulance (a black, covered spring wagon with high driver's seat, and two bench-like seats inside, facing each other), escorted by a squad of cavalry from Fort Whipple, under Lieutenant Ross.

He was a square-set, benevolent-looking gentleman, in dusty black broadcloth, and white shirt and broad black hat. Attended by Colonel F. W. Crittenden, the post commander, and by other officers, he had been talking, through Concepcion the interpreter, to the tame Apaches at the post, and he was about to go out to Chief Es-kim-en-zin's rancheria, where the surrendered Pinals and Arivaipas were farming.

"They are the same people who were so barbarously attacked last spring, I understand," he remarked.

"Yes, sir," replied Lieutenant Royal Whitman.

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“ You were in charge of the post then, were you not? ”

“ I was. But before I could reach their camp the deed had been done. I think you will see by my report upon the matter, to the Department, how I feel about it. It was a thorough outrage, and the members of the attacking party ought to be arrested, tried and punished.”

“ Quite true,” uttered Mr. Colyer. “ A shocking state of affairs exists through the whole Territory. All the Indians with whom I have talked declare that they would gladly gather upon reservations, accept the Government’s aid, and live at peace with mankind, if the soldiery and white citizens would only cease hunting them down. Some of the bands are so frightened and timid that they won’t confer even with me, their friend. I’ve tried in vain to meet Chief Cochise, of the Chiricahuas. You can see, my brothers,” he continued, addressing the group of soldiers and scouts and tame Apaches, “ what an injustice has been done these simple savages. Our duty is not to punish them for defending their homes, but to gain their good-will by patience and kindness, until they are won to the benefits of civilization. That is why the President and the Society of Friends have delegated me to visit among you, and bring this bad feeling between the white men and the red men to an end.”

“ ‘ Simple savages,’ are they? ” afterwards commented Joe. “ If thar’s anybody smarter’n an Apache in sizin’ things up, I’ve yet to find him. At present this hyar Quaker strikes me as bein’ ’bout the simplest

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pusson in Arizony. The 'Paches can understand straight talk, like that Gen'ral Crook gave 'em, an' they can understand war; but they don't understand coaxin'. When you coax a 'Pache he laughs in his insides an' reckons he'll do as he pleases as long as he can. Once you coax him, then he thinks you're 'fraid of him, 'cause that's Injun way."

Mr. Colyer was driven out to the Chief Es-kim-en-zin camp, where he talked with old Santos and the chief, and others of the Pinals and Arivaipas. He informed them that the Great White Father at Washington would see to it that they were no longer ill-treated by the white men. All the Apaches might come in and live on the lands that the Government was giving them. They should have plenty to eat, and the white men who interfered should be punished.

When he returned to the post he acted much satisfied. He arranged to have a regular reservation set off, and said that an agent and teacher would be appointed, by the Society of Friends. Soon he left, with his escort, to continue his tour.

While nobody might doubt that Mr. Colyer was a very good and honest man, nobody put much faith in his methods. After having fought and raided all summer, many of the wild Apaches would be only too willing to be fed and protected upon the reservations, all winter.

Now the Indians of Arizona seemed to be provided for—except that Commissioner Colyer had not been able to find any Chiricahuas. He had sent word to them, but they had hidden from him. And when in

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western New Mexico he had stopped at the Cañada Alamosa, or Cottonwood Canyon, where Chief Victorio's friendly Mimbres and Warm Spring Apaches were living, the most of them had run from his soldier escort. They liked their Cottonwood Canyon, and feared that they were to be removed.

VII

JIMMIE TAKES A LESSON

“MICKY FREE!”

Jimmie almost shouted it, he was so astonished. He was again at the post, on an errand for Joe Felmer, after Commissioner Colyer had been gone about a week; and who should come trotting across the hot gravelly parade ground but Micky Free himself, in single file with two strange Indians!

Micky's one quick eye sighted Jimmie, standing agape, and he fell out of line and pattered over, grinning.

“How do you do, Boy-who-sleeps?” he said, in Apache.

“How do you do, Red-head?” answered Jimmie. “I am glad to see you.”

Micky wore a loose, whitish cotton shirt with its tails outside ragged cotton trousers, and on his feet Apache moccasins. A white cloth band was around his red head, his one blue eye beamed alertly, and his freckled face was streaked with perspiration and dust. All that he carried was an Apache fiddle made from a bent rib of a yucca, strung with deer sinews.

The two Indians with him were stripped to breech-clout aprons, and moccasins, and red flannel headbands; one of them had rawhide shield and long lance, the other, bow and quiver. They had continued on and now had been stopped before the adjutant's office by the orderly.

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"Let us sit down and talk, Cheemie," laughed Micky.

So he and Jimmie squatted.

"What are you doing, Micky?"

"I have come over from Camp Apache with two White Mountain runners. They bring messages from that fort to this one. We came through in one day and two nights. It is more than one hundred miles. Have you heard the news, Cheemie?"

"What news, Micky?"

"Cochise says he wants peace. He has gone on the Ojo Caliente (Warm Spring) place, in the Cañada Alamosa, where Chief Victorio is."

"How do you know?" exclaimed Jimmie. This was great news.

"I got it from Maria Jilda, the Mexican who was captured when you were captured. He came up to Camp Apache from the Apache Pass where Camp Bowie is. He escaped from the Chiricahua, and now he is an interpreter at Camp Bowie. Yes, Cheemie; Cochise and Geronimo and all that band have gone to live with their brothers the Warm Springs and the Mimbresños at the Cañada Alamosa on the Rio Grande River in New Mexico. But," added Micky, wisely, "they will not stay."

"Don't they want peace?" queried Jimmie. "Did they listen to the words of the white peace man?"

"That white peace man in the black clothes?" demanded Micky scornfully. "No. The Apaches laugh at that white peace man. It is easy to lie to him. The wild Apache think he promises so much

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because the Americans are afraid of them. The Cochise people are hungry and winter is near and the soldiers have been fighting them hard. They hear that Victorio is being fed and has plenty of clothes and guns. They can rest there until they are ready to take the trail again. What are you doing, Cheemie? Do you like the new American general? I saw him shoot that Tonto. He is a good shot. Afterwards I found the Tonto. He was dead. Then I went to the White Mountains, at Camp Apache."

"I am living with Joe Felmer, on his ranch. He is a scout, and he works at the post, too," informed Jimmie. "The general sent me home, but he told me to learn all the soldier ways I could, and not to forget Apache talk. If I'm not old enough to be a scout, I can help with the pack-trains."

"I shall be a scout," nodded Micky. "That is why I have come out with the runners: to learn the country. He is a great general, that man Crook. Chief Pedro and old Miguel liked his talk. It is true that if some of the Apaches stay bad, the good Apaches will suffer by it. They will be watched closely and cannot do things they would do if all the Apaches were trusted. So Chief Pedro and the White Mountains will help the new general who talks straight. It is this way, Cheemie—I have heard Pedro and old Miguel and Pi-to-ne and all, say so: As long as there are any wild Chiricahua and Tonto, there will be trouble between the red men and the white men, in Arizona. We must kill the bad Apaches. Then the good Apaches can live at peace and get rich. In the spring

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the new general must begin to fight, because by then the Chiricahua will be rested up."

The two Apache runners or dispatch-bearers came back from the adjutant's office. Their names, as told by Micky, were Alchisé (Alchisay) and Nah-kay-doklunni. They both were Sierra Blanca—White Mountain Apaches. They and Micky were taken by Antonio Besias the interpreter to be given coffee and bread; and as there was nothing more to be said, Jimmie went about his own business. He knew that he would see Micky Free again, somewhere. Micky was that kind.

Although Chief Cochise and War-Captain Geronimo had moved with their band of Chiricahuas upon the Cottonwood Canyon reservation near Fort Craig in southwestern New Mexico, and Commissioner Colyer had been so confident that all *his* Indians were about to gather upon *their* reservations, the white people of Arizona had no faith in this peace policy.

Almost every copy of the Tucson *Citizen* and the Prescott *Miner* received by Joe Felmer or at Camp Grant contained accounts of Apache attacks upon settlers and miners and soldiers, by the Tontos and the Apache-Mohaves, and the Chiricahuas raiding up from Mexico.

The *Miner* published a list of three hundred Americans and Mexicans who had been killed by the Apaches from 1864 to the present time, October 14, 1871.

Toward the end of November the worst news yet, arrived. A band of "Colyer's babes," thought to be Apache-Mohaves, had attacked the stage near Wickenburg, south of Prescott, and murdered the driver and

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five passengers. Three of these passengers were members of the Government surveying expedition which, under Lieutenant George Wheeler, of the U. S. Engineers, had been exploring through Nevada and Arizona, getting facts upon the mines and the country. The name of one was Fred Loring—a well-educated, especially fine young surveyor, from Washington.

This attack, said the papers, ought to convince the Government that the Apaches of Arizona were far from “civilized.” These very Indians had been living “peaceably” upon one of Commissioner Colyer’s tracts, where they were protected.

Lieutenant Wheeler and his main party commanded by Lieutenant David A. Lyle of the Second Artillery, with an escort of the Third Cavalry (Company I), supplied by the Department of California, rode into Camp Grant only a few days after the word of the Wickenburg Massacre had been received.

They were on their way from Camp Apache to Tucson; had been exploring since the middle of May, and were pretty well worn out. They had found many of the Indians met to be rude and insolent, but——

“No, they never attacked us,” said Lieutenant Lyle. “And now, to think that they’ve killed poor Loring, when he was all through and was going home! He had his hair cut very short, on his road out, and laughed when he claimed that the Apaches would never be able to take *his* scalp.”

“One drop of that fine young man’s blood was worth more to the United States than the whole Apache race is,” declared Lieutenant Wheeler. “In my opin-

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ion, the peace policy of forbidding a military campaign that shall drive the Apaches in upon the reservations is encouraging them to commit such outrages. The Indian question in Arizona will never be settled until the campaigns of an energetic officer shall thoroughly whip and subdue them."

"And Crook's that man," asserted Chief Packer Tom Moore, who was over from Fort Whipple, on a trip around to inspect pack-train outfits. "We've had other gen'ral's in Arizony. Some of 'em did too much—took ev'ry scalp they could ketch. Some of 'em did too little—reg'lar coffee-coolers. But this Gen'ral Crook, gentlemen, he's goin' to know for himself whether a 'Pache's good or bad. The good ones he'll treat square, and the bad ones he'll trail down till he has their tongues hangin' out. Now he's just lyin' low, till the Government's got plumb sick o' these 'Colyer's babes,' and he has orders. If I don't miss my guess, next spring the Arizony hills'll be full o' soldiers and pack-trains, and tame 'Paches fightin' wild 'Paches, and Crook bossin' us all from the saddle."

Tom Moore and others from Fort Whipple brought word that General Crook kept very active. He seemed to have no idea of resting. He was constantly traveling, by mule and buck-board wagon, over the roads and trails of northern Arizona, learning them as he had learned the trails of southern Arizona. Usually he traveled with only Lieutenant Bourke, who was his aide-de-camp, and a cook and a packer, for he did not wish to use officers and men who should be ready for scouting expeditions. He issued orders that the pack-

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train outfits should be prepared at top notch. It was plain to be seen that he expected to go upon a hard campaign as soon as the Peace Policy had been tried and had failed.

Jimmie decided that his best chance of taking the trail with this active General Crook lay with the pack-trains; even a boy might be useful in the pack-trains; he could catch mules and pull on ropes and help the cook—and if he spoke Apache, like Jimmie did, and knew lots of Apache tricks, he might be valuable as an interpreter, sometimes. Besides, Joe Felmer was a scout and a horse-shoer both, and he surely would be ordered out. Jimmie intended not to be left at home.

Luckily, he had plenty of opportunity this fall and winter to learn pack-train wrinkles. For the practice that it gave the men, as well as because it was the better method, the general distributed the supplies to all the posts by means of pack-mules.

Before he had assumed command, the supplies out of Tucson and Prescott had been hauled largely by wagons in charge of "bull whackers" and "mule skimmers," and operated by civilian contractors, who made freighting their business. Of course, pack-mules had been necessary, too, with scouting columns and between out-of-the-way posts; and the miners, and the Mexican merchants and traders from Sonora of Mexico, employed pack-mules.

But in his campaigns against the Indians, in Idaho and Oregon and Northern California, the general had depended entirely upon pack-mule trains, which kept right up with the marches, no matter how rough the

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country, and were always on hand. According to the say of old Jack Long, "he had got pack-mule wise." He had persuaded the War Department to buy three full pack-trains from their civilian owners who had hired them out to the Government; and these he had brought to Arizona with him.

"He's the daddy o' the army mule, I reckon," again declared Jack. "Yes, siree! Those thar mules ain't nary sore-backed Sonora rats, an' they ain't bags o' bones so high up you have to use a ladder to put a pack on with. They're picked stock; an' every other mule's got to measure up to same standard. Gosh darn it, I b'lieve the gin'ral thinks as much of his mules as he does of his men! He looks as close arter glanders as he does arter measles!"

However, the general looked after the men pretty close, too. The packers themselves had to measure up to standard. Those who were drunken, or lazy, or cruel to the mules, were discharged, and better men enlisted. Henceforward the pack-train service was to be known as "Pack Transportation, Q. M. D. (Quartermaster's Department), U. S. Army," and to belong to it would be an honor.

Yes, a responsibility, also; for as old Jack explained: "When you get up in the mountings 'mongst the 'Paches, an' you're out o' ammunition an' the pack-train's got busted somewhars in the next county, then what's your scalp wuth? Nothin'!"

Jimmie might think himself lucky in having old Jack Long at Camp Grant, to give him pointers. Joe Felmer was a scout and rancher; he did not claim to be

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an expert mule packer. But old Jack had been a Forty-niner in California, and had mined and packed all through California and Oregon and Idaho and Nevada and Arizona. So he knew a great deal.

Jack had had two wives, one a Modoc squaw and one a white woman; and once he had "struck it rich," in California, and had been almost a millionaire until he had spent his money. Lately he had been living in Tucson, freighting and prospecting. There he had "j'ined Gin'ral Crook ag'in the 'Paches."

Now Chief Packer Tom Moore had appointed him to be a pack-master. The chief packer had charge of all the pack-trains, and each pack-train was in charge of its pack-master.

"Want to j'ine the pack trains, do ye?" queried old Jack, of Jimmie. "Wall, if you're goin' to l'arn, you oughter l'arn right, an' some day mebbe you'll be in the Fust-class Packer ratin'. Mebbe you'll get to be as big a man as I am. 'Tain't all in throwin' the diamond; anybody can l'arn to throw the diamond hitch. But you got to know the why an' wharfore o' things. Come along to the corral an' I'll show ye."

So Jimmie gladly followed Jack to the post mule-corral.

"Hey, thar, *amigo* (friend)!" summoned old Jack, to Chileno John, who was at work among the mules. "*Ven' aqui* (Come here). Fetch out one o' yore bell sharps. Hyar's a *muchacho* (boy) who wants to l'arn to be an *arriero* (muleteer)."

Smiling broadly, swarthy Chileno John (who was supposed to have worked in the mines of Chile) led

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aside a sedate, round-bellied, mouse-colored mule, and lugged the pack material for her into position.

“That thar,” said Jack, “is a bell sharp. If you don’t know what a bell sharp is, I’ll tell ye. A bell sharp is a pack-mule that’s been eddicated into mule sense, so she keeps her place in line, an’ doesn’t stray on herd, an’ comes in to her own feed canvas at feedin’ time. When she ain’t a ‘bell sharp’ she’s a pesky ‘shave-tail.’ As long as a mule hasn’t got sense an’ is alluz rampagin’ an’ makin’ trouble we jest natter’ly roach her mane an’ keep her tail trimmed to about six ha’rs on the end so’s to pick her out of a bunch at fust sight. Same way,” grumbled old Jack, “’mongst these hyar army officers. That thar sprig young Left’nant Stewart, fresh out o’ West Point, who doesn’t know any better yet’n to climb a cactus tree, he’s a ‘shave tail’; but old Cap Tommy Byrne, up ’mongst the Hualpais near the Canyon, he’s a sure ’nough ‘bell sharp’ who knows when to come in to his feed.”

Jimmie had not seen Captain Thomas Byrne, a grizzled Civil War veteran who, reports stated, was regarded as a “father” by the Hualpai Indians on the Beale Springs reservation near the Grand Canyon. But he felt pretty well acquainted with Second Lieutenant Reid T. Stewart, the slim-waisted, boyish, eager young officer who had graduated from the Military Academy only last June and had been assigned to the Fifth Cavalry in Arizona. He was stationed down at Camp Lowell, Tucson, and Jimmie had got acquainted with him there and here at Grant, also. He might be a “shave tail,” yet, according to Jack, but he was much

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more pleasant than some of those crusty old "bell sharps."

"What's General Crook, then?" queried Jimmie, to get Jack's opinion.

"The gin'ral. See hyar, me son," reproved Jack severely: "no levity. The gin'ral's the old bell hoss o' the hull outfit. Wall," continued Jack, "fust, one of us blinds the critter with a bandage o' sackin' or with one o' those leather contraptions the gin'ral's interduced, so she'll stand. Then havin' got all the riggin' to hand, we lay on this sweat-cloth, for which proper name is *suadera*, an' a saddle-blanket or two for more paddin', 'less we have a reg'lar *corona*, the same bein' the blankets an' the *suadera* stitched together. Then atop that we fold the bed blanket that we got to sleep under at camp. Then we h'ist on the *aparejo*—this-a-way, easy—an' settle it, an' pass the *grupera* back."

The *aparejo* (ah-pah-ray-ho) was the pack-saddle—a long, broad mattress of canvas stuffed with hay, and stiffened with ribs of willow stems running up and down, in either half. It was broken in the middle, so that it would fit over the mule's back.

The *grupera* (gru-pay-rah) was the crupper—a broad canvas and leather band that extended in a loop around the mule's haunches under her tail, so that the *aparejo* could not slip forward.

"Then we lay the *aparejo cincha* so to hang acrost the middle, pass the ring end under her belly, connect up with the *latigo* strap and all together draw tighter'n sin so's to hold the *aparejo* in place."

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The *aparejo cincha* was another canvas band, like a woven saddle-cinch. It was long enough to reach across under the mule's belly. One end terminated in a ring and the other end in a leather strap, the *latigo*; and by connecting the ring and strap the cincha was drawn tight.

"You have omitted to explain this, Señor Jack," reminded Chileno John, resting a sinewy brown hand upon the pack-saddle or *aparejo*; and he lifted the flap that hung down on either side.

"That thar soldier hammer?" grunted Jack. "Wall, me son, every *aparejo* has a duck kiver attached to its middle, so's to protect it from bein' cut by the ropes—an' from weather, too. It's got a wooden brace sewed in leather 'crost each end, yuh understan', to stiffen it whar the cincha lays, so's it won't wrinkle ag'in the mule's hide."

"*Sobre-en-jalmas* is the correct name, muchacho," said Chileno John, to Jimmie, with some dignity—for Chileno John took great pride in the Spanish language. "It is a very old name, descended to us from the ancient Moors of Spain. *Sobre-en-jalmas*—cover for harness. The first two words are Spanish, and the last word is Arabian. But these Americanos——!" And Chileno John shrugged his shoulders. "They do not know."

"Wall, 'soldier hammer,' 'sovrin hammer,' or 'Sullivan hammer,' it's all the same," grunted old Jack. "Plain 'aparejo cover' is good enough." And thus he disposed of the historic *sobre-en-jalmas*, which, pronounced rapidly *sobr'-'n-halma* did indeed sound

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like some kind of a 'hammer." "After the pack saddle, 'long with its sovrin hammer, is cinched on, then we h'ist on the packs an' sling 'em an' fasten 'em with the diamond hitch," he resumed. "But as we haven't got nary packs, the fust lesson stops right hyar, me son. Now you remember what I'm tellin' you, l'arn mules and pack-ways, an' jump when you're spoken to, so you won't be a drag tail."

"What's a 'drag tail,' Jack?"

"A drag tail, me son, is wuss'n a shave tail. A drag tail is a durned lazy mule who's alluz hangin' back on the trail, an' a no-'count packer who's alluz late on his job. Savvy?"

VIII

THE ONE-ARMED GENERAL TRIES

“HEY! Cochise is out again!”

It was a spring day of this next year, 1872, and in the ranch yard on the Joe Felmer place Jimmie and his assistant, little Francisco Vasquez, were practicing pack-train.

Jimmie was the pack-master, little Francisco (a Mexican boy) was arriero or muleteer; the train was composed of Shosh (Bear), a big black shepherd dog, Pete, a yellow hound dog, and Two-bits, just dog.

Shosh already had learned to carry a pack and pack-rigging, dog size. He was a real “bell sharp.” Two-bits was still an unruly “shave tail,” and the yellow Pete was so lazy that he ranked as only a “drag tail.” But they furnished good practice for Jimmie.

Now Joe, returning from a trip down to Tucson, brought startling news. Cochise was “out” again! Even little Francisco looked alarmed.

“Are all the Chiricahua out, Joe?”

“Cochise an’ Geronimo an’ nigh two hundred more of ’em. That pesky Colyer man on his way back to the States got the Government to move all the ’Paches from whar they were comf’table in the Warm Spring country to another part o’ the New Mexico country called the Tularosa; an’, by jinks, Cochise said he wouldn’t go—an’ he didn’t go! He took his Chiricahua an’ lit out for his old stampin’-ground in Arizony. So the word’s been passed to watch for trouble.”

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Joe stalked on, muttering, to carry some purchases into the house. Jimmie the pack-master and little Francisco the arriero dismissed their pack-train and quit for the day. The knowledge that Cochise and Geronimo and their shifty Chiricahuas had left the Cañada Alamosa reservation, where they had been staying with Chief Victorio's Warm Spring band, and had joined the fighting Chiricahuas who had stayed "wild," cast a shadow upon foolery.

"Will the great General Crook march against them now?" asked Francisco, his black eyes round and large.

"Who knows?" responded Jimmie, in Spanish. "There's a new peace man coming from Washington. Then if the Chiricahua will not listen to peace, they will hear war. Bueno!"

"Bueno (Good)!" piped Francisco. "Will you take me, Jeem?"

"Perhaps, chico mio (my little one)," grandly promised Jimmie.

To Francisco, Jimmie was an important person, who had lived with the Cochise Chiricahuas, and called the chief's son "chi-kis-n" or brother, and spoke Apache, and soon was going to be a real arriero or else a scout, with the American soldiers.

Aside from a few scouting expeditions, the winter at Camp Grant had been quiet. The agency for the Arivaipas and Pinals was in operation, at the mouth of the Arivaipa Canyon about a mile east; a Mr. Ed Jacobs was the agent.

Nevertheless, Chief Es-kim-en-zin's people were still afraid; they had not forgotten the attack by the

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Tucson crowd. They came in around the agency buildings every day, but every evening they went back up into the canyon, where they might defend themselves.

The Peace Policy and the visit by Commissioner Colyer had not proved an entire success. A great many Indians were still out. The Arizona newspapers insisted that as long as General Crook was forbidden to drive the outlaw Indians from their hiding-places, the bad hearts who were simply using the reservations would feel that they might do as they pleased, also.

There had been attacks upon ranches and mines and stage stations in south and north both; the legislature had called upon Congress for better protection to Arizona; and General Crook was all ready. He was only waiting.

“I think that the Apache is painted in darker colors than he deserves, and that his villainies arise more from a misconception of facts than from his being worse than other Indians,” had reported the general, after studying the situation. And he had added: “I am satisfied that a sharp, active campaign against him would not only make him one of the best Indians in the country, but it would also save millions of dollars to the Treasury, and the lives of many innocent whites and Indians.”

The Indians on the reservations were complaining of food and slack treatment; in New Mexico Chief Victorio of the Warm Springs and Chief Cochise of the Chiricahuas had refused to be changed from the Cañada Alamosa; so the Government was sending out

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another peace commissioner, Brevet Major General O. O. Howard, to try to satisfy everybody.

He was to make especial effort to talk with Cochise, who so far had declined to talk at all. Cochise and Geronimo had claimed that they were willing to live with Chief Victorio on the Warm Spring reservation, but they had run away from Mr. Colyer, in fear of the soldiers. They rarely went near the army post, there, Fort Craig, and orders had been given that the soldiery should leave them alone, so that they would continue peaceful and contented, among the Warm Springs.

The President had hoped that Cochise would talk with General Howard, who was a great chief like himself. Now Cochise was "out" again!

"As far as I can savvy the trouble, that Colyer man has spilled the soup," complained Joe, this evening after his return from Tucson. "Some o' these agencies are located in awful pore places, not fitted for the Injuns at all—like that Date Creek reservation whar the Apache-Mohaves are herded. But that Cañada Alamosa of the Ojo Caliente (Warm Spring) country jest suited old Victorio, an' Cochise, too, an' they weren't doin' any harm.

"Now 'long comes Colyer, an' he says to the Government: 'The settlers 'round the Cañada Alamosa don't like to have the Injuns thar. It's good cattle ground, an' they want it for themselves. So to avoid hard feelin's I recommend we move the Injuns all up yonder to the Tularosa country, which nobody wants!'

"Natur'ly, bein' as the same Injuns had been promised the Cañada Alamosa if they'd live on it, an' thar's

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plenty other land for the settlers, they see no good reason for swappin'. They say that up at the Tularosa the weather an' land an' water are as bad for Injuns as for white men, an' it's ghost country. I tell ye," concluded Joe, "when you make an agreement with an Injun you got to stand by it, or he'll never believe in you ag'in. You can't fool him, or he'll fool *you!* I'm curyus to see what kind of a man this Gen'ral Howard is."

Jimnie, too, was "curyrus" to see this General O. O. Howard, who was visiting the peaceful Yumas and Pimas in western Arizona and was expected, any day, at Tucson. His next stop probably would be Camp Grant itself, so that he might talk with the Pinals and Arivaipas.

Veteran Sergeant Warfield, who had served under the general in the Union Army, at Antietam and Gettysburg and in other big battles, said that he was a great man, had commanded as high as thirty thousand soldiers, in the field; had lost his right arm, by two wounds, at the battle of Fair Oaks; was a hard fighter and was very religious—knew the Bible by heart and almost had resigned from the army to go into "preaching."

"But let me tell you this," added the grizzled sergeant, to Jimmie: "Arizony'll find out that General Howard's a man who'll see that right is done to both white and red. He's got a heap of sense, and he's as square as a piece of hard-tack."

"A great American soldier chief is coming to talk with the Arivaipa," informed Jimmie, to old Santos, at the reservation.

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“What does he want?” demanded Santos, in Apache.

“He wants to make peace with all the Indians.”

“What good is peace?” retorted Santos. “The Arivaipa asked for peace, and the white people and the Papagos killed our women and stole our children. We are still at peace, but none of our women and children have come back, and we are hungry. We would have done better to fight like the Chiricahua and the Tonto.”

In a few days, or early in May, General Howard did indeed appear at Camp Grant. He was traveling in a six-mule army ambulance, with an escort of cavalry from post to post. Colonel Crittenden and staff rode out a short distance to meet him. The four companies of Fifth Cavalry and Twenty-third Infantry were drawn up, to receive him; their worn uniforms brushed and every button and buckle polished.

General Howard certainly looked like a fine, soldierly officer. He was as tall as, and rather heavier than General Crook; with full brown beard and handsome, lion-like countenance; in dusty campaign hat, and double-breasted blue coat with two rows of brass buttons down the front, and shoulder-straps bearing the single star each of a brigadier general (which was his regular rank), and with an empty right sleeve pinned to his sword belt.

“Yep, I jedge he’s all right,” announced the ambulance driver, to an inquiring group of soldiers and scouts, after the parade had been dismissed. The driver was a lean, lank, exceedingly solemn man who

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could not be induced to smile. "Only thing I have against him is his callin' me 'Dismal Jeems'—him an' his aide Cap'n Wilkinson. I dunno why. All the way over from Fort Yumy I've tried my best to cheer 'em up. I told 'em about every massacree along the hull road; told 'em we were liable to be scalped, any mile; told 'em all the cheerfulest things I could think of. But somehow I didn't make a hit. The gen'ral's powerful pious, too—holdin' prayer-meetin' on Sunday an' readin' his Bible whenever he has a chance.

"But the Yumas an' Pimas cottoned to him, an' down at Tucson the people liked him fust-rate. The Pimas an' Papagos have promised to come in to a council with the Arivaipas here next week, an' the Mexicans who have the Arivaipa kids have promised to fetch 'em, an' I s'pose when we all get together thar'll be a grand killin' match. But I'm a cheerful man an' alluz aim to look on the bright side o' things."

With that, "Dismal Jeems" drew a more melancholy face than before, sighed heavily, and slouched away to rub down his sweaty mules.

General Howard was not here to stay long, this time. He spent most of one day at the agency; then he left for Fort Whipple, to confer with General Crook. But he was coming back; he had set May 21 as the date for the big peace council.

"What do you think of the soldier chief, Santos?" asked Jimmie. Old Santos, ex-chief, usually was to be found sitting in the sun, on the bench in front of the agency store. He did not live in the hills with Es-kim-en-zin.

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“The soldier chief is a good man. He pointed to the sky and said: ‘I have a Father up there. So have you. There is only one Father. Your Father and my Father are the same. So you and I are brothers.’ That was a wise speech. We shook hands, and we are brothers. I am glad. His words tell me that he is a wise chief, and his sleeve tells me that he is a great warrior. Now I trust him, because he thinks as I do.”

The council was held at the mouth of the Arivaipa Canyon, exactly as General Howard had planned.

From their agency one hundred miles west, on the Gila River, the Pimas came on time—twenty of them, with their teacher, the Reverend Mr. Cook, and their interpreter, named Louis.

From their agency at Camp Verde, fifty miles west, some Tontos came; and some Apache-Mohaves, from their agency at Date Creek, southwest of Prescott; and a company of Papagos, from their homes south of Tucson.

From Tucson itself there came a large delegation of Americans and Mexicans, headed by Governor A. P. K. Safford and the district attorney. Many of the Mexicans were women, bringing the Arivaipa and Pinal children whom they had adopted after the massacre.

The Pimas and the Papagos had long been enemies of the Apaches, so they stayed together. The Tontos and the Apache-Mohaves had been enemies of everybody, so they stayed together. The Mexicans had been enemies of the Tontos and the Apache-Mohaves and the Arivaipas and Pinals, so they stayed together. The Americans—the Tucson citizens and the scouts and

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ranchers—were ready to back up the guard of soldiers, in case of trouble. But General Howard's purpose was to make peace between all the peoples of the Southwest.

"Will there be a fight, you think, Jeem?" inquired little Francisco. He and Jimmie had ridden over early on one of the ranch mules, to see and hear whatever might happen. "The Arivaipa will fight to get their children, and the Pima will fight the Tonto, and the soldiers will shoot; won't they, Jeem?"

"Who knows?" replied Jimmie. "No, they won't!" he quickly added. "It is all right, chico. Here comes General Howard. And see who is with him! That is General Crook! Hooray!"

"Hooray!" echoed Francisco, who always tried to do what Jimmie did.

For with its six mules at a gallop, and with General Howard upon the seat beside "Dismal Jeems," the army ambulance had swung into the pretty green valley along the Arivaipa Creek. Behind the ambulance followed, in the road, a cavalcade of officers on horses and mules. The first two were Colonel Crittenden of Camp Grant, and a sinewy, powerful man, in a brown canvas suit, on a mule. General Crook himself!

He had come over with General Howard from Fort Whipple. So had Lieutenant Bourke, and Lieutenant Ross, and Lieutenant George Bacon of the First Cavalry, and others of Jimmie's old-time officer friends.

General Howard and party climbed out of the ambulance; the other officers left their mounts with the

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orderlies; and all crossed to the stools and benches reserved for the "chiefs," on the sod in the center of the waiting circle.

"No Es-kim-en-zin yet," whispered little Francisco. "They stay away. I am afraid, Jeem."

That was true. Only old short-legged Santos and a handful of decrepid men and squaws were here; Chief Es-kim-en-zin and his warriors had not appeared. General Howard and General Crook and Colonel Crittenden sat, waiting. So did the governor and the district attorney. So did the Pima and Papago and Apache-Mohave chiefs. Everybody waited. Agent Jacobs plainly was worried, but it would not do to show any sign of impatience.

"Dismal Jeems," the ambulance driver from Fort Yuma, circulated about, wagging his head and prophesying that nobody would leave the spot alive! Yes, a cheerful man was "Dismal Jeems."

In about an hour, there was a sudden murmur of interest. From the mouth of the Arivaipa Canyon emerged Chief Es-kim-en-zin, leading his band of Arivaipas and Pinals. They were in their best paint, and advanced with much dignity to the place assigned to them. Now the circle was complete.

For fifteen minutes no one spoke. General Howard evidently understood that it was not proper to hurry a council. Presently he arose, and through Concepcion Equierre the interpreter, who spoke English as well as he did Spanish and Apache, invited the Arivaipa-Pinals to make a talk.

Es-kim-en-zin was first. He made a very poor

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talk, because he stammered, but he spoke thoroughly in earnest, and so did others of his band. They wanted their children back again.

The Mexicans who now had the children were invited to reply. They said that the children were being well brought up, as Christians; they loved them and did not wish to return them to Indian life.

The governor and the district attorney spoke. They said that it was better for Arizona and for the children to have the children brought up in civilization. The district attorney added that most of the children were orphans, and that therefore the Territory of Arizona was their guardian. Their own people were unable to bring them up properly.

Es-kim-en-zin and his old men answered that it was true that many mothers and fathers had been killed; but the Arivaipa people wept for the little boys and girls who had been stolen from them, and would work hard to take good care of the children of their race.

All the speeches in English and Apache were translated into Apache and English by Concepcion Equierre, the agency interpreter; and again into Spanish so that the Mexicans and the Papagos and Pimas might understand what was going on.

That evening the Es-kim-en-zin Arivaipa-Pinals went back, six miles, up into their canyon. The other delegations camped in the valley bottom around the agency.

Jimmaie and Francisco, on their mule, rode home with Joe Felmer.

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“It’s goin’ to be nip an’ tuck,” asserted Joe. “As I understand, Gen’ral Crook he agrees with the gov’ner an’ deestric attorney that the children are better off as they’re livin’ now. It may mean less Injuns to fight, later. On the other hand, I heard that teacher-man Cook talkin’ with his Pimas; an’ seems as though the Pimas, who are ’most like white folks an’ hate the ’Paches, too, sorter think the kids ought to be given back to their own kin. The Papagos’ll be ag’in it, ’cause they helped steal the children, an’ have used ’em. The Tontos an’ Yavapais, bein’ ’Paches, will feel like the Arivaipas do. But I have a notion Gen’ral Howard’ll find a way, so everybody’ll be satisfied.”

It was not until the third day of the council that General Howard found the way. Meanwhile both parties were growing angry. Chief Es-kim-en-zin announced that he could see no good in so many long talks. The general spent the second night among the camps, and slept on the ground there. In the morning he made his final speech.

“The good Mr. Cook, of the Pimas, agrees with me that the children ought to be returned to their own people,” he said. “Some of them are being brought up as slaves and servants, and they all were carried off by force, which is not right. But the district attorney from Tucson, and the governor, and other honest persons, think differently, and I should listen to their words, also. So we will take the matter to Washington. I will appeal to my chief, who is the Secretary of the Interior; and the district attorney may appeal to his chief, who is the Attorney General

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of the United States. And these chiefs will appeal to President Grant, who is the greatest chief of all.

"While the President is deciding, the children shall stay here at the agency with a good Christian white woman whom I have engaged. They will be well cared for, at government expense. Their relatives and friends from the Arivaipas may visit them often, and their Mexican friends may visit them often; and our Great Father at Washington shall say who may keep them."

A cheer started, but the district attorney sprang to his feet.

"We wish to keep the children until the President decides. We will guarantee to do whatever he directs."

"No guarantee is needed, from either side," severely answered General Howard. "Here is General Crook. With his army and his authority he will see to it that justice is done exactly as I have outlined!"

"Good!"

"Bueno, bueno!"

"Inju!"

The word was repeated in a perfect storm of languages. The gathering was all excitement and relief. Everybody seemed to approve of what the general had said; that is, everybody except the district attorney and a few scouts and ranchers who did not believe in yielding peace terms to any Apaches whatsoever.

The Arivaipa-Pinals and the Papagos and the Pimas and the Apache-Mohaves and the Tontos hugged one another; some of the Mexicans hugged some of the

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Indians; General Crook and the officers laughed. It was a happy solution of a serious problem.

"Kinder like a love-feast, after all, warn't it!" remarked Joe Felmer. "Huh! Wall, I reckon the gen'ral knows how the President'll decide."

Probably General Howard did, for in due time the children were given over to the Es-kim-en-zin band, by orders from Washington, and Es-kim-en-zin always remained at peace.

Amidst the hurly-burly of excitement Jimmie found himself close to General Crook, who was talking earnestly with Joe Felmer and old Jack Long. That was his style; he did not go much on red tape, but spoke direct to officers and enlisted men alike.

Here in his travel-stained canvas suit without any mark of rank on it, he scarcely would be taken, again, for a general commanding all the big Territory of Arizona. He was thinner than when Jimmie had last seen him, before; his face was lined, and he looked as though he had been working hard, and worrying too.

His eyes, glancing aside, fell upon Jimmie, and recognized him. To the beck of the general's finger Jimmie stepped forward and stood at attention.

"This is your boy, is he, Felmer?" The general seemed to remember everything.

"Yessir, that's what I call him."

"He's wearing rather more clothes than when I first met him," commented the general drily. "What are you going to make of him?"

"Wall, he's ondecided 'twixt scout an' packer," drawled Joe. "He's a leetle small yet, but he's growin'."

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“ Yes, an’ he’ll have plenty time to grow while we’re all standin’ ’round waitin’ on the Government’s Arizony pets to come in to their feed canvas when they’re called!” grumbled old Jack. “ He’s liable to die of old age, if he ain’t sculped fust.”

“ Tut, tut!” sharply reproved the general. “ General Howard’s doing good work. He’s the right man. But this is not saying that there won’t be use for the army. As for you, my boy,” he continued, to Jimmie, “ keep on learning to the best of your ability, so that you’ll be ready for whatever comes.”

“ Yes, sir,” promised Jimmie.

IX

THE HORRID DEED OF CHUNTZ

GENERAL CROOK had ridden back to Fort Whipple, on his mule "Apache," and General Howard had left in the ambulance driven by "Dismal Jeems," for Camp Apache and the White Mountain reservation.

He had another good scheme. He was collecting Indians from among the tribes, to take them with him to Washington and the Great White Father, that they might understand how many and powerful the white people were.

Old Santos had agreed to go, for the Arivaipas. The Pimas were sending their teacher, the Reverend Mr. Cook, and Louis the interpreter, and the young chief Antonito. The Papagos were sending their chief, Ascencion. The Date Creek Apache-Mohaves or Yavapais were sending Charlie and José.

Concepcion Equierre went from the Arivaipa agency, to translate Apache.

The general expected to get some of the Sierra Blanca or White Mountain Apaches, at the Camp Apache reservation; and to invite the Chiricahuas, also. He arrived safely at Camp Apache, and there added to his party Chiefs Miguel of the one eye, Pedro and Es-ki-tis-tsla; but he failed to find any Chiricahuas.

So he proceeded by wagon and mule, without them.

"I'd shorely like to see those Injuns' faces when the hull party strikes the railroad at Santy Fee!" chuckled Jack Long. "They'll think the Old Nick is to tow 'em with his tail up."

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For Santa Fe of New Mexico Territory was the nearest point east of Camp Grant reached by a railroad.

"What does a railroad look like, Jeem?" queried little Francisco, hearing the talk.

Jimmie himself had not seen a railroad for several years, but he remembered, and he tried to explain.

"It's two lines of iron, like wagon-wheel tracks, reaching miles and miles, chico," he said. "And on them roll fine wagons, joined together and filled with people, and drawn by a—did you ever hear about boats, chico? Those boats that sail up and down the Colorado River, and make a big noise?"

Francisco eagerly nodded.

"My father has a brother who saw one."

"Well, the thing that hauls the wagons is a steamboat on land. It runs without horses; and it runs so fast that it could go from here to Tucson, fifty-five miles, in two hours."

Francisco crossed himself.

"I would be afraid, Jeem," he quavered.

Poor little Francisco! He was to meet a sad fate.

But, first, June and July passed quietly at Camp Grant. From Fort Whipple General Crook continued to keep scouting detachments and pack-trains moving. The various posts were strengthened by troops and supplies. The greater portion of the Fifth Cavalry was in Arizona, with some troops of the First Cavalry, and part of the Twelfth Infantry and of the Twenty-third Infantry—the general's regiment. The Twenty-first Infantry and most of the Third Cavalry had gone out.

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The general was getting ready. According to the officers of the Fifth Cavalry and the Twenty-third Infantry at Camp Grant, the President had resolved that if the Peace Policy in Arizona did not persuade the Indians to settle down within a year, General Crook should be ordered to take matters over.

The year would be up this September.

Then, in August, things "broke wide open," as Joe Felmer expressed it.

General Crook just escaped being assassinated by the Yavapais at Date Creek, where he had gone for a talk. He had angered them by arresting several of them for the murder of Engineer Loring and others, in the Wickenburg stage massacre. He had been told that they were planning to kill him, but he went anyway.

They did try to shoot him, in the council. Lieutenant Ross knocked up the arm of the Indian who fired first, there was an all-round tussle, Hank Hewitt the packer seized one Indian by both ears and broke his head against a rock, a part of the Yavapais were killed or imprisoned, and the rest fought their way into the mountains.

The Tonto Basin Apaches—Tontos and Yavapais both—were attacking ranches and mines south of Prescott. Their worst chiefs were Chuntz, and Delt-che (Delt-shay) or Red Ant (the Yavapais were known as Red Ant people), and Cha-li-pun, the Buckskin-colored Hat.

And on the road only thirty miles south of Tucson the Chiricahuas killed gallant young Lieutenant Reid Stewart, the "shave tail" who had been out of West

GENERAL CROOK AND FIGHTING APACHES

Point two months, and Corporal Black, while the two were riding in a buck-board wagon up from Fort Crittenden, for Tucson.

"An' I hear now they've got Bob Whitney, at last," one day reported Joe Felmer, on return from Tucson. "Yep; shot out his brains while he an' Cap'n Gerald Russell o' the Third were waterin' their hosses in the place called Cochise's Stronghold of the Dragoon Mountains, between Tucson an' Bowie."

Bob Whitney had been known as the handsomest guide and scout in Arizona.

"Anyhow," pursued Joe, "this sort o' thing won't hang over, long. They told me at Lowell (Camp Lowell, near Tucson, he meant) that orders have been received from headquarters to be ready to take the trail on short notice, an' that the old man (who was General Crook) is puttin' on his war-paint and havin' that mule 'Pache, o' his, re-shod, four squar'."

At the instant, while Joe was speaking in the ranch yard, a sudden high chorus of shrill grief sounded, down the road to Camp Grant. Up the course of the sandy San Pedro Valley wended a slow little procession, of men and women afoot and on mules.

The grief immediately spread to the ranch, where the Mexican women began to run wildly, and shriek, and tear their hair. Mrs. Vasquez, who was Francisco's mother, rushed by, to meet the procession.

"Mi niño! Ay, mi niño!" she wailed. "My little boy! Oh, my little boy!"

How did she know? Joe Felmer gaped, puzzled; and a cold fear seized Jimmie's thumping heart.

Upon the seat of a two-wheeled, creaking cart in

THE HORRID DEED OF CHUNTZ

the midst of the procession Francisco's father, Domingo Vasquez, was sitting and holding in his arms something wrapped in a blanket. He held it very tightly.

Yes, it was poor little Francisco, killed by an Apache lance-thrust. Joe Felmer scarcely could get the story, amid all that shrieking and confusion; but finally he and Jimmie learned from Domingo what had happened.

"I take him with me in my cart to Camp Grant this morning," said Domingo, in Mexican-Spanish, "while I cut wood along the Arivaipa, for the fort. He visits with people I know, and I do not see him. When I go to the fort to get him and come home, he is not there. They say he has left to find me. We hunt a long time, and we call, and he does not answer. And then, next, they tell me he is found, and I see them bringing him. Just a little way off the trail up the Arivaipa from the fort somebody had found him, behind a cactus there; and he was dead by an Apache lance. Why should anybody kill my little boy—my niño, my muchachito!—my little Francisco who never harmed?"

Why, indeed? Francisco was only a gay, innocent little Mexican boy, alone, and too young to be an enemy. The murder had been done at a turn of the trail within rifle-shot from the fort. A party of Chief Chuntz's Tontos and Yavapais had been sneaking around the post and the agency, pretending that they were ready to come in. Old Santos insisted that the murderer was a Chuntz warrior, if not Chuntz himself.

Santos was home again, after his trip east with General Howard. He was filled with admiration of

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the ways of the white people. The general had given him a New Testament, which he could not read, of course, but which he placed under his head, every night, when he slept.

"Chuntz is bad," sympathized Santos, to Jimmie. "He is bad and so are his men. All those Tonto and Yavapai are bad at heart. To kill a boy is not Christian. The only way to make those Tonto and Yavapai good is to hunt them down. Cluke, the man with the brown clothes, must go out after them, and after the Chiricahua, too. I have told the Arivaipa what I have seen among the white men. The white men are many and very rich, and we will live like them if they do not try to make us believe that the earth is round. General Howard started to tell me that the earth is round, but I answered that he and I are too great chiefs, to be such fools as that!"

Little Francisco was laid away at the ranch. For some time Jimmie felt sad and lonely. Francisco had been his chum. The end was cruel and horrible.

So he was mighty glad when Joe sent him out with old Jack Long, to help take a pack-train and bunch of cavalry horses clear to Camp Bowie, by way of Tucson.

"An', b' gosh, you'd better hustle back," warned Joe. "That Chuntz is a-goin' to be made to pay for his boy killin', as soon as thar's snow on the peaks. The old man's only waitin' till winter sets in."

It seemed high time that something was done. In the past twelve months of Peace Policy over forty Americans and Mexicans of Arizona had been killed by the Apaches, sixteen wounded, and five hundred and fifty cattle stolen.

X

ON THE TRAIL WITH THE PACK-TRAIN

JOHN CAHILL, the new blacksmith at Grant, went; but Joe had been appointed a scout, and stayed at home.

Tucson, only fifty-five miles south, was easily made in two days, for the loose horses and the Grant pack-mules traveled light. But Camp Bowie, at the Apache Pass in the Chiricahua Mountains, was one hundred and ten miles east from Tucson and Camp Lowell. That meant a real march with thirty loaded mules, and a hundred remount cavalry horses, and the cavalry escort commanded by Lieutenant Jacob Almy, and a riding-mule for each man of the pack-train.

The packs were chiefly ammunition. Each mule carried three hundred pounds.

"We'll jest see what we can do, boys," said Jack. "Regulations try to make us think that a hundred and seventy pounds is all a mule'll stand; but the gin'ral knows more'n ary regulations issued by those folks at Washington. I wouldn't insult a good sound mule by puttin' only a hundred seventy on his back—not if he's packed right. Pack him right, so the load slings even, an' he'll carry his two hundred fifty an' three hundred pounds at five miles an hour for twenty-five an' thirty miles a day, week in an' week out."

Old Jack was the pack-master or patron (*pa-trone*). Frank Monach was assistant pack-master, or *cargador* (*car-ga-dore*). "Slim Shorty" was cook or *cencero*

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(cen-say-ro). Frank Cahill was blacksmith. The packers or arrieros were Jim O'Neill, "Chileno John," "Long Jim" Cook (six feet eight), Charley Hopkins, Sam Wisser the Pennsylvania German, and Lauriano Gomez who sang Spanish songs.

The pack-train was called an atajo (ah-tah-ho); the packs were "cargoes," and the pack-saddles or aparejos, and such stuff, composed the "riggings."

Pack-train service had a language all its own. Yes, and an army train as organized under General Crook had a discipline all its own, too, as Jimmie soon found out.

The trail from Tucson to Bowie was the main Southern overland stage road between the Rio Grande River in New Mexico and San Diego of the Pacific. Therefore the traveling up hill and down was good.

It was Jimmie's business to help herd the mules, in the evening and the early morning, while the regular herders were eating; and to come in and rouse the cook, at daybreak, and get him wood and water, if needed.

In half-an hour after the cook was up, the men were wakened. While they were folding their blankets (which were the pack-blankets) and taking the canvas coverings off the "riggings" and "cargoes," Jimmie brought in the herd.

This was not difficult, because when he started the wise old bell leader, all the mules followed; and so well had they been trained that except for a few "shave tails" they took their own places, in a sort of company front, each facing his pile of "rigging." Every mule

ON THE TRAIL WITH THE PACK-TRAIN

had his own, individual "rigging," adjusted to fit him perfectly.

The packers saddled their riding mules, and ate breakfast. After breakfast they put the "riggings" and "cargoes" on the pack-mules.

They worked in pairs, and each pair attended to ten mules. A full pack-train was composed of fifty mules; ten mules were assigned to a troop or company of soldiers. The thirty mules in this train of Patron Jack called for six packers.

Jimmie helped "Slim Shorty" the cook pack his kitchen stuff; and Jimmie and the cook and John Cahill the blacksmith watched the loaded mules, especially any "shave tails," so that they should not ramble away or try to lie down.

The packers worked like lightning, uttering scarcely a word except signal words, for it was against regulations to talk much. The schedule of breaking camp or "unparking" a train was as follows: Twenty minutes for before-breakfast work, fifteen minutes for breakfast, twenty minutes for putting on the "riggings," twenty minutes for putting on the "cargoes"; total, one hour and a quarter.

But "Chileno John" and Jim O'Neill, who were the prize pair of packers, in an exhibition feat loaded their ten mules complete ("riggings" and packs and all) in ten minutes!

The moment that the train was ready, Patron Jack, who had been eyeing closely, called "Bell!" and "Slim Shorty" the cook rode the white bell mare out upon the trail; in single file the pack-mules—"bell sharps" and

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“shave tails” and slow “drag tails”—stepped after, usually of their own accord.

The cavalry escort took the advance. Patron Jack and “Slim Shorty” led the pack-train. The packers rode, one beside every fifth mule. Frank Monach the assistant pack-master or “cargador” brought up the rear, with John Cahill the blacksmith, whose business it was to look out for dropped shoes and sore hoofs.

Jimmie rode behind, too. The long file of swaying, plodding mules, under the canvas-covered packs, made a fascinating sight. So did the sturdy packers or “arrieros,” in their broad hats and suspenders and flannel shirts, and trousers tucked into heavy boots.

Jack aimed to start out by sun-up at the latest, so as to finish the twenty-five or thirty miles at one stretch before mid-day heat and dust. This was only a moderate march, in fairly level country. In rough mountain country, fifteen miles a day, at a go-as-you-can gait, would be enough.

To unload and make camp was called “parking.” The “riggings” and “cargoes” were laid out in two neat parallel lines, and covered. Jack and Frank Monach examined the mules, for sore backs caused by badly fitting aparejos. The “bell” was hobbled and turned to pasture and the mules followed.

“Rigings” were repaired, if necessary, and scraped clean of sweat and dirt. The pack-blankets were opened, to air for sleeping blankets; from their war-bags, or canvas clothing sacks, the men took out what stuff they required.

ON THE TRAIL WITH THE PACK-TRAIN

But the pack-mules were the main thought. Nothing in the way of petting and fancy trappings was too good for a pack-mule. Each mule had its name, and knew that name. Nobody was permitted to strike a mule or abuse it in any manner.

"You can abuse a dog an' he'll forgive you," said old Jack. "But you mistreat a mule, an' he'll never forget. You can change yore clothes, but you can't change yore smell—not to a mule!"

The bell horse or "cencero" (which is the Spanish for "bell") had the easiest time of any of the pack-train animals. It wasn't packed. All that the "bell" had to do was to tinkle along and set the pace, while carrying the cook. The "bell" ought to be white, because mules were supposed to be especially fond of white; the "bell" ought to be a horse, because mules respected a horse more than they did another mule; and if "he" was a white mare, as in this train, then so much the better, because mules loved white mares.

The cook rode the "bell," and therefore was nicknamed "cencero," himself.

Patron Jack expected to make Camp Bowie in five days easy, which would bring the pack-train and the cavalry through in good condition. The first two nights out, the mules were herded, to graze; but on the third day the road crossed the Dragoon Mountains by way of Dragoon Pass. This night the mules were tied along a stretched picket-rope, for the Dragoon Mountains were Chiricahua country, and contained Cochise's Stronghold.

"He's off yonder at this very minute, an' mebbe

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lookin' for us," declared Cargador Frank Monach. "I'll bet a cooky those hills south'ard are plumb full o' Chiricahua."

"That's where they killed pore Bob Whitney, all right enough," mused Jim O'Neill. "Down at Dragoon Springs, in the Stronghold. Yes, an' many another man has left his scalp there. That range westward is the Whetstones, or Mustangs, where they got Cushing; and on west of the Whetstones is Davidson's Canyon south of Tucson, where Lieutenant Stewart and Corporal Black went under. By ginger, a fellow doesn't look out on a very pleasant view, from up here!"

From the open Dragoon Pass of the stage road the Dragoon Mountains, low and rolling but very rough, with much brush and stunted timber, extended southward to the Mexican line; and separated from them by yellow deserts, west and east and north rose other low ranges—all chosen hiding-places of the fierce Chiricahuas.

"Anyhow," remarked Jack Long, with a sly wink, "we got a young chi-kis-n o' theirs hyar—reg'lar member o' the Cochise fam'ly—to talk for us; an' if ary Chiricahua appear we'll send him in to 'em."

Jimmie grinned and scratched his head; whether Cochise and Geronimo would wait and listen to him, he wasn't certain. But he'd rather like to see Nah-che and Nah-da-ste, and explain why he had run away.

The stage and the mail riders had been attacked in this very pass. However, nothing alarming happened,

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to-night. And the probable reason why, they learned the next day.

Dragoon Pass was about half-way between Tucson and Bowie, so that Bowie now lay some fifty miles east. The Chiricahua Mountains and their Apache Pass might be seen, in the eastern horizon.

The Chiricahuas had been so bad during the last two months that the stage road was being little traveled. And when, in the morning, on the way down from the pass a cloud of dust was sighted before, everybody stared, suspicious.

Horsemen! Injuns? No, cavalry! Good! A scouting detachment from Bowie, as like as not; or from Crittenden or Lowell, behind. Lieutenant Almy met them first, and both parties stopped, to talk. Patron Jack, at the head of the pack-train, spread his two arms as signal for "Halt!" and he trotted on, to join.

There was a lengthy confab.

"Wall, wonder what's up?" drawled Frank Monach. "Reckon I'd better go an' see."

"Send the boy, an' save yore mule," suggested Blacksmith John Cahill. "He's fairly itchin' to sit in."

So Jimmie somewhat importantly trotted forward, too, up the long line of dozing, switching pack-mules, to bring back news if he heard any.

The party of riders from the east were several officers, and three or four booted, flannel-shirted, whiskered civilians, wearing heavy Colt's six-shooters and carrying rifles. Yes, and somebody else—a young

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Mexican, dark enough to be an Apache, clad in broad-brimmed black hat, dirty cotton shirt, old trousers and moccasins.

Jimmie knew him in two looks. Maria Jilda Grijalba! That same Maria who had been a captive in the Cochise camp, and who, Micky Free had said, had escaped after Jimmie had escaped.

Jimmie gladly rode straight to him.

“Buenos dias, Maria (Good day, Maria).”

“Buenos dias, amigo (friend),” responded Maria, and they shook hands heartily.

“I heard you had escaped from the Apaches. What are you doing here?”

“I have come out from Camp Bowie with these officers,” answered Maria. “I work for the fort now. I am a scout and interpreter. We are going to talk with Cochise, at the Dragoon Springs.”

“What, amigo!”

“Yes,” nodded Maria. “General Howard, the great man with the one arm, is there, with Cochise, waiting. He has come from Washington again, and has found Cochise. He has been in the Cochise camp for six days. They have made peace. There will be a Chiricahua reservation, and now General Howard has sent for the comandante at Bowie, so that the comandante and Cochise shall know each other, and there will be no mistake.”

Maria spoke in Spanish except when an Apache word seemed handier. Jimmie understood. It was a great convenience to speak in two languages, at once. As for Jimmie, he knew three languages.

ON THE TRAIL WITH THE PACK-TRAIN

"Would you like to go?" asked Maria. "You come with me, and we will see Cochise, and Geronimo and Nah-che and all of them."

"I'd like to go, but I don't believe I can, Maria," faltered Jimmie. "I've got to stay with the atajo."

"Are you an arriero? Who is your patron?" inquired Maria. "I will ask him."

But Patron Jack Long already had the matter on his tongue.

"Hyar's a muchacho (boy) you can have, if you want him, cap'n," Jack was saying to the cavalry captain. "He lived with old Cochise a while in these very diggin's. Speaks 'Pache, an' consider'ble Mex. Reckon we can spar' him from the pack outfit, if you'll fetch him back to Bowie 'fore we leave thar."

"Does he speak English, though?" demanded the captain. "I've got a guide with me—Maria, there—who speaks Mexican and Apache."

"Does he savvy Americano? Sure he does, bein' that his name's Jimmie Dunn, an' his folks were both 'Mericans 'fore the 'Paches got 'em, an' he's been brung up by Joe Felmer at Grant. Speak American? Speaks it better'n I do, 'cause he had schoolin' back East."

"All right. I'll take him, and much obliged to you," said the captain. "Lived with Cochise, did he? How was that?"

"'Cause he couldn't help it. Thar warn't any 'how' to it, 'cept the 'how' o' stayin' close an' playin' possum till he had a chance to skip out. The Chiricahua jumped him an' some o' Pete Kitchen's

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sheep south o' Tucson a couple o' year ago, an' tuk him along same time they tuk yore Mexican. That Maria Jilda an' him were captives together. He's chi-kis-n to Nah-che, old Cochise's son. But he's plumb American ag'in, now. If you meet up with any 'Paches an' want to talk with 'em, he'll interpret for you."

"Hah!" exclaimed the cavalry captain, eying Jimmie, as did the other men. "He'll do finely, then. Come with us, boy. We'll return you to your outfit to-morrow. Let's go on, gentlemen."

"Wall, I don't wish you any hard luck—or that Gin'ral Howard, either," called Jack, after—for Jack said whatever he chose. "But 'cordin' to my notion the peacefulest kind o' Chiricahua is a dead Chiricahua, an' you can tell Cochise Jack Long says so. Hey, Jimmie!" continued Jack. "You tell yore chi-kis-n to tell his dad thar's a gent in a canvas suit, up at Whipple, who's comin' down hyar pronto (quick) with a double-bar'l 'peace policy' guaranteed to turn wild 'Paches into tame ones."

They left Lieutenant Almy's little detachment starting onward, and old Jack grumbling as he signaled his pack train to "march."

XI

IN THE STRONGHOLD OF COCHISE

RIDING on beside Maria, Jimmie learned more about General Howard and the Chiricahuas.

The general had returned as far as the Warm Spring reservation in New Mexico, with Pedro and Miguel and Santos and the other delegates to Washington. Then he had engaged two Warm Spring guides—young Chie, son of Mangas Coloradas, and Ponce, son of another of Cochise's old-time friends; and with them, and Captain Sladen his aide, and Tom Jeffords, a red-haired, red-bearded American trader whom the Chiricahuas never harmed, he had proceeded right on west, into the mountains, to find Cochise.

The rest of his party he had dismissed, to wait for word from him, at Bowie.

It had been anxious waiting, for who might foretell what Cochise would do? But suddenly, one day, the general had appeared again, at Bowie, with only Chie as companion. He had met Cochise, in the Stronghold; had talked with him, as man to man; and now he was here, in order that the word should be sent out all along the line: "The Cochise Chiricahuas have promised peace. Do not interfere with them."

With that, he had immediately returned to the Stronghold; and now Captain S. S. Sumner, commanding Camp Bowie, and several of his officers and a few civilians, were outward bound, to be present at the council.

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"Do you think that the Chiricahua have quit forever, Maria?" asked Jimmie, as they jogged along.

"Maybe yes, maybe no," replied Maria, shrugging his shoulders. "If they might believe all Americans like they believe that one-armed man—but who knows? Anyway, he is not afraid, and he speaks truth. What kind of a man is that other general, the comandante named Crook?"

"They can believe him, too," asserted Jimmie. "He's a fighting general, and a peace general, both. He'll carry war to those Apaches that stay bad. He's ready now to move against the Tonto."

"Good," grunted Maria.

The abandoned stage station of Dragoon Springs, on the west slope of Dragoon Pass, had been appointed as the council place. No Chiricahuas and no token of any council were sighted here; but a stout, broad-shouldered officer with black hair and heavy "shoe-brush" moustache met the Captain Sumner party in the road.

He was Captain Sladen, General Howard's aide. He said that the Chiricahuas had seen soldiers in the road, this very morning; therefore Cochise insisted that the council be held off at one side, where the Chiricahuas might protect themselves.

Guided by Captain Sladen on a narrow saddle trail running south, the party rode a mile or two, through a rolling park of grass and oaks and mountain mahogany—and then here came General Howard and his Chiricahuas!

Haw, haw! Even the sober Maria laughed. The



IT WAS THE PIERCING-EYED GERONIMO!

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IN THE STRONGHOLD OF COCHISE

general was aboard a mule, and behind his saddle sat a painted, naked Chiricahua, holding fast with both arms around the general's waist! It was the piercing-eyed Geronimo!

That was a great position for a brevet major-general of the United States army; but it looked "friendly"!

A large cavalcade of warriors painted and weaponed pranced on every side. They left a little space about a red-painted horseman who stayed near the general.

"Cochise," said Maria. "I see Taza, too; and Nah-che."

The Chiricahuas uttered a loud whoop. At signs from the red-painted horseman they spread right and left along the opposite edge of this park. When the Bowie party and Captain Sladen arrived, General Howard and the Cochise company were waiting.

"D' yuh notice?" remarked Jack May, one of the men who had been sent to Bowie by the general. "Ev'ry bronc' ("broncho" was a name for the wild Chiricahuas) is stationed where he can dive into that little canyon an' be out o' sight in a jiffy. Those fellows are smart."

Cochise had daubed all his face with vermilion. He seemed tense and excited. His large black eyes darted to and fro, searching for treachery. His hair was graying, Jimmie observed; he had grown much older.

Taza was here. And in the background, Chato

GENERAL CROOK AND FIGHTING APACHES

and Nah-che. Jimmie signed to Nah-che, and Nah-che responded, but he did not dare to come over, yet.

The council was begun at once, with General Howard and officers, and Cochise and his captains, sitting in the middle of the circle.

A tall red-bearded man, who was Tom Jeffords the trader, did the interpreting.

"The Great White Father has sent me to make peace between the Chiricahua and the Americans," said General Howard.

"Nobody wants peace more than I do," answered Cochise. "I have done no harm since I came from the Cañada Alamosa. My horses are few, and I am very poor. Once we were a large people. We lived well, at peace with everybody except the Mexicans. But one day the soldiers seized my best friend and killed him when he was in prison. Right there at Apache Pass other soldiers hung up my brother, after they had attacked me when I had surrendered. So I have fought the Americans and the Mexicans, but the Chiricahua are getting less every day. Why shut us up on a reservation? We will keep the peace, but we wish to go around free, the same as other people."

"That cannot be," kindly explained the general. "Some bad white men might fire on you, or some of your wild young men might fire at the white men. Then the peace would be broken. The Great White Father, who is President Grant, will agree that you live at the Cañada Alamosa. That is a fine country, and you liked it."

"We would be there now if the white people had

IN THE STRONGHOLD OF COCHISE

not driven us off," answered Cochise. "They might drive us off again, and I will not go to the Tularosa. The Apaches there get sick, and die. Give me Apache Pass. That is my home. I will protect all the trails. I will see that nobody is harmed by any Indians. But my people will not go back to the Cañada Alamosa. They are afraid. They would not be allowed to stay there."

"Then," said the general, "we will give you this country right here. We cannot give you Apache Pass. We will fix the boundaries at once. Does that suit you?"

"Yes," declared Cochise, pleased, "that is good. We will keep my Stronghold, and the country around, of the Dragoon Mountains and the Sulphur Springs Valley."

"It is settled," agreed the general. "I have full authority to say so. This shall be your country forever, if you keep the peace. See, I place this stone upon the mesa." He moved a rock. "Now, as long as this stone lasts, so long shall last the peace between the Chiricahua and the Americans. You may have your friend Tom Jeffords for agent."

"That is good," repeated Cochise. "Staglito (Red Beard) is our friend."

"You must send for all your Chiricahua to come in. Tell them that when they are off the traveled roads they must show a white flag of peace, so that there will be no mistakes. When they are on a traveled road they must meet other people without any running or fear, as the white people do."

GENERAL CROOK AND FIGHTING APACHES

"That is good," approved Cochise. "The stone lies on the mesa. The white people and the Chiricahua will drink of the same water and eat of the same bread, and be at peace."

Now there was a shaking of hands all around, and the general and Captain Sumner and Tom Jeffords proceeded to arrange with Cochise and Geronimo the boundaries of the Chiricahua reservation.

"Let us talk with Nah-che," proposed Jimmie, to Maria. There had been no call for them in the interpreting, and now was their chance to look up Nah-che.

"Chi-kis-n," greeted Jimmie, extending his hand to grasp Nah-che's.

"Welcome, chi-kis-n," replied Nah-che, as they shook.

Nah-che had grown into almost a warrior.

"How is Nah-da-ste?"

"She is not here. The women and children are in another place, till the chiefs know whether it is peace or war."

"It is peace, chi-kis-n."

"I think so," answered Nah-che frankly. "The Chiricahua wish peace. They will keep their promise if the white people will keep theirs. As long as Stag-lito stays with us, there will be no trouble, because he understands us. All these wars between the Americans and the Apaches come because they do not understand each other. I think if there were more one-armed soldier-captains there would be fewer wars. That other soldier-captain, Cluke, is honest, too, we hear. Why doesn't he come to see us?"

IN THE STRONGHOLD OF COCHISE

“He is getting ready to fight those Indians who are bad,” said Jimmie. “He was told to wait until the one-armed general had offered the Chiricahua peace. Now he will go to war against the Tonto and the Yavapai, who have refused peace.”

Taza joined them, and shook hands. He was carrying a beautiful breech-loading rifle—an officer’s rifle. Eying it curiously, Jimmie suddenly recognized it. It had been the rifle of stripling Lieutenant Reid Stewart, the dandy “shave tail”—it was the only one of its kind—engraved so fancifully; that is, Jimmie had seen the lieutenant with it, at Camp Grant; and now Taza had it!

Taza must have noticed Jimmie stiffen and choke, for he said, in Spanish:

“*No trieste, hermano* (Do not feel badly, brother).” And in Apache, “We all do things in war that we would not do in peace.”

Nevertheless, on the way to Camp Bowie, after the council, Jimmie could not forget the sign of Lieutenant Reid’s rifle, in the Chiricahua camp. He was such a young officer, to have been killed so soon, without having had a chance to defend himself. And Cochise had declared that his people had done no harm since leaving the Cañada Alamosa!

But then, that was Indian way. And Apaches had been killed, too, by the white men. War was a cruel game.

General Howard did not return to Camp Bowie. He had gone the other way, to Tucson, with his party and his ambulance. From Tucson he was going to San

GENERAL CROOK AND FIGHTING APACHES

Francisco, to report to General Schofield; and from there he was going to Washington.

He certainly had accomplished a great work, only——

“Will the peace last as long as the stone, do you think, Maria?” asked Jimmie.

“The white people will break the stone, amigo mio,” said Maria. “Some day they will break the stone, because they want the land where it lies. Then there will be war again, and you and I will fight Nah-che. But Cochise spoke straight. The Chiricahua in Arizona are tired. Did you hear about the joke on the one-armed general?”

“No.”

“Nyle-chie-zie, who is Cochise’s brother-in-law, wanted to trade two of his young wives to the general for the general’s four wagon-mules. The general said he already had a wife. But the girls said that made no difference; they would all get along together nicely. If the general had not explained that the laws of the Americans forbade him to have more than one wife at a time, he might have been in much trouble, I think.

“Yes, many wives at once are a trouble,” asserted Ponce, who, with Chie, was returning to the Warm Spring bands. “The soldier-captain saw Cochise’s hand. That is why he refused the two girls!”

“What was the matter with Cochise’s hand?” queried Jimmie.

They all were talking in Apache.

“Those two big holes in it are where one of his wives bit him. He was afraid he would be sick, so he burned the places.”

IN THE STRONGHOLD OF COCHISE

"The one-armed soldier-captain is very wise," laughed Chie. "He does not wish to lose the only hand he has."

"But it is true that white people are allowed only one wife at a time," insisted Jimmie. However, Ponce and Chie did not act as though they believed this.

Camp Bowie was reached early the next morning. It was a small army post, about the size of Grant, composed of log and adobe buildings set in a clearing on a hill in the middle of the celebrated Apache Pass over the Chiricahua Mountains that extended on southward into Mexico. The pass was long and rolling, between high brushy, thinly timbered slopes. Bowie commanded the stage road both ways for two or three miles.

This had been Cochise's favorite resort, in former days. At the east end of the pass was where his brother had been hanged, after the fracas eleven years ago, or in 1861. There had been no Camp Bowie, then; only the stage station.

But Bowie was established the next year, 1862—the same year as Camp Grant—and like Camp Grant, since that time it had been trailing Apaches almost every day. What with the attacks on the stages, east and west, and on livestock, and what with the vengeful ambushing of the soldiers themselves, by the Chiricahuas, anybody stationed at Bowie was certain to have plenty of excitement. Why, the graveyard there was enough to give one the shudders. It was a famous graveyard.

Before inspecting the graveyard, Jimmie reported

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to Jack Long. Jack and the pack train were here. So was Lieutenant Almy, being entertained by brother officers of the Fifth and Third Cavalry.

"So it's sure 'nough peace, is it?" commented Patron Jack, after he had heard the story of everything that had occurred near Dragoon Springs. "All right. Gin'ral Howard means well, like as not. But did you tell old Cochise what I said? No? Humph! One thing's sartin, anyhow: if he was put on trial before a jury o' Arizony people, they'd vote yewnanimous to hang him an' half his band. Yes, sir-ee."

"You bet yuh," chimed in Slim Shorty, the cencero.

And, as a matter of fact, when the general arrived at Tucson, the newspaper and people there talked just as Jack talked. They said that Cochise should be punished, instead of being granted a reservation, and his Stronghold, for his own. Nevertheless, Cochise stayed there, true to his word, until he died, in 1874; and Taza also kept from war, until in 1876 he died. But with Geronimo and Nah-che matters went different, just as Maria prophesied.

"Now I will show you the graveyard, amigo," proffered Maria, when Jimmie had been dismissed from duty, by old Jack.

The graveyard really was about the only thing of consequence to see, at Bowie. It was the largest graveyard at any of the army posts in Arizona. The many wooden slabs, marking the resting-place of soldier and traveler, read much alike, except for the names.

"Killed by the Apaches." "At the Hands of the Apaches." "Victim of the Apaches." "Met his

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Death by Apaches." "Of Wounds Inflicted by the Apaches." And so forth, and so forth.

Maria seemed to be proud of this collection, but it was too melancholy for Jimmie. He was very glad when, on a sudden, a series of loud whoops attracted his attention. A short, brick-topped, familiar figure in old shirt outside of old trousers, was beckoning to him, on the way from the parade ground. A trumpet was blowing "Boots and Saddles," cavalrymen were running to the stables, and packers were hustling at the post mule-coral.

So Jimmie legged back, to find out what was up. Micky Free, the red-head, met him, and grinned delightedly, his one blue eye sparkling. Micky had started a moustache, red like his hair. He showed hard travel.

"Hello, Cheemie. Your patron says for you to come quick, if you want to go to Camp Apache."

"When did you get in, Micky?" panted Jimmie, as they trotted on together.

"Just now. Alchisé (Al-chi-say) and I bring dispatches. The canvas suit general is at Camp Apache, and everybody is to join him there, to go against the Tonto."

XII

GENERAL CROOK RIDES AGAIN

"THAT'S right," Patron Jack was urging, among the fast working men. "Move yore feet, hombres, or the cavalry'll beat you. The old man's up yonder, waitin' on his mule, with both bar'ls loaded. Mebbe it's peace in the south but it's war in the north." And to Jimmie: "Say, muchacho! Thar's livelier things'n graveyards. We're goin' after Chuntz an' the rest o' those boy murderers. So you jump an' help the cook."

Alchisé and Micky Free had brought orders from General Crook at Camp Apache to Lieutenant Almy to join him there at once with all the cavalry and pack-mules that could be spared from Camp Bowie.

Of course, the orders had not explained why; but the busy-minded Micky asserted that everybody at Apache knew why: they knew why, because the Sierra Blanca or White Mountains had been asked to send their young men with the soldiers and help to drive the bad Tontos and Apache-Mohaves out of the Tonto Basin. These Tontos and Yavapais were making trouble between the white men and the red.

The pack-train was ready first. In an hour the cavalry were ready, and the column moved out of Bowie, for Camp Apache, two hundred miles by trail north across the mountains.

Maria had to stay behind, at Bowie.

"Good-by, amigos," he bade, to Jimmie and Micky.

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“Some day we will go together against the Chiricahua, with your Crook.”

There were fifty cavalry, mainly of the Fifth Regiment, and some fifty pack-mules which carried only supplies for the march. Micky and Alchisé led by the best trail, so that the trip was made in five days.

Now Jimmie had an opportunity to see the famous Camp Apache, in the grassy, well timbered and well watered Sierra Blanca or White Mountains of north-eastern Arizona. By reason of the fine hunting and fishing, and scenery and climate, it was considered to be the prize army post of the Southwest.

It had been located in 1870, and was at first called Camp Ord, and Camp Thomas. The Chiricahuas had sneered at the White Mountain Apaches, who had permitted a soldier fort to be established among them. But Chiefs Pedro and Miguel and Pi-to-ne and all had continued to live just west of the post, and to remain tame Indians. In this they were wise.

With the twelve hundred tame Indians, and the many soldiers, some infantry but the majority cavalry, Camp Apache proved to be a stirring place. General Crook had arrived, with his escort; clear from Fort Whipple, two hundred and fifty miles west. He had traveled fast, breaking camp by four o'clock every morning, and now he was hustling matters so that he might set out for Camp Grant, to the southwest, and organize an expedition from there.

Lieutenant Bourke was at work enlisting the White Mountain young men. Most of the White Mountains were very anxious to take the war-path against the

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bothersome outlaw Tontos and Yavapais. Alchisé enlisted, so did Na-kay-do-klunni, so did a sub-chief named Es-qui-nos-quiz-n or Big Mouth, so did Nanta-je (Nan-tah-hay), a Coyotero; so did nearly one hundred others.

Micky knew every one of them. But his band was the Chief Pedro band.

“Are you coming, Micky?” eagerly asked Jimmie.

“Maybe. I will wait and see, Cheemie, until I can tell where there’ll be the best fighting.”

“We’ll catch the Tonto, won’t we, Micky?”

“Oh, yes,” assured Micky. “That Cluke is cunning. All the way over he saw that the water of the high places was frozen; winter has come and the Tonto and Yavapai will be staying home. They cannot move their rancherias, easy. I will go to Camp Grant with you, anyway,” added Micky. “But don’t say so, to other people. I am not an Apache. I will do as I please.”

General Crook did not delay an instant at Camp Apache after he had turned his orders into action. Upon the second morning after the arrival of the reinforcements from Camp Bowie he started, with cavalry and pack-mules and those White Mountain scouts who were ready, for Camp Grant.

He directed that the rest of the Apache scouts were to follow, in three days. They would find many other Indians at Camp Grant, who would try to be braver than the Sierra Blanca.

“My young men will show how the White Mountains can fight,” had answered old Pedro.

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General Crook was in a great hurry.

"Yuh see," explained Patron Jack, to the men who were astonished by being roused out at two in the morning and led on without a halt until late afternoon, "the old man's promised to meet a lot more chiefs at Grant, besides those Sierra Blancas, an' he knows he's got to keep his word. If you don't keep yore word with Injuns, they call you a liar."

The distance by trail from Apache to Grant was a little more than one hundred miles—but each mile, as Cargador Frank Monach put it, meant one mile up, two miles down, and one mile across! Alchisé and Archie MacIntosh the Hudson Bay trapper, were the guides. Micky Free had not appeared, at the start; and when Jimmie, disappointed, inquired about him of Alchisé, Alchisé claimed to know nothing about Micky. He only shrugged his shoulders, and grunted:

"Maybe come, maybe stay. Who can tell?"

The second day's march was terrific, into canyons and out again; and when darkness fell the column was still struggling to find a camping-place. The mules and the cavalry horses had all they could do to keep their feet amidst the brush and rocks; the general rode from head to rear, encouraging, and looking after men and mules—he sought no rest, for himself, and everybody worked like a demon. But Alchisé and Archie MacIntosh, in trying a short cut, had missed the trail.

Jimmie was toiling and urging with the rest, in the depths of a star-canopied black canyon, when he heard a laugh, close at his ear, and a voice that said, in Apache:

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“Why do you work so hard, Boy-who-sleeps? Are you afraid the Tonto will get away?”

It was Micky Free, bareback on a mule. He could scarcely be seen, but Jimmie recognized his speech.

“Where did *you* come from?” demanded Jimmie crossly.

“Oh, I am here,” laughed Micky. “I know all this country very well. I told you I was going to Camp Grant.”

“Then you’d better get to work,” retorted Jimmie. “I haven’t any time to talk.”

“No, I didn’t come to work; I came to fight the Tonto,” laughed Micky. “But the rest of you had better work, or I’ll be the only one to get to Camp Grant.”

Amidst the hurly-burly of stumbling mules and perspiring packers Jimmie lost him, and did not sight him again until long after sunrise the next morning, when at last the command was out of the canyons and the wearied pack-train followed the cavalry into camp.

Micky was already there, ahead, squatting beside Alchisé. He arose and came back to where Jimmie was helping Slim Shorty, the cook.

“Alchisé says there will be some good fights, Cheemie,” remarked Micky. “Now I want you to take me to your general, so that he will know who I am.”

“Aw, pshaw, Micky!” protested Jimmie. “And in Apache: ‘I can’t. I’m busy. The general wants to eat and sleep, and so do I.’”

“Who is this one-eye?” asked Slim Shorty. “Where’s he from an’ what’s his trouble?”

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“His name’s Micky Free. He was with the Pedro band and helped me get away from the Chiricahua. He asks me to take him to the general.”

“What! Tell him to chase himself. ‘Tain’t any time for payin’ social visits,” growled Slim Shorty. “It’s grub time an’ sleep time, an’ you’re workin’ for me. Savvy that?” Slim Shorty was cross, like everyone else. Twenty-six hours straight had they been climbing and threshing about.

“Here comes your general now,” prompted Micky. “He doesn’t eat or sleep. You can take me to him when he passes, Cheemie.”

Sure enough, General Crook, on the faithful mule “Apache,” was ambling slowly from group to group, through the camp; in his stained canvas suit, his shot gun across his saddle! He seemed to be on a tour of inspection, with particular regard for the pack-mules.

As he passed, the men stiffened to their feet, and stood at attention. He dropped a word here and there, and halted briefly at Slim Shorty’s fire. Slim stood at attention, so did Jimmie, but Micky only waited, red-headed, lightly clad, grinning amiably.

“Feed your men well, cook,” bade the general. “They’ve earned double rations. I see you’ve got a good supply of beans. That’s right. Always set your beans to cook the night before, and they’ll be much more wholesome.”

“Yes, sir,” answered Slim Shorty. “But these hyar beans won’t be done till noon. There warn’t any ‘night before,’ this last trip. Got plenty bread, bacon an’ coffee, though.”

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"Oh, in that case——," smiled the general. His face was a little drawn, but he didn't look especially tired, and neither did Apache. "How are you, my lad?" he queried, of Jimmie, and his eyes fell upon Micky. "Who's this? I didn't know he was with the column. I've seen him at Camp Apache. His name is Micky Free."

"Yes, sir," answered Jimmie. "He lives with Chief Pedro's band of Sierra Blanca. He helped me get away from the Chiricahua camp, that time."

"He's not Apache?"

"No, sir. He's half Mexican and half Irish."

"What's he doing here? Is he enlisted with the scouts?"

"I don't think so, sir," faltered Jimmie. "Not with the Apache scouts. He isn't Indian. He followed us. He asked me to tell you that he wants to fight the Tonto, though."

"Well, well. That's all right, but I haven't time to tend to that now, my boy," replied the general. "I'm going after some breakfast. Let him report to Lieutenant Bourke. Bourke has charge of the scouts. When we get to Grant we'll give him a chance to fight." And the general rode on. He kept going, until he disappeared around a shoulder in some low ground. He did not return for two hours, and then he brought back a load of reed birds, for the officers' mess. What a man!

"What did he say?" inquired Micky, who spoke no English, of Jimmie.

"He said to have you report to Lieutenant Bourke,

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and when we got to Grant you would be shown fighting.”

“That is good,” approved Micky. “I don’t care anything about your Lieutenant Bourke, but the general has promised me fighting and I like him. I will go to Grant, and then we will chase the Tonto with the general, Cheemie; you and I.”

So saying, Micky strolled away, to eat with Alchisé. Throughout the remainder of the march to Camp Grant he did about as he pleased: sometimes he rode in advance, with Alchisé and Archie MacIntosh; and sometimes he rode with Jimmie, at the rear; and sometimes he vanished, to explore on his own hook. But he always turned up at meal times!

With his ragged clothes, and his red head and his smudgy reddish upper lip and his one bright blue eye, Micky was a privileged character.

Camp Grant was reached exactly on time, and for the next three days of this first week in November it was a busy place. Dispatch bearers came and went; Chief Packer Tom Moore was here, from Whipple; one hundred White Mountain scouts arrived, under Chief Es-qui-nos-quiz-n or Big Mouth; Pima and Maricopa chiefs were waiting, to talk with “Cluke” and find out what he wanted; word came that the Hualpais were ready, for they also hated the Apaches, as the Pimas and Maricopas did. But Chief Es-kim-enzin refused to let any of his young men enlist; the Arivaipas had friends among the outlaw Pinals who ranged near the Tonto Basin.

Every officer and enlisted man and pack-mule that

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could be spared from the various posts, and every Indian who could be trusted off the reservations, was called into service. Jimmie felt certain that he ought to be included; he had done his level best, on the trip around by Bowie and Apache—nobody had worked harder. So he anxiously consulted Joe Felmer.

“Wall, you see it’s this way,” said Joe: “I’m goin’ as scout—Archie MacIntosh, Tony Besias, an’ me, ’long with the Major Brown column. That keeps us in advance, an’ ’twon’t be any place for a boy. This is war. So you stick ’round old Jack; he’ll boss the pack-train, an’ I happen to know that he thinks purty well o’ you. He says you tended strictly to bus’ness, an’ obeyed orders.”

Jimmie looked up Patron Jack.

“Shore thing, muchacho,” answered Jack. “I told you I’d make a fust-class packer of you, an’ I will. You fetch yore war-bag an’ fall in ready to help the cook’ an’ by the time we’re out o’ the Tonto Basin with old Chuntz’s scalp mebbe you’ll get a second-class ratin’.”

Hurrah! It was only proper, too, for Chief Chuntz had murdered little Francisco, and had not little Francisco been his, Jimmie’s, partner? Everybody at Grant was particularly eager to kill or capture Chuntz.

“To-morrow we start,” remarked Micky. “Where is the Gray Fox, Cheemie?”

“Who is that, Micky?”

“Cluke. He is the Gray Fox, because of his smartness and his dirt-color clothes. All the Indians are calling him the Gray Fox. Where is he?”

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"I don't know. He is visiting other forts, getting the soldiers ready."

And that was true. General Crook was leaving nothing at loose ends, but instead of issuing his orders from headquarters, was overseeing the details in person. He never tired.

"I would rather follow him on the war trail," continued Micky. "But if he is not here I shall go with Big Mouth and Nan-ta-je and Lieutenant Bourke, and you. It will mean fighting. We will find the Tonto and Yavapai. That I know."

"How do you know, Micky?" asked Jimmie curiously—for Micky spoke assuredly.

"I know it from Nan-ta-je. Why he knows I cannot tell you now, but you will see." And with that, the mysterious red-headed Micky became Indian, and refused to utter another word on the subject.

As far as Jimmie could learn from Joe Felmer and Jack Long and the talk at the post, the plan for the campaign was as follows:

The troops and scouts at Camp Apache, under Major George M. Randall, of the Twenty-third Infantry, were to work in toward the Tonto Basin from the east. The Camp Grant column, under Brevet Major W. H. Brown, were to work up from the south. From the far northwest, at Camp Hualpai, Colonel Julius W. Mason (who had roundly threshed the Apache-Mohaves that had conspired to assassinate General Crook at Date Creek, last summer) was to march down with his Fifth Cavalry and some Hualpais. From Date Creek to the southwest Captain George F.

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Price, of the Fifth Cavalry, should come on; and from the west the Fort Whipple column, under Major Alexander MacGregor, of the First Cavalry, and the Camp Verde First Cavalry under Colonel C. C. Carr, and the Camp McDowell Fifth Cavalry and Pimas and Maricopas under Captain "Jimmie" Burns, were to complete the circle.

They all were to clean the country as they advanced, and close in on the Tonto Basin.

Just before the Camp Grant column started, the general's final orders were read to all the soldiers and scouts, in line. It was to be a fight to a finish. The Indians who would not surrender must be pursued until killed or captured. Women and children should not be harmed, if possible. Prisoners were to be well treated. Men prisoners should be enlisted as scouts, when they were willing to serve; and full use should be made of them, to discover the hiding-places of the other wild Apaches. And——

"The general commanding the Department wishes to state that no excuse will be accepted for leaving a trail. If the horses become unfit for service, the enemy must be followed on foot. He expects that no sacrifice shall be left untried by officers and men, to make the campaign short, sharp and decisive."

Antonio Besias the interpreter and guide translated the orders for the Apache scouts. At his first opportunity, Micky asked Jimmie to repeat them. Nan-ta-je also listened attentively. He grunted satisfaction.

"That is good," commented Micky. "It is straight talk. We will find what we are looking for."

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The Major Brown column out of Camp Grant consisted of Companies L and M of the Fifth Cavalry, commanded by Captain Alfred B. Taylor and Lieutenant Jacob Almy, Lieutenant (Brevet Major) William J. Ross, of the Twenty-first Infantry, who had won honors in the Civil War, and Lieutenant John G. Bourke, of the Third Cavalry, who had been General Crook's aide-de-camp. They were all good fighting men. Then there were thirty Sierra Blanca Apache scouts—Chief Big Mouth, Alchisé who was called Alchisay, Nan-ta-je whom the soldiers nicknamed "Joe," Na-kay-do-klun-ni who was nicknamed "Bobby Do-kinny," and the others, managed by Joe Felmer, Archie MacIntosh and Antonio Besias. Then there was the pack-train of fifty mules, in charge of Pack-Master Jack Long and Assistant Frank Monach, and ten such first-class packers as Jim O'Neill, Chileno John, "Long Jim" Cook and "Short Jim" Cook, Manuel Lopez, old Sam Wisser the German, with Slim Shorty as cook and John Cahill as blacksmith—men tried and true. Then there was Mr. James Daily, General Crook's brother-in-law who had come out to Whipple last spring with his sister Mrs. Crook, and was "seeing the country" with the cavalry; and Micky Free, who might be counted as a sort of "detached" scout.

Altogether, Jimmie felt convinced, this was the best column in the field. As Patron Jack asserted, it could "lick its weight in wild-cats."

XIII

HUNTING THE YAVAPAI

“Now Apache catch Apache,” announced Micky.

It was a sharply chill evening, December 27, this 1872, and under a clouded sky the whole Major Brown command were encamped together in the little canyon of Cottonwood Creek, about seventy-five miles northwest of Camp Grant.

Not far west rose the long, high plateau of the Mazatzal or Four Peaks Range, through which the Salt River cut a deep, crooked trail toward Camp MacDowell on the other side.

But the seventy-five miles was only a small portion of the distance that had been covered. The Major Brown column out of Grant had been marching north, west, south, and north again, for more than a month; sometimes in cactus and sunshine, sometimes in snow and storm, ever trying to corral the Chuntz and Deltche outlaws.

These were hard to find. In this rough canyon country they had made their homes for years and years. They knew every inch of it. Only the Sierra Blanca scouts, who were afoot, in silent moccasins, and kept a day's march ahead, had had any luck. Twice they had struck small rancherias; and they had killed four or five warriors.

Micky hunted with the scouts, daytimes; and each night, when in camp, he had great stories to tell. It all was a lark, to Micky the red-head. He had cap-

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tered a rifle, in one of the Chuntz jacals or huts, and now was very happy. He seemed rather to pity Jimmie, who was held to the plodding, scrambling pack-train, at the rear.

Still, duty was duty, and business was business; and the pack-train was as important as the soldiers or the scouts. Without the pack-train, then the expedition needs must quit or starve—and what would General Crook say?

On Christmas Day forty men of Company G, Fifth Cavalry, commanded by Captain "Jimmie" Burns and Lieutenant Earl D. Thomas, with pack-train and almost one hundred Pima Indian scouts, all from Camp MacDowell, had joined.

They'd had some luck. On the top of the Four Peaks they had surprised a Yavapai rancheria (one of Delt-che's, they thought), had killed six Indians and captured a squaw and a little boy. They had brought the boy along, because he could kill quail with stones and with bow and arrow. His new name was "Mike."

Only Nan-ta-je could understand much that Mike said. The Yavapai language was different from straight Apache. And why Nan-ta-je understood Yavapai, Jimmie presently found out.

This evening of December 27, two days after the Captain Burns column had been met, something evidently was up. Patron Jack had received orders from Major Brown to park his mules in close, along a picket line, "in a place easy of defence." That was one hint.

"'Find heap Injuns, poco tiempo (in little while),' those scouts keep sayin', do they?" grum-

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bled Jack. "Humph! Looks like 'heap Injuns' might be goin' to find *us*, mebbe!"

And now as Jimmie, having finished his duties for the evening, made way through the early dusk to look up Micky and listen to the stories of the scouts, he noted that Major Brown and the six officers and Chief Guide Archie MacIntosh were in a group around a little fire, talking low with one another.

The soldiers, wrapped in their cavalry overcoats, huddled also, in messes, smoking and joking. They might have been waiting for the time to roll in their blankets, but somehow they all seemed to be waiting for something else.

A little apart from the cavalry camp was the scouts' camp; Chief Big Mouth's White Mountains in one place, the Pimas in another. The Apaches certainly knew how to make themselves comfortable. They stuffed their moccasins with dry grass, to keep their feet warmer, and slept two or three together in snug beds among the rocks.

This evening they were having an especially good time. They were roasting and eating pieces of a mule that had died from poison. Micky was squatting and tearing at a chunk, like the rest of them, near one of their little fires.

With greasy mouth he grinned amiably as Jimmie approached to squat beside him.

"Come and eat, Boy-who-sleeps," he greeted, in Apache.

"I have eaten. I am full," explained Jimmie. Poisoned mule was rather more than he could stomach,

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although when with the Chiricahuas he had eaten almost anything.

"It is well to be full," said Micky, chewing hard. "We may not eat again for a long time."

"Why, Red-head?"

"Because," asserted Micky, changing to Mexican-Spanish, "now Apache catch Apache. We start soon. If you want to go, you had better be getting ready."

"Where are they? How do you know?" demanded Jimmie.

Micky swallowed a large mouthful of mule meat, and held his chunk in the coals again, with a sharpened stick.

"I know," he said. "Soon all the soldiers will know, so I will tell you what I could not tell you before. Cluke knew, when we left Camp Grant. He had talked with Bocon (which was Spanish for Big Mouth), and with Nan-ta-je. Major Brown knew, too. But it has been a secret. We are here to fight Delt-che's Yavapai where they have hidden in the Four Peaks above the Salt River. Nan-ta-je was brought up, there, when he was a boy. It is a big cave, in the face of the canyon made by the Salt River. It is reached by a secret trail from above. Nan-ta-je knows the trail. He told Bocon and Bocon told the Gray Fox, and they arranged, at Camp Grant. First we were to chase Chuntz, who had killed your Francisco. That has been done, and he has got away. Now we will follow Nan-ta-je to the cave of the Delt-che people."

"How far, Micky?" breathlessly asked Jimmie.

Micky proceeded to gnaw his meat chunk, hot though it was.

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“A night’s march, over the mountains along the Salt River. We start as soon as a bright star rises over the hills in the east. The soldiers must leave their horses, and all wear moccasins, to make no noise, and must get there before daylight. If we are discovered on the trail, we will be killed, every one of us. Nobody can escape, then. That is what Bocon and Nan-ta-je say, and they know. It will be a fine fight, anyway. The Yavapai will be in their cave, behind a rock wall across its mouth, and we will be on a flat place outside, in front; and those who fall off will land in the river, far below. Yes. That is why I came, to see. You must run off from your pack-mules and be there, too, Cheemie.”

“No, I won’t run off, but I’ll ask, you bet!” exclaimed Jimmie, jumping up.

“Inju (good)!” grunted Micky, gulping fast, to finish his chunk. “You and I will stay with the White Mountains. They will fight. But I don’t think much of these Pimas. Whenever one is killed, the rest stop fighting and make medicine.”

Jimmie hustled back. He was all on fire to go. It sounded as though it was to be a fight that a fellow would hate to miss.

A change had come over the camp. The cavalry detachments were astir. The non-commissioned officers were passing among the squads, inspecting equipment; in the glow of the fires the men were donning moccasins, overhauling their stubby fifty-calibre Springfield carbines, and stuffing their cartridge-belts, worn outside their blue overcoats, with the brass car-

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tridges distributed from the green ammunition-boxes lugged by the pack-train.

The officers' council had broken up; the captains and lieutenants were with their companies; Archie Mac-Intosh and Joe Felmer strode briskly through, for the scouts. Jimmie seized upon Joe.

"Joe! Can I go? I want to go!"

"Whar?"

"To see the fight at the cave!"

"What cave? How do you know about any cave? You must have been with that pesky Micky Free ag'in. Wall, you keep yore mouth shut about a cave. No, I don't say you can go. You aren't under my orders. You're with the pack outfit. Don't bother me."

And away hastened Joe, following Archie. Away hastened Jimmie, likewise, to find Jack Long.

All the cavalry horses had been tied to a picket rope, near the mules, against the canyon side. The riggings and the packs were being piled as a breast-work—the task had been almost completed—old Jack and Frank Monach and Jim O'Neill and Blacksmith John Cahill and even Slim Shorty were standing armed and ready—evidently the packers were to join the cavalrymen—hurrah, the pack men were to be in the fight!

"Say, whar you been?" accused Jack. "Now you stay——"

"Oh, Jack, can I go? I want to go, Jack! Please can I go?" pleaded Jimmie.

"Seems to me you're alluz wantin' to 'go' some'ers," growled Jack. "You ask Joe Felmer. He's yore gardeen."

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"I did ask him and he said I wasn't with him, I was with the pack outfit; and the pack outfit's going, isn't it?" argued Jimmie.

"Best part of it," admitted Jack. "Orders from the major are for every able-bodied man to march out, an' for those who can't climb to guard the animals an' packs, hyar. Dunno which'll be the dangerouser place, in case the Injuns try a stampede."

"Oh, let him go; he's earned it, I reckon," spoke up "Long Jim" Cook gruffly. "He can stick beside o' me. (Long Jim being six feet eight!) Then all the bullets'll fly so high he won't even feel the wind of 'em."

"I'll be up in front with Micky Free. Micky and I can scout as well as any Apache," panted Jimmie. "We won't be hurt." He turned, to make off again, but Jack sternly halted him.

"You do as the rest do, then: put on a blanket-roll an' stick in some grub, an' change yore feet into moccasins."

That took only a few moments, for a boy in a hurry. Slim Shorty the cook good-naturedly supplied the moccasins; the blanket-roll was made up in a jiffy, around a wad of bread and cold meat, and was slung over Jimmie's left shoulder——

"If 'twasn't Micky Free I wouldn't let you go," warned Jack. "But nothin' yet invented can harm *him*, so if you jest hang onto his shirt-tail he'll take you through!"

This time Jimmie got away, but none too soon, for the soldier column was forming, to low commands.

HUNTING THE YAVAPAI

The fires had died down, darkness had closed in, and he scurried fast, through the gloom. The scouts were bunched—Apaches together, and Pimas together—standing, wrapped in their blankets, waiting. Beyond them, somebody struck a match. The flame lighted the face of Nan-ta-je and of Major Brown, who was looking at his watch.

Jimmie, pausing and peering, felt a hand on his arm and heard Micky's voice, under breath. Micky could see in the dark.

"Inju. Star nearly up. Before sun is up, big fight."

Nan-ta-je's star must have appeared at that very moment, for Major Brown struck another match, to show his hand raised as signal, he and Nan-ta-je moved forward, the scouts moved, pressing in the wake of Archie MacIntosh, and Joe, and Tony Besias, there were gruff orders, half whispers, from the sergeants, to the soldiers; and amidst soft shuffle of moccasins the whole long column followed the lead of the major and Nan-ta-je, presently up out of the little canyon, for the high mesa or table-land above.

Whew, but the December night was growing cold! The clouds had broken, the stars were very bright, faintly illumining the dark winding column, and the frosty breaths wafting from it. Scarce a sound, except the scuff of the moccasins, could be heard. The United States cavalry in Arizona did not carry sabers when scouting for Apaches; and to-night even the canteens had been stowed in the blanket rolls, lest they jingle.

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According to the north star the course was westerly. Nan-ta-je and the major led at a rapid pace, to keep the men warm. Jimmie stuck close by Micky. He had no fear of not being able to hold his own. He trotted loose-kneed, toeing in, head up, breathing through his nose, Apache way.

Trudge, trudge, scuff, scuff, hour after hour, as seemed, westward across the high, rough mesa where the snow lay in patches and the Four Peaks of the Mazatzal rose close on the right. To the left was the canyon of the Salt River.

The Apache scouts forged ahead of the cavalry. Along after midnight, from a little rise sign was seen away off, before. Lights! Major Brown and Nan-ta-je had halted.

"Come! Quick!" hissed Micky, he and Jimmie trotting faster. "Camp-fires. Maybe Yavapai."

"Column, halt! Lie down, men," sounded the low gruff order, behind.

Down flopped everybody, except Archie MacIntosh and Joe Felmer, and half a dozen of the scouts with them, who continued on rapidly. Micky slipped after, like a shadow; he did not intend to miss anything.

Jimmie had dropped in the van of the other scouts, near to the major and Nan-ta-je. They and Chief Big Mouth and Bobby Do-kinlney were crouched under a blanket.

"Nan-ta-je step in track. Think it man track," grunted, in Apache, the Indian beside Jimmie. Queer how the Apaches seemed to know everything! And Nan-ta-je had merely felt the track, through his moc-casin sole!

HUNTING THE YAVAPAI

Under the blanket the major—or somebody—struck another match. Just the faint crackle told. The little group examined the track, there was short muttering; then the crouchers relaxed and quit, and waited. Big Mouth crept back.

“Shosh (Bear),” he informed.

Nan-ta-je had been fooled, but a bear track is very much like a moccasin track.

Nobody spoke again. If anyone even coughed, from the cold air, he did so with his mouth pressed against his blanket. Jimmie shivered with the cold and the excitement.

Now here came Archie and Joe and their squad, trotting back from their reconnoitering. Archie reported to Major Brown and Nan-ta-je.

“Yavapai fires,” whispered Micky, sinking beside Jimmie. “Pony herd, too. Four wickyups. No Yavapai. Left wickyups and ponies, little while ago. Maybe go to tell Delt-che.”

That looked bad.

“Huh!” grunted a White Mountain. “We go to surprise Yavapai. If Yavapai know and surprise us, we all get killed, says Nan-ta-je.”

“What ponies?” asked somebody, of Micky.

“Pima and undah (white-man) ponies. Traveled far. Feet worn out.”

In their cavalry capes Captain Taylor and Lieutenant Bourke stole forward, stooping. They had been sent for to consult with Major Brown, Archie MacIntosh, and Nan-ta-je and Chief Big Mouth. Pretty soon they went back. The march was resumed, toward

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the fires. The column had spread out, ready to defend itself, but the White Mountain scouts kept ahead. Chief Owl Ears' Pimas were behind with the Captain Burns company.

The fires were still glowing at the Yavapai camp on the top of the mesa, in a hollow where there were grass and water for the stolen ponies. But save for the snorts of the ponies, all was silence. The march had been made cautiously, and now the air had thinned; in the east the sky had lightened. Morning was at hand.

"Yavapai cave near," whispered Micky. The word had been passed along, somehow. The march was halted again. Teeth chattered.

Next, Lieutenant Ross continued, with Archie and Joe and Nan-ta-je, a dozen cavalrymen and the packers Jack Long, Jim O'Neil, Long Jim Cook, Frank Monach, Slim Shorty—dead shots all, and fine Indian fighters. Nan-ta-je led.

Captain Burns and Lieutenant Thomas, with their cavalrymen and most of the Pimas, branched off on the back trail of the pony herd, to the southeast. More Yavapai might be coming, from that direction, with other booty.

The remainder of the column followed Lieutenant Ross. The White Mountains had dropped their blankets about their waists, as if clearing for action. Their faces were set alert, their nostrils flared, they were straining every sense, to detect more "sign." Micky pointed downward; underfoot was a regular trail, disclosed in the gray light.

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Their carbines and rifles at a trail, the Lieutenant Ross detachment, led by Nan-ta-je, with Archie and Joe at his heels, had dipped out of sight, as if over an edge. The last one of them disappeared. The faint roar of rapid waters sounded.

“Canyon of Salt River there,” whispered Micky. “Yavapai cave, too.”

The crack of the canyon began to open—across were the opposite walls. Cold mist was floating up. The trail conducted to the canyon, and down. Major Brown and Captain Taylor and Lieutenant Bourke, with Tony Besias the interpreter, Chief Big Mouth and others went forward to peer in. As the column bunched, everybody tried to peer in. Micky craned forward, with the scouts—he and Alchisé and Bobby Do-klinny; Jimmie edged on; they all might look over the rim, for the officers were as curious as the rest.

The roar of the waters rose louder. The river was far down, hundreds of feet, at the bottom of a long crooked gorge with precipice walls. Icicles hung from the crags. The trail entered, here, and clinging to the niches and wearing away the sod of the few flat spots snaked at a diagonal until, descending, it rounded a shoulder one hundred yards below the rim, where the mists were wreathing.

It was as steep as the trail down which those Tontos had scampered, into the Tonto Basin! Nobody was on it. The Ross party had gone.

“Mescal,” whispered Micky, sniffing. All the scouts were sniffing. A sweetish scent was in the air, as if welling from below.

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Apache mescal pits! Wood smoke, too! Smell it?

“Huh! Rancheria there,” grunted Bobby Do-kinny. “Close to Delt-che, now. Where Nan-ta-je?”

Then——

“Bang-g-g-g-g-g!”

The noise, echoing through the canyon depths and striking the faces gazing in, fairly deafened. It sounded like a regiment, but it was only a volley by the Lieutenant Ross party, unseen.

The little handful of advance guard had found the Yavapai!

XIV

THE BATTLE OF THE CAVE

THE suddenness of the tremendous outburst paralyzed even Micky. As the echoes rumbled and jarred, Jimmie's heart beat in his ears. The hard, quick voice of Major Brown broke in.

"Good heavens! What's all that? Bourke, take the first forty men—doesn't matter who—support Ross as quick as you can, and wait for the rest of the command. I'll join you in short order. Hold your fire, if possible, till I arrive. Tell Ross the same."

"Yes, sir," and the strong, active figure of Lieutenant Bourke sprang to the trail. "Sergeant Turpin! Here!" Top Sergeant James Turpin was the nearest to him. "Count off forty men, as they come, white or red, and follow me. Quick, now!"

Chief Big Mouth yelped at his men in Apache; tossed away his blanket.

"Soldier-captain want men to fight Yavapai. Don't let white men beat you!"

There was a rush for the trail. Soldiers and Indians both were eager. Sergeant Turpin had hard work. Jimmie saw no chance—

"Sh! Come!" hissed Micky, at him.

Micky had slipped over the edge. Only his red head could be seen. His feet were on a narrow ledge that, extending along, just held him. Below, the canyon wall of stunted brush and rough gray rock and

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frozen trickles fell sharply away, clear down to the cold river, a thousand feet! It was a dizzy sight.

Clutching his rifle, planted as a brace to steady him while he half kneeled, Micky twisted enough to beckon with his free hand.

“Come on. Leave your blanket.”

Micky's blanket lay where he had peeled it. Without a thought of hesitation Jimmie doffed his own roll, and squirming flat fumbled, feet first, for the ledge; found it, and carefully lowered his body, backward. Ticklish work, that was, for a fellow in a hurry—although Micky apparently had done it as nimbly as a squirrel.

“Inju!” approved Micky, when Jimmie was safely settled. “Now wait.”

If anybody above had noticed, nobody took time to object. What with the soldiers and scouts so eager to pass Sergeant Turpin's count, and what with the rear guard hastening up, and what with everybody preparing weapons and clothing and re-forming for the prospective fight, there were few thoughts upon the whereabouts of two such items as wild Micky Free and his partner Jimmie Dunn. Micky was the kind who usually got a front seat.

Now they too crouched here out of sight upon the narrow shelf. Scarcely yet had the echoes of the thunderous volley died away. Listen! Shrill, distant whoops and yells of defiance, also from below! But there sounded a brisk command, above—the fast shuffle of feet and the rolling of pebbles—and down the slanting trail that cut along the sheer wall plunged, sliding

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and striding, the support company, Lieutenant Bourke first, Chief Big Mouth next, and their file of men, white and red mingled in a fast jumble, close pursuing, every carbine and rifle ready for business.

Micky poised, crouching tense. Just as the tail of the little procession swung past, slipping and steady-ing again he darted forward on the shelf. Jimmie imitated. They scuttled so fast that they either must keep going or tumble off. The shelf pinched out before it cut the trail, but Micky never paused; he leaped, and landed like a goat, on a smaller shelf, a mere piece of out-sticking rock; that gave him purchase for another leap which took him to the trail; and turning instantly he ran down.

Jimmie had no time for thought. What Micky could do, he could do—he *had to!* He, too, leaped; barely touched the next rock with one moccasin; sprang on, desperately, across space, brushing the wall; landed on the edge of the trail, slipped, recovered (Whew!), and gaining balance sped after Micky.

The trail descended, narrow and broken and icy in spots, at a steep angle. Anybody who lost his footing on it would be a "goner"—he'd not stop until, having bounced and rolled and hurtled, he was a fragment of shattered bone and flesh in the roaring river below. It was a regular Apache trail.

But Micky was running. The Lieutenant Bourke file were at a trot, and already half-way to the turn around the shoulder. So Jimmie ran.

Micky caught the tail of the file before it rounded the shoulder, and slackened to keep pace with it.

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Jimmie caught Micky just as the tail, who was John Cahill the blacksmith, was disappearing like the lash end of a dragged whip—but he did not go much farther.

The file were scattering like frightened quail, to a chorus of Apache yells, and the clatter and swish of arrows, and a rapidly barked command. Micky dived for the shelter of a jagged boulder, and Jimmie followed suit. They all had arrived.

It was a broad shelf two hundred yards long, about half-way between the bottom of the precipice and the top, and littered with boulders. On right and left, behind the boulders, were the Ross men, their carbine barrels pointing steadily at a high rock wall about in the middle of the shelf, a little way out from the face of the precipice. Behind this rock wall—which was ten feet high and built up smooth—was a large opening: the Yavapai cave!

All the air resounded with whoops and screeches, and bow twang, and now and then a gun-shot, coming from the cave. The Yavapais were inside. Several might be glimpsed, between the end of the rock wall and the mouth of the cave, darting about. They dragged a body or two back, out of sight. The Ross volley had killed some of them.

“Big fight!” panted Micky. “Good. We are in time.”

“Hey! What in thunder are you doin’ down hyar?” scolded Joe Felmer, from behind the next boulder—he and John Cahill together. “You want to lose yore scalps?”

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Micky only grinned impudently, and with an Apache yell answered the Yavapais. The White Mountains were replying with taunt to taunt. Jimmie said not a word. He may have done wrong, but here he was.

"Wall, you stay mighty close," ordered Joe. "This'll be no picnic."

"What have you done, Black Beard?" called Chief Big Mouth, who was near.

"The pony thieves were dancing their deeds in the mouth of the cave. Before they saw us we killed six of them."

"Bueno," grunted the fierce Big Mouth.

Lying low, Lieutenant Ross and Lieutenant Bourke and Nan-ta-je were consulting together. Presently orders were passed from man to man, on this side; and by ones and twos and threes the soldiers and scouts spread out, in the gray dawn, selecting other positions here, or bending, went scurrying across, against the shelter of the cave rampart, to reinforce the other flank, while the carbines of their fellows kept the Yavapais from shooting at them.

Listen, again! Amidst the cries of the enraged Yavapais there rose the clink of carbine butt and shuffle of moccasins from marching men, again. Major Brown was bringing down the rest of the troops. But Micky had focussed his attention upon something else. The roving one eye of his never missed a single point.

"Yavapai!" he uttered excitedly, half rising and pointing, and up he jerked his rifle.

"Hooh!" exclaimed Big Mouth, craning.

John Cahill was the quickest. Away beyond, down

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the beetling canyon wall, on an out-jutting rock there, stood a naked Indian with long black hair. He whooped triumphantly. He had escaped, somehow, from the cave—he was almost to the bottom and in a moment more——

“Bang!”

Blacksmith Cahill's carbine had spoken even while Big Mouth and Joe and Micky were taking aim.

“Thut!” That was the bullet striking flesh. Off from the rock was swept the Indian, and disappeared. Whether or not he had been killed, nobody knew; but his body was found later, by some squaws.

“He will take no word to other Yavapai, I think,” pronounced Micky. “If other Yavapai come and catch us here, then we are dead, too.”

The Major Brown soldiers were pelting in, breathless from the slippery trail. Hither-thither they deployed, sneaking among the rocks and darting across the face of the cave-mouth wall. Now a Pima of the Bourke men stood up, daring the Yavapais while he peered for a shot into the cave. A puff of smoke belched from a niche atop the rampart—“Bang!”—and down he wilted, into a crumpled heap without motion.

The Yavapais yelled louder—their “kill” yell. The Pimas and White Mountains yelled back. The soldiers were not doing much shooting, yet. Their officers were arranging them. Very soon the arrangement had settled into this:

There was one line of crouching scouts and soldiers behind the many boulders (which sometimes touched

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one another) not far in front of the cave-mouth wall and on either flank as the ends curved in. These were skirmishers. Back of them, clear along the edge of the immensely broad shelf and extending around the ends of the shelf, and even among the crags of the precipice, was a second line, in reserve, also behind rocks, to cover the first line. Some of the rocks were low, some high; they formed all kinds of shelter, from which one might shoot over and around corners and through chinks. The Micky-Jimmie boulder, down from the foot of the trail, in the second line, was about the size of a roll-top office-desk; and squatting they might peep across the ragged surface of it and see the whole length of the big shelf.

From either side Joe Felmer and Big Mouth wriggled in toward them, to shoot between their rocks and this.

“Steady! Hold your fire till orders,” warned Sergeant Turpin and others.

For Antonio Besias the interpreter was speaking. He half rose, from along the second line, and called in Apache.

“You must all come out!” he shouted. “The soldier-captain has many men and many guns. He has found you, and you cannot get away. He does not wish to kill you, but he will kill you unless you lay down your guns and come out.”

Back behind his rock ducked Antonio, just in time to dodge a dozen arrows, not to say several bullets. What a storm of hoots and shrieks had drowned his voice!

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"We are not afraid!" were retorting the cave warriors. "Yah yah! We are not afraid," they jeered, in Apache and Spanish. "It is you who will die, you white men and you traitor moccasin-stealers who rob women." To accuse an Apache of stealing moccasins from squaws was the bitterest of insults. "You will not live to see the sun rise. Our people are coming up from below, and you will be fed to the buzzards. Yah!"

Nan-ta-je tried, in Apache and Mohave jargon both. But he, too, had to duck, before he had finished telling them to send out their women and children, anyway.

"We are not fighting those," he said. "We fight only men. The soldier-captain will wait until you send out your women and children. They will not be harmed. It is not right——" and his words were lost in another burst of furious, insolent clamor.

Major Brown's trumpeter orderly sounded: "Commence firing." The high strains lilted gaily from canyon wall to canyon wall, and back again.

"Take it easy, boys," cautioned Sergeant Turpin, near the Jimmy squad. "Let the front line do the work, but if you see a head, hit it. But watch out for the women and children."

The Yavapai warriors, behind their high rock rampart, taller than they were, had difficulty in seeing out. Occasionally a head seemed to be cautiously poked up, under an old hat, and the men of the front rank promptly banged away at it.

Micky, squirming for a rest, leveled his battered rifle across the top of the boulder, took aim with his

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one eye—"Bang!" Instantly an answering shot so shrewdly scraped the boulder top that the stinging rock splinters filled not only Micky's one eye but both eyes of the intently peering Jimmie.

"Fool Red-head, you; why you shoot?" scolded Big Mouth. "Squaw hold up hat on stick, you shoot at that, man shoot at *you!*"

This trick did not deceive the soldiers long. The Yavapais quit it, and from behind their wall began to send arrows by scores high into the air, so that, curving downward, they might land among the rocks where the soldiers and scouts lay.

Major Brown met this with a similar scheme. Nan-ta-je and Archie MacIntosh wriggled forward, as rapidly as snakes, among the rocks, from back line to front line, taking a message to soldiers and scouts. The word was passed, for suddenly all the line elevated the carbines and rifles a little higher and shot fast.

Long Jim Cook and Alchisé and Lieutenant Ross and the others in sight were grabbing the cartridges spread by the handful beside them, and using them as rapidly as triggers might be pulled. From the whole wide cave floated dust; here and there the edges melted away.

"Hi! That's the stuff!" muttered Joe. "Shoot into the cave an' let the bullets glance. That'll fetch 'em."

Now squaws and children were crying with pain and fright. The glancing, re-bounding bullets favored nobody. The warriors howled furiously. The lead was finding them, behind their wall. Worse, it was.

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wounding their wives and babies. So they stood up, to face it and try to divert it—stop it, if possible.

Their scowling faces and naked or ragged-shirted shoulders might be seen, above the breastworks, amidst the smoke and dust. They, too, shot rapidly, point-blank, into the rocks before—and the squaws' and children's arms were glimpsed, handing up to them loaded guns.

At the far end of the wall was a strange, wild figure—their medicine man! Yes, because he wore a large head-dress of painted feathers and a painted, beaded buckskin shirt hung with strings and shells, which should protect him and his people from the bullets. He was fighting, too!

Twice Joe Felmer drew bead on him and shot; only to mutter:

“I can't tech that feller.”

“No. He is big medicine,” reproved Chief Bocon. “You had better save your bullets, Black Beard.”

“Cease firing!” shrilled the bugle. And on a sudden there was nothing doing, and almost a complete silence, except for crying children, until Antonio Besias called again, in Spanish.

“You have fought well, but you can see that you have no chance. The soldier-captain says for you to come out. Or if you are so foolish as not to come out, send to us your women and children, that they may not be hurt.”

The Yavapais did not answer. They had disappeared from the wall. Maybe they were consulting together, about the peace summons. Everybody waited

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expectantly. Jimmie, trembling with the excitement and the horror of the fight, hoped that the people in the cave would now surrender.

Ah, what was that? More defiance? The Yavapai were chanting—a high, wild chorus, men and squaws both—and the shuffle and thud of a dance could be heard.

“Hooh! They make ready to charge,” grunted Chief Big Mouth. “They sing their death song. We must shoot straight, Black Beard.”

“Look out! It is the death song! They will charge!” were warning Nan-ta-je, Bobby Do-kinny, Alchisé, and the other scouts, in Apache and Spanish; and the soldiers repeated.

“Good!” pronounced Micky, his blue eye snapping. “It will be a fight man to man. That is no fun, to shoot into a cave.”

The chant welled higher and stronger, and all the canyon echoed again. Would they never come?

The front or skirmish line had shifted to their knees, guns at shoulders—Lieutenant Ross had drawn his revolver.

“Steady, lads,” was cautioning Sergeant Turpin and his non-coms, to this rear line. “Hold your places.”

“Here they come!”

A great cheer rang, for like jacks-in-the-box the Yavapai warriors had appeared—some twenty or thirty of them—all together leaping atop their rampart—strong, muscular, bronze-skinned fighters, bristling quivers of reed arrows upon their left shoulders, strung

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bows in one hand, rifles in the other, their eyes gleaming blackly, their raven hair flung back, their painted faces scowling. They emptied their guns in a crashing volley, and proceeded to ply their bows while the squaws handed up fresh guns. The skirmish line of scouts and soldiers swept the wall—the smoke eddied and hung—and out from the farther end of the wall bolted a little bevy of other warriors, to break through for freedom.

Up from their rocks jumped the skirmish line, and ran to head them off. Long Jim Cook, Alchisé, Bobby Do-kinny, Nan-ta-je, Slim Shorty, Lieutenant Ross, with his revolver—they all ran, shooting and yelling.

They were too many for the Yavapais. The top of the wall had been cleaned—and back through the opening at the end hustled, pell-mell, the escaping warriors, dragging cripples, but leaving, in the open space there, half a dozen crimsoned, motionless forms.

The firing died away. The face of the cave precipice was beginning to glow with sunlight. What next, now?

“Yavapai!” yelled Micky, springing up.

“Hooh!” exclaimed Big Mouth.

Micky had leveled his rifle—it missed fire. Now twenty paces before their rock was standing, on another rock, a tall Apache-Mohave. How he had sneaked this far, nobody might say. He must have run out from the near end of the rampart, while everybody was watching the far end. The smoke was very thick.

He did not know that there were two lines of enemy,

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and he had paused a moment to whoop his triumph at having passed the first line. How foolish! In a twinkling a score of carbines and rifles were focussed on him—John Cahill aimed, Joe Felmer aimed, Big Mouth aimed—they could not miss.

He was a fine, brave warrior—and he saw, too late.

“Soldados (Soldiers)!” he shrieked.

“Crash!” The guns all shot together; the bullets fairly lifted him and drove him topsy-turvy, riddled through and through from head to waist.

“Crowed a leetle soon, that feller,” commented Joe.

XV

JIMMIE IS A VETERAN

THE December sun was high and warm, flooding the broad rock-strewn terrace half-way between river and sky, but the battle was still going on. Now that the Yavapais had found out they could not break to freedom, the second soldier line had been advanced, with a dash, to join the first. As fast as it could be loaded and fired, every gun was speeding bullet after bullet into the cave, filling it with a very hail-storm of glancing, crisscrossing lead.

The cave was broad, and seemed to be shallow; and how anybody in there could be alive was a mystery. But alive some of those Apache-Mohaves were, for above the deafening staccato of a hundred carbines rose the death chant and the shrieks and wails and groans and curses.

There was no token of surrender. It was a fight to the death. Cleverly shielded in a niche at his end of the rampart the medicine-man, barely seen through the smoke and dust, was shooting as before, helped by the squaws who handed up guns to him; he certainly wore a charmed shirt. Now and again a warrior bobbed up, fired blindly, and bobbed down.

Micky had long ago used the last of his cartridges. Like Jimmie, he might only lie and watch.

"I told you there would be a good fight!" he shouted, in Jimmie's ear. "This is the end of these Delt-che people. They fight like wolves in a pen, but it is no use."



HURRAH! IT WAS NAN-TA-JE

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“Look!” shouted back Jimmie, pointing.

An Apache-Mohave boy—he was naked and chubby and could not have been more than three or four years old—had run out, around the cave wall, into the open space in front; and there he stood, sucking his thumb, and scowling at the Americanos as if he wanted the noise stopped. Over he keeled, struck by a chance bullet (for nobody would have shot at *him*); but he was not dead—he lay and kicked and howled, and all the firing ceased as if by magic.

From the soldiers' line somebody darted forward. Hurrah!

It was Nan-ta-je. He reached the little boy, grabbed him and at one jump was behind a rock again.

“Hurrah for Joe! Bully for Joe!” Even the Yavapais might have cheered—but Nan-ta-je had been just in time. Scarcely had the uproar of banging guns and howling warriors and shrieking squaws and wailing children been renewed, when down from above rushed a tremendous boulder, bursting like a bomb-shell upon the wall itself.

“Hooh!” ejaculated Micky, astonished.

The firing slackened, everybody outside looked up. On the very top of the canyon, right over the cave mouth, were many figures—soldiers—and Indians! Outlined against the sky, they appeared curiously small.

“By the great horn spoon, thar's Burns!” exclaimed Joe Felmer.

Surely! Jimmie had forgotten about the Captain Burns and Lieutenant Thomas company, but here they were, soldiers and Pimas, crowding the rim of the cliff,

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and gazing over as far as they dared. They had returned from following the pony trail, and had heard the shooting. Several of the soldiers were hanging part way—waist far, that is—from the edge, and held in place by other soldiers behind them were aiming their revolvers. The cliff slanted back, above the cave, so that persons above might see its threshold, and the rampart before—and, of course, see the warriors between the two.

But that rock! Here came another! Watch out—soldiers had rolled a second great boulder to the rim—they gave it a final shove, and bounding, ploughing, hurtling, it brought an avalanche down the face of the precipice and landing truly in the mouth of the cave burst thunderously into a hundred pieces.

A third boulder followed immediately. Then two at once. The soldiers and scouts below were cheering and shouting and shooting again, but the crashing of the boulders was louder. The dust they made was denser than the powder smoke—the mouth of the cave could not be seen. But somewhere in that veil were the wretched Yavapais. Jimmie felt sick.

Even the death chant had ceased, across there. Anyway, it could not be heard amidst the other uproar. The Captain Burns men worked hard. The rampart was being crushed and buried. The Major Brown men were standing up while they fired; they were so excited. Jimmie and Micky were standing.

“Down, down with you!” bawled sergeant and corporal. “Wait till the chargin’ order!”

The fight continued, but it was becoming a very

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one-sided fight. Bombarded by the rock artillery from above, and by the carbines from in front, and held by the cave wall behind, the Apache-Mohaves were being literally wiped out of existence. They were replying not at all; their brave medicine-man had disappeared amidst the murk—the occasional rifts showed him no longer.

Still, it was dangerous, here in front of the cave, for the bursting boulders, piling up in the entrance and shattering the rampart there, sent their fragments flying like pieces of shell, causing the soldiers to duck and laugh as they plied their cartridges.

Now the trumpet sounded—"Cease firing!" The shots died away as Major Brown, standing, waved his arm at the Captain Burns company, on the rim of the precipice over the cave, to signal them to stop rolling down their boulders.

"Prepare to charge!" the orders were repeated, along the line below. The sun was high, marking noon. The battle had been going on for at least five hours!

"Prepare to charge!" Up sprang the line, and at the instant down bounded the last of the boulders, which the officers above had been unable to withhold. It gave one final tremendous jump, and landed well out in front of the cave—"Boom!" Something struck Jimmie—yes, a piece of it caught him as he blindly dodged—and whirling him around knocked him head over heels.

He tried to pick himself up, and a fierce pain stabbed him in the right leg, making him dizzy. He propped on one arm, among the rocks, while his eyes cleared a

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little. Already the line was running and scrambling forward, soldiers and scouts both; nobody now might pause to tend to *him*. He stared, blinking weakly. What would happen? Were the Yavapais away back in the cave, somewhere, and where they were waiting, to defend it?

There was Micky, scooting about; and Nan-ta-je, and Joe, and Jack Long, and Captain Taylor and Lieutenant Bourke, their carbines and revolvers poised, as they advanced at double-quick. Right up to the top of the huge pile of shattered rocks climbed the first man—Corporal Thomas Hanlon, he—and glared in; jumped down, out of sight, and over and around poured the others. But not a shot was fired. Evidently all the Yavapais were dead. Oh!

With that, Jimmie sighed, everything swam before him, and he must have fainted, because the next that he knew, Jeo Felmer was sopping his face from a canteen, and Micky was squatting beside, grinning.

From the cave sounded the hum of voices; the soldiers and scouts were still busy there. The Burns soldiers and Pimas had come down.

“Hyar! You lie quiet,” ordered Joe. “You got a busted leg, I reckon, an’ you don’t want to see inside that cave, anyhow. Wish I hadn’t, myself.”

“Are they all dead, Joe?” quavered Jimmie, helplessly. Wow, how that leg hurt! But it had been bound up, after a fashion, probably by Joe.

“Ev’ry buck, includin’ the medicine man. Plumb shot through, or smashed; lots of ’em both. Some squaws an’ kids left,” grunted Joe. “It’s what you

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might call a massacree. Now, you stay hyar, till we're ready to move ye. I'm needed yonder. Micky can nuss ye; both o' ye ought to be back with the pack-train—'tain't no place for boys—'speshully for one who can't dodge rocks."

Muttering, Joe (who really was kind-hearted) trudged away.

"Ah, I told you it would be a great fight, Boy-who-sleeps," grinned Micky Free, as he squatted. "Black Beard is angry, because you are the only one of us wounded; but you will be a warrior, now."

"Were you in the cave, Red-head?" asked Jimmie, also in Apache.

"Yes. It is very red. All the Yavapai warriors are dead. The medicine chief is dead, under a rock. One old man was partly alive, and he died soon. Some squaws and children hid behind large flat rocks, and under dead people. They will be captives. You will see them. Delt-che is not there; but he has lost his best warriors, and he never will make a good fight again. I am glad we came, Cheemie."

"What are the Pimas doing, Red-head?" asked Jimmie. For the Pimas, with Chief Owl Ears in the center, were sitting in a bunch and wailing.

"Oh, those Pimas!" scoffed Micky. "They make medicine. They no good any more. They find their Pima who was killed, and now their medicine tells them they must not fight again till after they have mourned him by singing and bathing and not eating. That will take several days. But Apaches wait till they get home. I do not think much of the foolish Pimas.

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And the Maricopas are the same. All no good—stop fighting and make medicine. Huh!”

The soldiers and scouts worked fast, cleaning out the cave. The squaws and children were placed under guard, the White Mountains and Pimas were given whatever stuff—mescal, dried meat, skins, bows, arrows, lances, guns, and so forth—that they could carry; the remaining supplies (a great quantity) were piled up and set on fire.

Joe and Slim Shorty the cook came hurrying back, with a litter contrived from two lances and a deer hide slung between.

“Got to get out o’ this place,” explained Joe. “Squaw says some other squaws went down below, jest before the fight, to the mescal pits; they’ll carry warnin’ to ’nother rancheria yonder an’ we’ll have the hull caboodle on our backs if we don’t act fast. Easy, now, while we put you in.”

Major Brown was in a hurry to climb up into the open and unite with the pack-train. The long column ascended the winding trail. There were eighteen captives—women and children, several of them wounded. Below, in front of the cave the fire burned fiercely, consuming the supplies and the many bodies heaped upon. Over seventy of the outlaws had been killed. Some were left where they had fallen, in the cave.

After this no Indian would venture inside that cave. The skeletons of the Delt-che people bleached, undisturbed for years.

XVI

THE GENERAL PLANS WELL

THE campaign against the outlaw Yavapais, Tontos and Apache-Yumas was by no means over, merely on account of the cave fight. But it was over, for Jimmie.

Out went the troops and White Mountain scouts, again, this time from Camp MacDowell. Jack Long came into the hospital there, just before the start, and bade Jimmie good-by.

"You'll be a fust-class packer yet, muchacho," encouraged old Jack. "Yessir; 'bout one more trip an' I'll promote ye. You might ask the doctor to stretch yore legs a trifle, while he has you in hand. Some day you're liable to be a reg'lar patron, but that'll be after my day. I've a notion I'm due to peter out, what with these hyar up-hill, down-hill, blow hot, blow cold meanderin's, chasin' 'Paches with pack-mules."

"Aren't you feeling well, Jack?"

"Not extra pert, son. Yuh see, I'm kind o' old. But I'll stick as long as I can. So 'adios,' an' be good to yoreself."

This was the last time that Jimmie saw old Jack. He died on the trail, away over at the San Carlos River toward the White Mountain country, and was buried there under some beautiful trees.

The general also paid Jimmie a visit in the MacDowell hospital.

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"Well, my boy, how are you getting along?" he greeted, gazing down with his peculiar grave smile.

"All right, thank you, sir," asserted Jimmie, whose leg nevertheless pained like sixty.

"The pack-mules returned in fine shape—fine shape," abruptly spoke the general. "Not a sore back, or a sore hoof. That's the way mules ought to be handled, always."

Located here thirty miles east of present Phoenix, Arizona, Camp MacDowell was not an unpleasing post at all. The Salt River, flowing west, was a few miles below; and scarce a mile east the Verde or Green River rippled down to join it. Hazy against the eastern horizon rose the Four Peaks of the Mazatzal, in whose southern face had occurred the cave battle.

The post buildings were thick adobe, with shingle or clay roofs; there were cottonwood trees, for shade; and through the post ran a wide acequia or irrigating ditch.

During all of January, February and March, in the new year 1873, the hunt for the outlaws continued. In bitter weather they were chased from hiding-place to hiding-place amidst the mountains, and given no rest. Then, on the seventh or eighth of April, Hank Hewitt and a party of the MacDowell packers appeared at the post. They were thin and weather-worn: long-haired, long-whiskered, and grimy with smoke and bacon-grease.

According to Hank great work had been done. Chief Chalipun—or "Charley Pan," as they called him—had sent word that he would come into Camp Verde

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and treat with the general for peace. Already three hundred other Yavapais and Hualpais had surrendered at Camp Grant.

Naturally, Jimmie was eager to get up to Verde, meet Joe, and the rest, and report for active duty. He had thrown aside his crutch; the only thing that bothered him now was a limp, and an occasional twinge when he twisted his leg.

So he gladly rode north with Hank and others, by the military road up the Verde River for Camp Verde, ninety miles.

He was just in time. The general was here; the last of the scouting parties, under Lieutenant Almy and Lieutenant Bourke, had arrived from the Tonto Basin; Chief Big Mouth, Alchisé, Nan-ta-je, Bobby Do-kinny, and Micky Free were here, with the triumphant White Mountains; and Chief Chalipun himself had brought in three hundred more Yavapais, for the peace talk.

The happy Crook men all looked as tough as had Hank Hewitt's squad. The majority of them wore canvas suits, like the general's; and the suits, and the faces, and the hair and whiskers, told a tale of many smoky campfires and hard marches.

"Hey!" Joe greeted. "That doc. stretched one leg more'n he did the other! Old Jack said he'd left orders to have 'em both stretched alike."

Poor old Jack! But Jimmie laughed bravely, and he and Joe shook hands. Micky Free pattered across in his ragged moccasins, grinning. His brick-red hair hung upon his shoulders, his red moustache had increased, his one blue eye danced in his freckled tanned face.

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“How, Cheemie!” he hailed. “You’re all right? Good! A three-legged deer runs faster than a four-legged deer. You did not miss much. We had no fights like the cave fight.”

There was not much time for hobnobbing. Chalipun was anxious to talk with the general, and the general was anxious to settle matters with Chalipun; and everybody wished to hear the confab. On this, the sixth day of April, 1873, the talk occurred.

The general sat in a chair on the porch of the post headquarters. With him were Captain and Brevet Colonel J. J. Coppinger, Twenty-third Infantry, who commanded Camp Verde, a number of aides, and spare, black-whiskered Antonio Besias, the Apache-speaking Mexican interpreter; and Nant-ta-je.

The general also had grown whiskers. A sandy full beard it was, rather thin on the chin but bunching thickly down from the cheeks.

“Tell Chalipun I am ready to hear what he has to say,” directed the general, to Antonio.

Chief Chalipun, his black snaky hair cut square across the forehead and confined by a band of red flannel, stood straight and spoke with fierce energy.

“My people are done fighting the white people,” he said in good Spanish. “We have come in because we want to be at peace. The Gray Fox has too many cartridges of copper, and we have very few. We can fight the Americans alone, but now our brothers are fighting against us, too, and we do not know what to do. We cannot sleep at night, for fear of being surrounded. We cannot hunt, because there are always

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soldiers within sound of our guns. We cannot cook mescal, because the smoke and the smell of our fires bring the soldiers to us. We cannot live in the valleys; the valleys are full of soldiers. And when we hide in the snow of the mountains, our Apache brothers follow us, with soldiers. We have no place to go; our men and women and children are dying. We want to be at peace with the whites, and be told what to do."

"I have heard what Chalipun has said," answered General Crook—Antonio Besias translating, sentence by sentence, into Spanish. "It is good. I will take him by the hand. If he keeps his promise to live at peace and stop killing people, I will be the best friend he has ever had. If any of his people have died, that was their own fault. I sent messages to them, asking them to come in. When they refused, I had no way to do but to fight them and kill them.

"The Yavapai have said that the white people began the war. It is no use now to talk about who began the war. There are bad men among all peoples. There are bad Americans, and bad Mexicans, and bad Apaches. The thing to do now is to forget this, and to make a peace that will last forever. It must be a peace not only between the red men and the white men, but also between the red men themselves. There must be no more fighting and stealing.

"The red men in Arizona shall live by the white man's laws; they shall be treated exactly as the white men are treated, and shall not be punished unjustly. If they think that they are being treated unjustly, they must tell the soldier-captain who has charge of their

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reservation, and he will do right by them. They must remain where they are put, as long as there are any bad Indians out in the mountains to make trouble. They must not cut off the noses of their wives, as a punishment. They shall have their own soldiers, to arrest drunkards and thieves and other bad persons. They shall be allowed to work and earn a living, like the white men. And the sooner they go to work, the better, because when a man has nothing to do, he is liable to get into mischief."

With that, the general advanced and shook hands with Chalipun. The assembled Yavapais seemed satisfied.

"It was a good talk," agreed Jimmie and Micky.

"Where do you live now, Cheemie?" asked Micky, as the council broke up. "There is no old Camp Grant, and there will be no Apaches to watch, at the mouth of the Arivaipa."

That was true. Old Camp Grant had been abandoned, and a new Camp Grant established by the general, in a better country about fifty miles southeast, half-way to Camp Bowie. The Arivaipas and Pinals, and the Yavapais and Hualpais who had surrendered first, were being removed to the new San Carlos reservation, over toward Camp Apache.

"Joe has his ranch, though," reminded Jimmie.

"Yes; but he has no post to sell to. You come to the White Mountain country, and we will talk Apache and hunt and go to war together."

"The war is almost done, Micky. A big peace is being made."

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"No," declared Micky, with a shake of his red head and a thoughtful squint of his blue eye. "Chuntz is still out, and Delt-che is still out, Naqui-naquis of the Tonto is still out. The Chiricahua have no police, no soldiers, no anything over them; they do as they please. This is not fair, the White Mountains think. Did you know that Major Brown and Lieutenant Bourke have been to see Cochise?"

"No!"

"Yes," asserted Micky. "They were sent down there by Cluke, before the last scout. Cluke has had orders to let the Chiricahua alone, but he wanted to get a talk with Cochise. Cochise is for peace, because he is living where he chose to live. Maybe, though, his young men will grow tired of one spot; then who will stop them, says Alchisé?"

"The general will," assured Jimmie.

"Cluke will try hard," wisely assented Micky. "He will follow them—his trail has only one end. But you cannot turn Apaches into white men all at once. I look to see more fighting."

In April Delt-che the Red Ant made one last vengeful raid. But the troops and scouts were hot after him. Major George M. Randall of Camp Apache did the final work, this time. In the night of April 21 he and his men climbed on hands and knees up the steep slope of Diamond Peak in the Tonto Basin. Here, on the top of the Yavapais' "medicine mountain" they surprised the Delt-che band at dawn and drove them over the edges of the precipice.

Delt-che and his surviving people were brought into the reservation at Camp Verde.

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At the various posts there was read, to the troops on parade, a message from Division Headquarters:

GENERAL ORDERS No. 7
HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE PACIFIC,
San Francisco, Cal., April 28, 1873.

To Brevet Major-General George Crook, commanding the Department of Arizona, and to his gallant troops, for the extraordinary service that they have rendered in the late campaign against the Apache Indians, the Division Commander extends his thanks and his congratulations upon their brilliant successes. They have merited the gratitude of the nation. There is now occasion for hope that the well-deserved chastisement inflicted upon the Apaches may give peace to the people of Arizona.

By order of Major-General Schofield.

General Crook also issued congratulations, in General Orders No. 14, Department of Arizona:

The operations of the troops in this Department in the late campaigns against the Apaches entitle them to a reputation second to none in the annals of Indian warfare. In the face of obstacles heretofore considered insurmountable, encountering rigorous cold in the mountains, followed in quick succession by the intense heat and arid waste of the desert; not infrequently at dire extremities for want of water to quench their prolonged thirst; and when their animals were stricken by pestilence or the country became too rough to be traversed by them, they left them, and, carrying on their own backs such meager supplies as they might, they persistently followed on, and, plunging unexpectedly into chosen positions in lava-beds, caves and canyons, they have outwitted and beaten the wildest of foes, with slight loss comparatively to themselves, and finally closed an Indian war that has been waged since the days of Cortez.

Jimmie heard the orders read at Fort Whipple, where he was herding horses for the quartermaster's department. A scourge of epizootic had played havoc with the army animals, and much of the cavalry required remounting. The new horses were driven to Whipple from Los Angeles and San Diego of Califor-

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nia, in bunches of several hundred at a time, to be divided among the posts.

This was rather a poky job, but if the war had ended, a fellow needs must do something.

Joe Felmer had decided to quit scouting and ranching, and try prospecting. So he had headed for Tucson.

The two thousand Yavapais, Tontos and Apache-Yumas at Camp Verde were content. Everybody working, with worn-out tools they had dug an irrigating ditch five miles long, to water fifty-seven acres of land, and were putting in crops. The general had promised them that they should be paid money, the same as white people, for whatever they raised to sell, and they believed him.

From Camp Apache and the San Carlos agency there came encouraging reports. In the south the Chiricahuas were quiet. Mexico complained that stock was being stolen and run across the line into the Chiricahua reservation; but Agent "Staglito" or Redbeard, who was Tom Jeffords, declared that this was done by the Chief Whoa outlaws in Mexico.

Arizona did indeed seem at peace, for the first time in three hundred years.

XVII

BAD WORK AFOOT

"LIEUTENANT ALMY is killed! Almy's been murdered!"

"What! Where?"

"At San Carlos! An Injun shot him. There's been an uprising."

The word sped rapidly through Fort Whipple. It was a noon of the first week in June, and Jimmie had ridden in to dinner just on time to see a courier dash across the parade-ground for the adjutant's office.

Chief of Scouts Al Sieber appeared, walking fast. The men made a rush for him.

"What's that, Al? Almy killed?"

Al spoke tersely.

"Yes. At San Carlos. Chan-dezi (Long-ear) shot him. Chuntz was in it, too; he and Cli-bic-li (Tied Horse) and Cochinay. The Chuntz gang have been hanging 'round the agency, and sneaking in at night for food and to make mischief. The Tonto and Yavapai had hatched a scheme to kill the agency whites, this month, and take to the hills. But they got hold of some whiskey on the reservation, and broke too soon. The agency police started in to arrest the chiefs. Long-ear tried to lance Agent Larrabee. Yomas, a friendly, knocked the lance aside. There was a mob. Almy undertook to do the arresting himself. Went in among them alone—bravest act I ever heard of. Long-ear shot him dead and made a get-

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away, with Chuntz and Cochinyay. That was May 27."

"Does it mean a little scout, Al?" they hopefully queried.

"No, I think not, boys. The hostiles probably won't leave the Gila Canyon, there, and the troops and the police can corral them. But the general's going over." Al saw Jimmie, and beckoned him apart. "Are you fit for a trip to Apache?"

"Yes, Mr. Sieber."

"That's good. Joe Felmer asked me to keep an eye on you, whenever I was around, and I've been thinking that it's a little dull for a boy of your calibre to be herding horses all the time. Well, the general and some of the rest of us are starting for Apache in the morning, to look into this fracas. They need horses, over there. The quartermaster's a good friend of mine, and I'll just drop a hint that now might be a proper time to send a bunch in, and you with it. That'll help you to learn the country. You'll be forgetting how to speak Apache if you stay here talking horse."

"I'd like to go mighty well, Mr. Sieber," Jimmie admitted.

"All right. Micky Free'll be glad to see you. He asks about you every time I run across him."

Mr. Sieber hastened on. A fine man, was Al Sieber. He spoke Spanish and considerable Apache; had lived among the White Mountains at Camp Apache, and was a great favorite with Chief Pedro, there. "Man of Iron," the White Mountains called him.

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He was of powerful build, and stern-looking; apt to be of few words, right to the point; but he had a kind heart. He was now acting chief of scouts, from Whipple and Camp Verde.

Lieutenant Jacob Almy dead—murdered? That was shocking news. Everybody liked First Lieutenant Jacob Almy, of the Fifth Cavalry. Since he had been put in charge of the Indians at San Carlos, by his gentle but firmly just methods he had made many friends among them, also.

General Crook was energetic, as usual. He set out early the next morning, on "Apache" his mule, with a small escort including Lieutenant Bourke his chief aide, and Al Sieber. Jimmie and a Mexican herder accompanied, driving the bunch of remount horses.

The loose horses traveled well. The trip of two hundred and fifty miles through the roughest country in Arizona was accomplished in ten days.

There had not been much talk on the way over. The general acted grimly determined, and in a hurry. Camp Apache was found saddened and expectant.

Having turned his horses over to the post quartermaster, Jimmie saw Micky waiting for him, beside the corral here back of the parade-ground. Micky was sitting a spotted pony, and smiling broadly. He certainly had the knack of always being on hand.

"Hello, Boy-who-sleeps. Have you come over to fight?" greeted Micky.

"Has there been a fight yet, Micky?"

"Only a little one, when those Chuntz men ran away. But we are ready."

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"Where is Chuntz?"

"He and Long-ear and Cochiny are hiding in the canyon of the Gila. Tied Horse has been arrested. If we go after those others there will be good fighting. The canyon is deep and long and full of caves. Would you like another cave fight, Cheemie?"

"I'd like to get Chuntz and Long-ear," vowed Jimmie.

"So would I. Come on. Pretty soon Sibi the Iron Man will talk with old Pedro, and you and I will want to hear what they say. Sibi can talk Apache, but he cannot talk as fast as Pedro, or as you and I. We will help."

The general was in confab at the post headquarters with Major Randall and Al. There were fifteen hundred Pinals, Arivaipas, Yavapais, and Tontos at San Carlos—many of them now very restless under guard. Nobody might foretell just what was about to happen.

Soon after Jimmie had begun a sort of a reunion with Alchisé and Nan-ta-je and Bobby Do-kinny and others, at the Camp Apache agency building, Mr. Sieber came riding by.

"Jimmie," he summoned, with crook of finger, "you ride along with me. I may have use for you. Bring Free, if you want to."

"I'm going for a talk with Pedro," he continued, in Spanish, so that Micky might understand. Micky knew no English. "If he talks too fast for me, I want one of you to explain. And the same way if I speak with words that he doesn't know."

"We will talk for you, Sibi," answered Micky.

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Old Chief Pedro of the White Mountain Apaches was, as everybody said, the wisest, most sensible chief among the tame Indians. They found him at home, sitting upon a blanket in the shade of a tree near his house. Since he had come back from Washington he had put up a board shanty, to live in instead of a brush wickiup. He was still wearing a white shirt—which was white no longer.

In spite of the soiled ragged shirt, a splendid old Indian he looked to be.

“You are well come, Sibi,” he remarked. “Sit down and we will talk. But who is this boy with one leg shorter than the other? I do not know him.”

“He is a friend of mine, and of Micky Free,” replied Al. “He was captured by Geronimo, and lived with Cochise and Geronimo. He was a soldier at the cave fight when the Yavapai were destroyed. He is a brave boy. The leg was made short by a wound. We may speak freely before him.”

“That is good,” answered Pedro. “I know you, and I know this wild Red-head. Now I know this other. I remember who he is. What have you come to say, Sibi? Did Cluke send you?”

They all sat down: Al beside Pedro, but Jimmie and Micky a little way apart from them, as was correct when in the company of chiefs.

“The Gray Fox is talking with Major Randall,” said Al. “That was bad work at San Carlos, Pedro. You are a wise chief, and you know Apaches. General Crook wishes to do what is right by all the Apaches. He wishes peace, so that we may all live together and

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prosper. No one prospers long in war. What is the best course to follow with these bad Indians? Can they be made good?"

"Let us talk in Mexican, Sibi," spoke Chief Pedro. "And if you or I use words that are not understood, the Red-head or maybe the short-leg boy will explain. This talk must be very clear. Now, there is no way to make those bad Apaches good, except to kill them. The bad Indians do not know what I know; they have not been to the cities of the Great White Father and seen how powerful he is. I will give Cluke one hundred and fifty of my warriors, smart fighters all. Let Cluke send them into the Gila Canyon. The Gray Fox is brave, and his white soldiers are brave, but the Chuntz people will go where his soldiers cannot follow; this is summer, and they know every spot in the canyon, and will hide.

"But my Apaches will find them, and kill some of them. Then my men will come home, and rest a while, and go out and kill more. By winter time there will be fewer of the mean Apaches; and if they do not all die during the winter, in the spring we will kill the rest of them. But if Cluke waits till winter, before that time the bad Indians will have made much more trouble at San Carlos, and perhaps among my White Mountains, and perhaps among the Chiricahua."

"I will think on what you have said," responded Al.

"It will be no use to send you or any other person into the canyon, to spend words on those people," proceeded Pedro. "They will burn him, and will send back an old woman to tell Cluke to give them more

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of his men, to burn. Now I am done, Man of Iron. I cannot read from paper, but I can look at the actions of a bad Indian, and can read how he feels and what he will do."

"Humph!" mused Al, as with Jimmie and Micky he rode away. "I believe old Pedro is right."

The next afternoon the general held a talk at the San Carlos agency with Es-kim-en-zin, of the Arivai-pas, and with those Tonto and Yavapai chiefs who had not joined Chuntz.

The San Carlos agency was seventy miles southwest from Camp Apache, where the San Carlos River emptied into the Gila. This San Carlos reservation was really an addition to the southern boundary of the White Mountain reservation. It was sixty miles wide and extended clear to the New Mexico line, one hundred and twenty miles. The eastern half was rough and mountainous, but the western half, along the Gila River, was flatter and more open—especially around the agency, where the Indians were supposed to live.

The majority of the Apaches did not like it. They said that it was low, hot and unhealthful.

"I am sorry to hear that there are bad hearts at work among you," spoke the general. Concepcion Equierre translated. "They have deceived you into believing that the white people might be killed, and that the Apaches might be free to rob and murder again. Now the innocent have suffered. Lieutenant Almy, one of your best friends, has been killed, and you all are prevented from going about on hunts and visits.

BAD WORK AFOOT

“ I want you all to live as free as the white men. I do not expect you to stop being red men. I want your women to gather mescal and seeds and roots, and your men to hunt deer and turkeys without fear; for these things are good to eat. But you cannot do this without fear, when there is war.

“ Now about these Chuntz and Long-ear bad men. I have thousands of soldiers, and many Apache scouts, and they are enough to give the bad Apaches no rest. But I want you to punish your own bad people. You must send out your own warriors, and keep sending them out until Chuntz and Long-ear and Cochiny are killed or captured, and their people surrender. It is not right that a few bad men should work so much harm to everybody. I hope that you will consider what I have said. I am done.”

All that summer of 1873 and into the next summer the San Carlos and White Mountain police, assisted by cavalry and infantry detachments patrolling the hills, harassed the outlaws. Wherever the Chuntz people moved, in the Canyon of the Gila, the reservation Apaches were ferreting them out.

Some of the outlaws sent in word that they were ready to surrender. They were told that they might come in if they brought Chuntz, Long-ear and Cochiny. Finally the outlaws were hunting their chiefs.

Cochiny was killed on May 26, 1874; Long-ear was killed on June 12; Chuntz the villain was killed on July 25. A whole sackful of heads was spilled by the Apache police upon the ground in front of Major John B. Babcock's headquarters, at San Carlos, to prove that “ peace ” was being made!

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Over at Verde, Delt-che had broken out and had been killed, in July.

So by mid-summer of 1874 the bad-hearted chiefs seemed all out of the way, at last. Old Cochise, also, had died, in June, on the Chiricahua reservation, and Taza was the head chief. He could be depended upon, for peace.

Meanwhile Jimmie was helping to run the first telegraph lines in Arizona, connecting military post with military post. He stayed in telegraph work some years—during which a number of things happened.

XVIII

"CLUKE" GOES AWAY

THE general's plans had apparently worked out all right, when for no especial reason, as far as Arizona could understand, the management of the reservations was changed from the Military Department of Arizona to the civilian agents appointed by the Indian Bureau at Washington. The soldiers were to be retained only as guards and not as instructors.

The Indian Bureau started in to move the Apaches about. That had been tried two years before, when in New Mexico Chief Victorio's Warm Spring Apaches had been ordered from the Cañada Alamosa to the hated Tularosa tract. But General Howard had obtained from the President permission for them to live again at their beloved Cottonwood Canyon.

In the summer of 1874 it was reported that the Camp Verde Indians were to be taken over to the San Carlos reservation. The Camp Verde lands were desired by the white people.

General Crook had much opposed this scheme. He was powerless, but he sent a protest to the War Department, saying:

There are now on the Verde reservation about fifteen hundred Indians; they have been among the worst in Arizona; but if the Government keeps its promise to them that it shall be their home for all time, there will be no difficulty in keeping them at peace, and engaged in peaceful pursuits. I sincerely hope that the interests that are now at work to deprive these Indians of this reservation will be defeated; but if they succeed, the respon-

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sibility of turning these fifteen hundred Apaches loose upon the settlers of Arizona should rest where it belongs.

All that winter of 1874-1875 the general (who had given his word) and Chief Chalipun strove against the threatened change to the San Carlos reservation. But it was of no avail.

In the spring of 1875 the general had been transferred to the Department of the Platte, with headquarters at Omaha, Nebraska. He had pacified the Snakes in the Northwest and the Apaches in the Southwest; now he was needed to subdue the bold-riding Sioux and Cheyennes of the great northern plains.

He took with him Lieutenant John G. Bourke, chief of staff, and other officers whom Jimmie so well knew. Tom Moore, chief packer, was to follow with the best of the pack-trains. The Third Cavalry already was in the north; and the Fifth Cavalry was soon to go.

"Cluke has been sent away. The Apaches have lost their best friend," mourned Chief Chalipun; and submitted to being removed. So the Yavapais and the Apache-Yumas at Camp Verde left their ditch and fields, and went to a strange region—that of San Carlos.

Young Second Lieutenant George O. Eaton, of the Fifth Cavalry, was the only man whom they would trust, to take them over. Even at that, on the way they had a fight among themselves, and eighteen were killed and fifty wounded.

The White Mountains were moved, next, down to the San Carlos. Their reservation was to be closed.

Whatever the reasons of the Indian Bureau, Chiefs Pedro, Pi-to-ne and others objected bitterly.

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"These are our lands," asserted Chief Pedro. "They were promised to us by the great one-armed soldier-captain, Howard. When I went to Washington, our White Father there told me again that if we were good, these should be our lands forever. We have been good. We have done as we were asked to do. We have raised more crops than all the other Apaches put together. We have helped the soldiers fight our brothers. We are contented here. But we are mountain Indians and we cannot live down there in the low country where the water is bad and the air is hot. The Pinals and the Arivaipas are not friendly to us, and the Yavapai ways are not our ways."

Finally eighteen hundred of them were herded down to the San Carlos. Some hid out, and after a time many stole back from the San Carlos. The soldiers at Camp Apache permitted them to stay.

The next year, 1876, the Chiricahua reservation was broken up. It had no soldiers and no Indian police, and was too near the border. Whiskey-sellers and outlaw Apaches sneaked in, but Taza said that if the American government would help him he could keep the bad people out.

"Why does Washington punish good people on account of bad people?" he asked, when told that the Chiricahuas must go.

At last, with about three hundred of his Chiricahuas, he went to the San Carlos. Geronimo agreed to go, too; but he and Chief Whoa, who had come in from Mexico, and old Nana, and Nah-che, and four hundred others, ran off into Mexico.

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The next spring they returned to visit Victorio's Warm Spring band at the Cottonwood Canyon reservation. Because of this, Chiefs Victorio and Geronimo were arrested, and all the Indians were started, under guard, for the San Carlos.

On the way Chief Victorio escaped, with forty warriors. After this he made war on the Americans until he was killed in 1880. He claimed that he had done no wrong, and that he never could trust the Americans again.

"The policy of concentration," was what the Indian Bureau called its scheme to place all the Apaches upon the San Carlos reservation. "A policy of concentrated trouble," Al Sieber said.

And that proved true.

Soon the San Carlos reservation contained about five thousand Indians, good and bad; some working, some lazy. There were Yavapais, Tontos, Coyotes, Apache-Yumas, Chiricahuas, Pinals, Arivaipas, Sierra Blanca (White Mountains), and even a few Hualpais. They had different habits. The Indian Bureau seemed to think that one Apache was just like another Apache, but General Crook had known better.

Whiskey was being smuggled in or manufactured; white miners and ranchers and prospectors were trespassing, and large sections of the reservation had been lopped off for other uses; the agents were accused of selling the Indians' supplies outside, instead of distributing them properly or storing them; the Indians quarreled among themselves, and even some of the White Mountains had revolted.

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So in the early morning of April, 1882, Jimmie Dunn, riding telegraph line up along the Gila River from Camp Thomas, had plenty to think about. Jimmie was a young man, now, with a limp (an honorable limp) but with a good hard head.

Camp Thomas had been established just at the southeast corner of the San Carlos reservation, or thirty-two miles up the Gila from the agency quarters. Jimmie's business as line-man was to ride between Thomas and the second Camp Grant, and to see that the line was in order.

There was still constant trouble at San Carlos. The Apaches there had no faith in the Government. The good ones saw little reason in remaining good. Their only reward had been San Carlos, and they hated San Carlos. The Chiricahuas especially were restive. A long time ago Taza had died, while in Washington trying to talk for his people. Geronimo was head chief, and Nah-che was his partner in everything.

Parties frequently broke away from the reservation, for Mexico. At this very moment Chief Whoa and Nah-che were out again, with a band. They had fled to join old Nana, who at almost ninety years was living wild!

Geronimo and two hundred of his Chiricahuas, and Loco and the Warm Spring Apaches, were at the San Carlos, but likely enough they would run away, too, whenever they took the notion. They despised the Taza people as "squaws" and cowards; the other Indians, in turn, despised them as trouble-makers.

General Crook was in the north. He had con-

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quered the Sioux and the Cheyennes, and was busy keeping them at peace.

General O. B. Willcox, of the Twelfth Infantry, commanded in Arizona. The Sixth Cavalry had replaced the Fifth Cavalry. But there were not enough soldiers, most of the white interpreters and scouts had been discharged, and the Apache police were supposed to maintain order upon the reservation.

The military telegraph had connected all the army posts. There was a civil telegraph, also—for the railroad had arrived.

The Southern Pacific Railroad crossed the southern part of the Territory, about by the old stage route. Through the northern part of the Territory the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad was crossing the great Mogollon Plateau, where General Crook had broken a trail in the campaign of ten years ago.

The telegraph line had puzzled the Apaches very much, as "big medicine." They called it "pesh-bi-yal-ti"—"the talking wire." But they were learning to interfere with it by cutting it, and inserting a little piece of rubber. Then the wire quit "talking."

A sharp eye was required to see such a break, which usually was near a pole or tree up which the Indians had shinned. Jimmie had the eye. Also, he was not afraid. He was accustomed to the country, and to the Apaches.

Sometimes he saw parties of them. If they were running away, they were in too much of a hurry to stop. If they were hunting, they were friendly. However, the run-aways did not cross hereabouts.

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They took another route, further east, along the New Mexico western border.

As a rule, Jimmie rode with a partner; but to-day his partner was ill. Jimmie felt capable of repairing any break by himself, whether the Indians had made it, or whether the limb of a tree had fallen. The line had to be ridden, anyway.

The military road was very quiet. It stretched on, up hill and down, through timber and open parks, with the Gila River on the left, and far on the right, or the south, the dark Pinaleno Mountains, beyond which lay Camp Grant. Pretty soon the telegraph line would head down there. He would ride on until he met another rider, coming from Grant.

The San Carlos reservation was behind, to the northwest, on the other side of the Gila; and away in the north, beyond a high ridge, was the White Mountain reservation, with old Camp Apache that was now Fort Apache.

He was about ten miles out of Camp Thomas, and jogging easily. The only moving things that he had sighted were rabbits and squirrels, and once or twice a deer. But now when from a rise he looked across the Gila, he saw, in the distance to the north, a great cloud of dust.

That froze him. It appeared mighty suspicious. Many people, and horses or cattle, would stir up such a dust. In that case, Indians! This was not white man's country.

If they were Indians, they were moving very fast, and striking east, like run-aways from San Carlos. Or

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was it cavalry, riding hard? But if it was cavalry, that meant Indians, too.

Well, he'd soon find out. The Gila, running bank full, was some distance below; the country beyond, approached by the dust, was open and rolling. He had a fine view. So sitting his horse, Jimmie whipped off his field-glasses and leveled them. Ash Flats sprang into the field; and here surged the brown dust, and under it, into the clear of a little swale, streamed a mass of hastily scurrying figures.

Indians, sure!

XIX

JIMMIE SENDS THE ALARM

FIRST there were fifteen or twenty mounted warriors, as an advance guard. Then there followed about one hundred and fifty other warriors, all with rifles, and stripped and painted to fight. Then there trooped and jostled a large procession of squaws and children, mostly afoot, herding a tremendous bunch of loose horses and mules, and packing camp stuff.

There must have been five hundred squaws and children, and six or seven thousand animals, not counting dogs! A small guard of warriors were riding the rear flanks of the march. It certainly was a big outbreak of the San Carlos Chiricahuas, and they were hot-footing for Mexico!

Whew! Where were the police and the soldiers, then? Jimmie swept the landscape for sign of them, and saw nothing. He clapped his glasses closed. His eyes leaped to the nearest telegraph pole. His duty was clear. He ought to send word at once to Camp Thomas.

Just as he was about to swing down, tie his horse, and climb the pole, he sighted, with a last glance of his eye, four Indians swimming the river below, with their ponies. Either he had been seen, or else they were coming to cut the wire. Maybe both.

Already the foremost was urging his pony up out of the water's edge, to the bank on this side. Of course they had seen him, as he sat! But he still had a chance

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to race back, to the fort, and give the alarm. No; that would lose an hour, or more. Likely enough the wire from San Carlos to the fort had been cut; at the rate that those Chiricahuas were traveling, every minute was precious if they were to be headed off.

He ought to climb the pole and tap the wire. If he could not raise Thomas in the one direction, he might raise Grant, in the other. But he'd have to work fast. Lives were at stake, for no settler could stop those bronc's.

Jimmie resolutely tumbled off his horse, in a jiffy strapped on his climbing irons, left his horse, and his rifle in scabbard (a rifle would be of no use up there), and ran for the pole. And this was a brave act, for he might easily have run, horseback, in another direction—back to Camp Thomas, or to hide in the farther timber until the Indians had gone after cutting the wire.

At top speed he shinned up the pole, and digging in, rapidly unshipped his line-man's little sending kit, in order to break in on the wire and call the Camp Thomas operator. He did not dare to watch the movements of those four Indians.

No doubt the four were coming full tilt, up from the river and through the brush; but if he tried to watch them he would be nervous and make false motions. The thing for him to do was to clamp on to that line, and *get there first*. That required swift, sure work, and all his attention. So he endeavored not to think of the four Indians.

Never had he felt so high in the air, and so much exposed. Almost any other pole would have been

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better, but none had been as near and convenient. He made a splendid mark, like a hawk roosting in a dead tree.

“Ping!” A bullet! They were shooting at him! “Pung!” That was the report, following. “Whing!” “Pung!” But he must not mind the warning. He needed only a minute more. As he worked rapidly his fingers seemed all thumbs. He did not dare to take his eyes off them. “Thud-bang!” The bullet shook the pole, and the report was so close that the shooter could not be far away. He heard shrill yells, somewhere below——

“Whack-bang!” A heavy hammer fell on the top of his shoulder, and well nigh knocked him from his perch. He clung desperately, wrapping himself tighter—his shoulder stung and was oddly warm—but it was his left shoulder, he was on the wire at last, and was sending with his right hand.

“D,” “D,” “D,” he called Camp Thomas.

There was thud of hoofs below, a chorus of angry yells—“Whish-bang!” a bullet fanned his cheek—“Ping-bang!” another cut a large sliver from the pole close to his neck—“D,” “D,” “D,” he kept calling, even while he glanced aside.

The four Indians were into the road and tearing for him, rifles leveled upward—he saw smoke, heard the bullets—but the Thomas operator had answered.

“I—I D,” “I—I D.”

Now for the ten seconds' grace!

“Injuns out. Big band——”

Camp Thomas broke.

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"Repeat. Who are you?"

"Too nervous. Steady, boy," cautioned Jimmie, to himself. He was not an expert operator, anyway. But this was a crisis.

He hastily started to repeat. The four Indians were right at the foot of the pole, yelling at him.

"Get down, get down!" they ordered, furiously, in Apache. He gazed full into their upturned, painted faces—and into the muzzles of their rifles; and he grinned sickly and continued to send.

"Injuns out. Big band. Sig., Dunn. Injuns out. Big Band. Sig., Dunn. Injuns out. Big band. Sig., Dunn."

Would Camp Thomas never O. K.? Would those muzzles below never belch their balls and rip him and hurl him headlong?

"No tiras (Don't shoot)!" suddenly yelled one of the voices, from one of the painted faces.

Nah-che! And Chato (Flat-nose), too! The muzzles were lowered—the scowling Chato's last of all.

"Come down, chi-kis-n," ordered Nah-che.

But Jimmie only shook his head, while he worked his key.

"Come down or we shoot you down," blared Flat-nose; and he drew a deadly bead.

But Thomas had broken in at last.

"O. K. Where?" ticked Camp Thomas.

"Ash Flats. Head east. Bronc's and squaws."

"O. K. Get off wire," answered Camp Thomas.

"Bang!" sounded Chato's rifle, and Jimmie's little instrument flew into fragments. But Jimmie cared

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not, now. He went sliding painfully down; landed right in the midst of the four Indians, staggered—two of them were afoot, waiting for him—they sprang at him, and wrenched his revolver from its holster. They acted as though they were going to kill him, or take him along, when Nah-che interfered.

“No!” he ordered, while Chato scowled. But Nah-che was obeyed, because he was a grown warrior and son of Cochise. “What were you doing, chi-kis-n?” he demanded.

“I talked with Camp Thomas,” answered Jimmie, defiantly.

“What did you say?”

“I said that the Chiricahua were running away.”

The three other Indians murmured angrily. The two young bucks besides Nah-che and Chato Jimmie did not know. He had not seen Nah-che and Chato for several years, either. They had grown. Chato was ugly, because of his flattened nose, but Nah-che was supple and handsome.

“No matter,” said Nah-che, to his companions. “This is my brother. He did right. He is brave. He shall not be harmed. Give him his gun and let him alone. We are not afraid of the soldiers.” He addressed Jimmie. “Yes, chi-kis-n, we are running away—all the Warm Springs and Chiricahua except the Taza band. There are many of us, and we know there are not enough soldiers in Arizona to stop us. We can whip the Camp Thomas soldiers first, and whip the rest as they come. Geronimo is with us, and Loco, and one hundred warriors who belong to Juh and me.”

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“Why are you running away, chi-kis-n?” asked Jimmie. “I thought you and Juh were already run away. People said you were in Mexico.”

“We were,” replied Nah-che. “We live in Mexico. That is the only place for us. Nana is there, too; and Chihuahua. Now Juh and I have come up to help Geronimo and Loco get away.” He began to talk hotly. “Why do we all run away? That is a foolish question. We will not be moved around so, and put in sickly places among Indians who don’t like us. We would have stayed at our home in the Dragoon Mountains, and have been happy. A few of us drank whiskey sold us by bad white men, and we all were blamed. The San Carlos is not a good place. The White Mountains tell false stories about us, the agents steal our rations from us and we go hungry. The white traders would rather sell things to us, and cheat us. So Juh and I ran away. Now there is talk that the white men want all the San Carlos country, because of mines, and that the Apaches will be taken away, many miles, to a strange land. Geronimo says he has been told to come to Camp Thomas, for a talk—and if he goes there, he will be put in prison again; maybe killed, like Mangas Coloradas was killed. We would rather die on the warpath than die in prison or in a strange land. So we all, the Chiricahua and the Warm Springs, except Taza’s squaw-people, will live in the Mexican mountains. There we can lead our own life. The Mexicans dare not fight us, we have plenty guns and plenty food, the American soldiers cannot cross the line, to follow us.”

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"Don't you fool yourself," retorted Jimmie. "Crook will come, and he will go anywhere."

"Cluke is a good man. If he had stayed, maybe there would be peace instead of war," responded Nah-che. "There has been one other good man, at San Carlos. He was the soldier-captain Chaffee. Why does the White Father at Washington let us be cheated, like children, by dishonest agents? Why does he listen to bad tongues, that say we must not stay where we were promised we might stay? But good-by, chi-kis-n. Now there is war between us. The Chiricahua are never coming back to be cheated again. You have been chi-kis-n; but you are American and I am Apache, so when we meet in war, look out for yourself. It will be man to man. We are no longer boys."

Nah-che wheeled his pony. With a whoop, away they four tore, flourishing their guns.

Jimmie gazed after only for a moment. Then he was aware that all his left shoulder and arm were red and paining. The bullet had slashed a furrow an inch deep through the muscles of the upper arm, but the blood was clotting and he did not pause to tie a bandage on.

He unstrapped his climbing irons, kicked them off as he stooped to pick up his revolver, and hobbled for his horse; mounted and raced for Camp Thomas.

Camp Thomas had only two reduced companies of the Sixth Cavalry. When he got there, the two companies were drawn up in column of twos in front of the adjutant's office, as if ready to start out. Micky Free was here, with a party of White Mountain and

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Tonto scouts. The telegraph instrument was clicking rapidly.

"Hello, Cheemie!" intercepted Micky, gaily, in his Spanish. "You been fighting, what?"

"Not much," panted Jimmie, pulling short. "When do you start?"

"Pretty soon, when the talking wire is done. They are telling what you said, to the other posts. You did good work, Cheemie. The wire from San Carlos is cut, but Tom Horn (he was a white scout and packer at San Carlos) brought more news by horse, and Sibi has been here. Now they are out, spying on the trail, and we will follow. It has been a big outbreak.

"Were you there, Micky?"

"No; but I heard it, and the agency Indians have signaled, and Tom Horn was there. All the Chief Loco Warm Springs and the Geronimo Chiricahua have gone. They number seven hundred. The trouble was this. You know Stirling?"

Jimmie nodded. Mr. Stirling was chief of the agency police. These were not scouts, but Indians appointed by the agent as policemen.

"Some days ago Stirling tried to arrest a Chiricahua who had been making whiskey. The Chiricahua ran and Stirling missed him and hit a squaw. That turned the Chiricahua bad, although Stirling said he was sorry. They have been getting bad anyway, because there is talk that all the Indians are to be moved far away, so that the Americans can dig coal on the reservation. Last night Juh and Nah-che sent in word that they were near, waiting to help Loco and Geron-

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imo. This morning the Chiricahua and Warm Springs began to pack up, and Stirling and Navajo Bill, a policeman, charged them alone, to break them up. The Chiricahua had been waiting for this. They shot Stirling one hundred times at once, and a squaw cut off his head and it was kicked about like a ball. He was a very brave man, that Stirling. Navajo Bill wasn't hurt, but another policeman was killed, and one Chiricahua. Now the Warm Springs and Chiricahua are out—and I think they will keep right on going."

"Yes," answered Jimmie soberly. "I met Nah-che. He came while I was talking on the wire. He says that all the soldiers in Arizona cannot stop them."

"That is true," agreed Micky. "They have two hundred fine warriors, and better guns than the soldiers' guns. They nearly all have those guns that shoot sixteen times, and lots of ammunition. The soldiers are scattered, and before we get together, and the New Mexico soldiers get together, Geronimo will be into Mexico. What was Nah-che doing on this side the river? The squaws and children cannot cross, with the horses. It is too high."

"I think Nah-che brought a party over to drive me away or kill me. He had Chato with him, and two others. But he made them quit shooting at me. We are chi-kis-n."

"That won't count again," warned Micky. "So watch out, next time. This is war, and long war. Now you'd better get your arm fixed, Cheemie. The Loco and Geronimo band will have to keep on, up the

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river, until they can cross. They will strike south, near New Mexico, until they cross the border. There are no soldiers, ahead in that country, to stop them; and they wouldn't care if there were. But we're to meet Sibi and follow and fight as well as we can, under the ugly long-nosed man."

That was Lieutenant George Gatewood, of the Sixth Cavalry, at Thomas. He came in a hurry out of the adjutant's office.

"All ready," he barked, to the junior lieutenant, his second in command, and swung into the saddle.

"'Ten-shun! Column—march! Trot!"

The bugle sounded briskly, and away they went, in long column, the red and white guidons flapping, Micky and his scouts galloping to the advance.

Jimmie proceeded to have his arm bandaged, and to talk with the operator. Then he reported at headquarters, but he had little to tell that was not already known. He felt, though, that he had done his duty.

While his shoulder was healing, the troops of Arizona and New Mexico struck the hostiles several times, down at the border, but did not turn them.

XX

THE GRAY FOX RETURNS

“CROOK is coming back! General Crook is coming back!”

That was the word at Camp Thomas, in this the early summer of 1882, a couple of months after the Geronimo outbreak.

The Third Cavalry already had arrived from its northern plains campaigns, and the Sixth was being stationed over in New Mexico. But the Sixth had done well, and the best news was that which bore the name of Crook. He had been ordered from the Department of the Platte to the Department of Arizona, again.

“Now we shall see the Chiricahua grow tired,” laughed Micky Free, when Jimmie met him. “Sibi is glad; the White Mountains are glad; everybody will be glad, except Whoa and Geronimo. Are you going to help fight, Cheemie, instead of riding all the time along the talking wire?”

“You bet I am, Micky,” declared Jimmie. “Hope Tom Moore’s coming, too. I reckon if my leg won’t let me scout I can join the pack-train.”

General Crook wasted no time. Scarcely had he announced himself at Fort Whipple, ere he was bound for San Carlos and Fort Apache, to straighten out these affairs first.

Jimmie rode over to the fort with a party from

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Thomas, to learn the latest. The general was there, with Lieutenant Bourke, now a captain. Wearing an ancient, smoked and scorched corduroy suit he had arrived on the same "Apache," his mule. He looked rather older than when he had left, back in 1875. The campaigning in winter up north had been tough. But he acted as energetic as ever.

He held a council with the dissatisfied White Mountains.

"I want to have all that you say here go down on paper," he addressed. "What goes down on paper never lies. A man's memory may fail him, but the paper does not forget. I want to know from you all that has happened since I went away, to bring about this trouble between you and the white men. I want you to tell the truth without fear, and in few words."

Old Pedro had listened attentively to the general through an ear-trumpet, for Pedro had grown quite deaf. He answered.

"When you were here, if you said a thing we knew that it was true. We cannot understand why you left us. The people who have come among us talk in one way and act in another. And I remember the other officers, too, who treated us kindly. I used to be happy; now I am all the time thinking and crying, and I say: 'Where is old Colonel John Green, and Randall, and those other good men?'"

Alchisé spoke.

"When you left us, there were no bad Indians out. Everything was peace. But I think that all the good men must have been taken from us and only

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bad ones sent in. We did not mind having no rations, for we had learned to take care of ourselves. Then one day we were ordered to give up our fields and go down to the hot land of San Carlos to live. I have tried hard to help the whites, and they have put me in the guard-house. Where did you go? Why doesn't Major Randall come back? Where is my friend Randall, the captain with the big moustache that he always pulled?"

The general was very patient with all who wished to talk. Then he took a pack-train and rode into the depths of the Black Canyon, where a number of the Apaches lived because they feared arrest.

The Apaches here, also, claimed that they had been mistreated. They had set a spy to watch the agent at San Carlos, and had caught him selling their rations. Then they had sent a man to tell the agent that he must not do this, and the man had been kept in jail for six months without any trial. They said that they had been getting only one cup of flour every seven days. One shoulder of a little cow had to last twenty persons for a week.

It was another long story, and the general promised that he would help them.

"I think there will be peace at Fort Apache and at the San Carlos," Micky asserted, as he and Jimmie rode back after the council was over. "And if the Chiricahua will stay in Mexico and kill only Mexicans, you and I will have no fun, because the Gray Fox cannot make war in Mexico."

"Maybe the Chiricahua will stay there."

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“No. After a time the young men will get tired of killing and robbing Mexicans, which is easy. They will want to win honor by robbing the Americans—and then, we shall see.”

At Camp Thomas Jimmie met the general face to face while crossing the parade-ground. He had small hopes that the general would remember him when he saluted—but something in the general’s keen, inquiring eye made him halt and stand expectantly.

“Well, my man,” blurted the general. “I seem to know your face.”

“Yes, sir. I’m Jimmie Dunn.”

“I remember. You still limp a little, I see. What are you doing now?”

“I’m a telegraph line-man, sir.”

“That’s good. You had a talk with Nah-che, when he was on his way out, last spring, didn’t you? Do you think he can be persuaded to come in peaceably?”

“He might if he knew you were back, sir. But he said the Chiricahua hadn’t been treated well—they were out to stay.”

“The Apaches have grievances. The worst of the outlaws are better than the whites who have been robbing them.”

The general was about to stride on, when Jimmie hastily spoke.

“But if you go against the Chiricahua, I’d like to go too, sir.”

“That will be a hard and maybe a long chase,” gravely said the general. “Probably into the Mexican mountains, with picked men. You can help by sticking

THE GRAY FOX RETURNS

to your present business. The telegraph and the railroad are very necessary."

Jimmie, thinking it over afterward, almost decided likewise. His leg bothered him, and his shoulder was still tender. Chasing Geronimo through the Mexican mountains, with a leader who never rested, required nerve and strength both.

The general tried to hold a conference with the Geronimo runaways. From the border he sent a party of Apache scouts under Alchisé across, for a few miles, but they found no traces of the Chiricahuas.

Two Chiricahua squaws were captured while returning to San Carlos. They said that the Geronimo band had a strong hiding-place deep in the Sierra Madre Mountains several days' travel below the border; were living off the Mexicans, and knew that the American soldiers could not come down there.

General Crook assigned Captain Emmet Crawford of the Third Cavalry (a broad-shouldered six-footer) to the military station at San Carlos, obtained permission from the Indian Bureau for the White Mountains to live upon the high, cooler lands near Fort Apache and to plant crops there, and from headquarters at Fort Whipple issued an order that said:

Officers and soldiers serving in this department are reminded that one of the fundamental principles of the military character is justice to all—Indians as well as white men—and that a disregard of this principle is likely to bring about hostilities, and cause the death of the very persons they are sent here to protect. In all their dealings with the Indians, officers must be careful not only to observe the strictest fidelity, but to make no promises not in their power to carry out; . . .

GENERAL CROOK AND FIGHTING APACHES

As long as the Chiricahuas stayed out of the United States, there was not much more to be done. The Apaches on the reservations seemed content again; the border was being patrolled by one hundred and fifty Apache scouts, in the hope of catching the trail of any outlaws who might venture up; the telegraph was kept in fine working order, and the troops at the posts were given constant practice marches.

This fall and winter no word came from Geronimo. But in March (which was the year 1883) the expected news broke—and bad news it was.

Jimmie chanced to be in the telegraph office at Thomas when the message came. He took it off the wire as fast as the operator did. It was from Bowie, in the south.

“Band of hostiles crossed line raiding north through Whetstone Mountains. Heading west for New Mexico probably. More.”

“Where’s that adjutant?” barked the operator, tearing off his sheet. “Things are hummin’. Gee whizz, isn’t that man ever around when he’s needed?”

But the adjutant of course got the message at once.

“More” came thick and fast, from all directions. The Chiricahuas numbered only twenty-six warriors. They were under Chato, the Flat-nose. They had dodged the patrol, outwitted all the troops and volunteers, the telegraph and railroad did not stop them; on a circle of eight hundred miles, traveling at seventy-five miles a day they swung through Arizona and southwestern New Mexico, stealing fresh horses whenever needed, and killing miners and settlers.

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"Picked men for the pursuit," were the orders from the general at Whipple. This appeared to leave Jimmie, with his lame leg, out of scout service. Well, he might do some good in his regular job, anyway. But the last news was the worst news of all.

Near Silver City, southwestern New Mexico, a horrible act was committed by the Chato band. They overtook Judge H. C. McComas, driving on the main road with his wife and little boy, Charley; they tortured and killed the two grown-ups, and carried off Charley, aged six years.

This made soldiers and settlers alike furious. Jimmie could stand the strain no longer. He had been captured, once, himself. He threw aside his line-man position and rode over to Fort Apache, to find Frank Monach, pack-master.

"I want a job, Frank."

"Thought you had one."

"I had, but I've left. I'm too lame for scout work; I can pack, though. How about it?"

"Well," drawled Frank, sizing him up, "the old man's partic'lar. The pack outfits have got to be the kind that'll keep agoin'. We're due to follow those bronc's till we get that boy back, even if we travel clear to the City of Mexico."

"I know. That's why I'm here," retorted Jimmie. "I can pack and sit a mule."

"All right. Old Jack Long's watchin' you, I reckon. He took a lot o' stock in you. You're hired. So get your war-bag an' fall in."

XXI

TO THE STRONGHOLD OF GERONIMO

"FIGHT to a finish, or a surrender, b' gosh," announced Frank, to-day. "Chiricahuas can take their choice. But the old man's goin' after 'em. We'll have no murderin' an' boy-stealin' in this department. Everybody, man an' mule, is ordered to meet him at Willcox, pronto (quick). So this outfit'll hit the high places in the mornin'."

Jimmie and the other packers at San Carlos, where they had been waiting prepared, gave a cheer. It was now the first week in April. The killing of Judge McComas and Mrs. McComas, and the stealing of little Charley, had occurred on March 28. Chato had escaped into Mexico again, having lost only one warrior, except——

"Did you hear tell thar's a Chiricahua buck been fetched in who claims he broke from the Chato bunch 'cause he wants peace?" queried Long Jim Cook.

"No. Where is he?"

"In the guard-house. They got him locked up till the old man talks with him. His name is 'Peaches,' or somethin' like that."

"Mebbe he brings some sort o' word from Geronimo. You know the old man sent one of those squaws that he captured, back down, last fall, to tell the Geronimo band they'd better change their minds."

Jimmie asked Micky Free.

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“He is not a Chiricahua,” said Micky. “He is a White Mountain, but he married two Chiricahua squaws, so he had to live with the Chiricahua. His name is Pa-na-yo-tish-n (Coyote-saw-him). He does not like the Chiricahua, now. They are living in the mountains five days’ travel from Arizona. They have plenty wood, plenty water, plenty grass, plenty meat, and kill plenty Mexican soldiers with rocks because they must save cartridges. That is why Chato made his raid up north: to get cartridges. Pa-na-yo-tish-n ran away. He says he does not want to fight, and there are others who do not want to fight, but they are afraid of Geronimo. He knows the trail to Geronimo, and will lead the general straight. Then maybe we talk, maybe we fight. It will be a good fight, Cheemie. Geronimo has seventy men, and fifty big boys who can fight like men. Yes, if they have powder, and do not get starved, and the talk is bad, we will see much fun. I think that even the packers will better watch out sharp.”

Micky Free always had hopes. He was a regular fire-eater.

The cavalry from Fort Apache, and the pack-train, and about one hundred Apache scouts from the San Carlos and the White Mountain reservations marched across country to Willcox. Pa-na-yo-tish-n (whom the soldiers and packers called “Peaches”) was taken along, as a prisoner, in handcuffs.

Willcox, the nearest station on the Southern Pacific Railroad, just west of Railroad Pass over the Chiricahua Mountains, was overflowing.

GENERAL CROOK AND FIGHTING APACHES

The Camp Thomas troops had arrived; so had those from Fort Bowie, to the southeast. By train other troops, and horses and mules, and ammunition and supplies of all kinds were pouring in. The general and his staff were here. So were Charley Hopkins and "Short Jim" Cook and others of the old-time packers; and Archie MacIntosh and Al Sieber, the chief scouts; and Antonio Besias the interpreter; yes, and Maria Jilda.

It was a great reunion of Crook men.

Reports said that the United States and Mexico had arranged to pursue Indians into each other's territory, but the United States troops were not to cross the boundary before May 1. In order to make certain that this was understood, the general traveled by the Mexican Central Railroad into the northern Mexican States and talked with the commanding officers there.

When he returned he talked again with "Peaches." "Peaches" stuck to his story, and when the general directed that the irons be removed from him, "Peaches" said that he was willing to wear them until it was shown that he had spoken only the truth. But the irons were taken off anyway, because Alchisé and other scouts engaged to watch him very closely.

On April 22 there was a parade, and inspection of the whole outfit. That night the Apache scouts held a big war-dance which lasted until morning. They and Micky (who had danced as hard as anybody) were still hot and excited when the column was formed for the advance.

The scouts, and pack-mules, and a line of rumbling

TO THE STRONGHOLD OF GERONIMO

army wagons, and portions of seven companies of the Third and Sixth Cavalry, marched from the railroad to the boundary at San Bernardino Springs in south-eastern Arizona, one hundred miles by the wagon trail.

Stalwart Captain Emmet Crawford brought in one hundred more Apache scouts from San Carlos. There were war-dances and medicine ceremonies each night. Alchisé and others told the general that their medicine was showing up very strong; the Chiricahuas would surely be found and killed or captured.

"That is so," asserted Micky, who believed in the medicine.

Six of the cavalry troops were to be left here at the border, to guard it and the wagons with the extra supplies.

"Adios, amigo," bade Maria, to Jimmie. "You will have good luck. The medicine says so, and Pa-nayo-tish-n will lead Crook straight. But it will be a long march, maybe two hundred miles."

"Aren't you going, Maria?"

"No. I stay, because I know all this country."

It did not look like a very great force, after all, which at sunrise of May 1, this 1883, crossed the border to find Geronimo. There were more Indians than soldiers—one hundred and ninety-three of them, White Mountains, Tontos, Yavapais, Apache-Yumas and some of the Taza friendly Chiricahuas.

Captain Crawford, of the Third Cavalry, commanded them. He had as his assistants Lieutenant George Gatewood and Lieutenant W. W. Forsythe, of the Sixth, and Lieutenant James O. Mackay, of the Third.

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The forty cavalrymen of the Sixth (less than half a company) were commanded by Major Adna R. Chaffee and Lieutenant Frank West.

The general's staff was Captain Bourke, and Lieutenant G. J. Febiger of the Engineers. Doctor Andrews was surgeon. Archie MacIntosh and Al Sieber were chief scouts. Micky, and old Severiano the Mexican who had been brought up by the Apaches, and Packer Sam Bowman were interpreters.

The pack-masters of the five pack-trains were Frank Monach, Charley Hopkins, of Tucson, "Long Jim" Cook and "Short Jim" Cook, and George Stanfield.

"One blanket and forty rounds of ammunition to each man," were the orders. The mules carried additional ammunition and sixty days' rations of hard-tack, coffee and bacon. Everybody was well armed with the Springfield forty-fives, and Colt's revolvers; even the packers had carbines and pistols.

Plainly enough, the general was outward bound on business!

"U-ga-shé (U-gah-shay)!" barked Lieutenant Gatewood, at the scouts. And away they went, afoot, in their red head-bands and flapping shirts and leggin-moccasins, across the boundary, with Alchisé and "Peaches" in the lead, as guides. They all spread out in a broad front, to cover the country. Their officers rode just behind, with Archie MacIntosh and Sieber the Iron Man.

The general and aides and cavalry escort followed. Then there ambled the long files of pack-trains—

TO THE STRONGHOLD OF GERONIMO

Frank Monach's first. A guard of the cavalry closed the rear.

The "good-by" and "good luck" cheers of the border guard died in the distance. The march to "get" Geronimo, Nah-che and the other Chiricahuas had actually begun.

At first about twenty-five miles a day were covered. But the country grew rougher and hotter. Only two or three of the Mexican villages were inhabited; many others were deserted and in ruins, on account of the Chiricahuas. The brush along the streams was thick, the flowers were large and bright. High, bluish mountains loomed on right and left and before.

It was fine Apache country, all right—and "Peaches" was leading straight into it, for within a few days fresh moccasin tracks might be seen frequently.

"To-morrow for the Sierra Madre," said Frank Monach, in camp on the night of May 7. "Then we'll be hangin' on by our toe-nails. What I'd like to know is, whether Geronimo'll wait for us or whether he'll keep a-goin' himself."

The huge jumble of the Sierra Madre range frowned directly before. It certainly appeared mighty rough. No white men had yet ventured to penetrate far into the Sierra Madre; but the general was determined, as Al Sieber said, "to open it up."

He was so anxious, that this night the march had continued until after eleven o'clock, and camp had been made without fires, in the bottom of a deep canyon. So dark it was that even the mules lost their places.

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The climb of the first flanks of the Sierra Madre was begun at daylight. The trail that led out of the canyon was littered with plunder—torn letters, Mexican dresses, scattered flour, and beef carcasses. It was so steep that several of the mules fell off, and landed one hundred feet below, in a canyon. But they were not hurt.

The Chiricahua sign became more plentiful. "Peaches" said that Geronimo's real stronghold was still several days' march before, but that this was as far as the Mexican soldiers ever had got. The Chiricahuas had ambushed them and driven them back.

To-night everybody except the scouts was very tired. Jimmie ached from head to foot; the job of forcing the mules on was the hardest work of all.

"Come, Cheemie," invited Micky. "You come with me and you will see big medicine made."

Jimmie groaned, and hobbled after Micky Free.

What with chasing deer and turkeys and rabbits, to eat, and hunting the Chiricahuas, the scouts had been having a great time. They had never been too tired to dance and yarn; to-night their medicine-men were to find the Chiricahuas for them.

The officers messed with the packers and scouts; it was all one family. The general and Captain Bourke had joined the Monach mess, where Alchisé and other principal scouts ate, too. So the general and the captain were admitted to the circle of the medicine-making.

The chief medicine-man lay in a trance while the lesser medicine-men squatted around him and sang. Soon he thumped his chest and spoke, telling his dream.

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“Keet,” the Apache boy who carried the medicine things and was in training for a medicine-man, himself, translated for the general and Captain Bourke.

“What did he say?” asked the captain. “The general wishes to know.”

“He say: ‘Me can’t see ‘um Chilicahua yet. Bimeby me see ‘um. Me ketch ‘um, me kill ‘um. Me no ketch ‘um, me no kill ‘um. Chilicahua see me, me no get ‘um. No see me, me ketch ‘um. Me see ‘um little bit now. Mebbe so six day me ketch ‘um; mebbe so two day. Tomorrow me send twenty-five men to hunt ‘um tlail. Mebbe so tomorrow see ‘um more. Me ketch ‘um hoss, me ketch ‘um mool, me ketch ‘um cow. Ketch Chilicahua pretty soon, bimeby. Kill ‘um heap, an’ ketch ‘um squaw.’”

That impressed the scouts. They were sure of success.

The signs grew fresher and fresher, and the trail worse and worse. But abandoned rancherias were found—and they had not been abandoned long, either! The eager scouts fairly ran hither-thither, searching and signaling; the cavalry-men toiled afoot, leading their horses; and the pack-mules, urged on by Jimmie and the other packers, coughed and slipped and sweat, and six of them rolled a thousand feet and were dashed to pieces.

But the general showed no token of quitting. He was after Geronimo.

Now it was the night of May 10. In the morning Captain Crawford and his scouts were going ahead, by themselves. Alchisé had insisted that this was the

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only way to do. He complained to the general that the soldiers and the pack-trains were too slow, to catch the Chiricahuas.

Frank Monach came into camp from a reconnoiter with a few of the soldiers and the huskier packers. Jimmie could not go. His leg was rather bad.

"B' gosh, we found where a passel o' Mexicans had been wiped out with rocks an' arrows an' lances," announced Frank. "Over yonder in the foothills. They must have come in from the other side."

This night the scouts were very busy, making medicine and mending moccasins and preparing meat and bread.

"Medicine man say 'Kill 'um heap Chilichua, three day from tomollow,'" declared young "Keet," proud of his English words.

Early in the morning one hundred and fifty of the scouts, with Captain Crawford and Lieutenant Gatewood and Lieutenant Mackay, Archie MacIntosh, Al Sieber, and Micky and Severiano and Sam Bowman, hastened ahead.

They were to fight and to surround, and try to hold the Chiricahuas until the soldiers arrived. The dismounted cavalry and the pack-trains followed at best speed, again into the heart of the high country.

XXII

WAR OR PEACE?

DURING the next few days Captain Crawford sent back several notes, to say that by the signs he was likely to strike the Chiricahuas at any moment. The pursuit was closing in. Maybe the medicine-men were right. They had prophesied "Three days from tomorrow," which would be May 14.

But May 14 passed without especial event. Then, at one o'clock noon of May 15, in a little box canyon there was sudden excitement among the cavalry ahead of the Monach pack-train. Jimmie, first in line at one side behind the "bell," saw the Indian runner dart down the slope, into the trail, and hand a note to the general.

The general read it. Lieutenant Febiger hastened back to Major Chaffee, and instantly the trumpet pealed "Mount!" Into their saddles vaulted the troopers. Down to the pack-trains galloped Lieutenant West.

"Close up your outfits!" he shouted. "Be prepared for action. Crawford's scouts have struck the hostiles."

"Hooray!" That was good news. Afterwards it was learned that the foremost scouts had discovered some Chiricahuas in a canyon, had fired upon two men and a woman, and had frightened the rest away. The runner had brought the note six miles across the mountains in less than an hour.

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"Listen to that!" yelled Martin, the cook, from the "bell."

Distant rifle-shots sounded faintly. It was a battle! Captain Crawford's scouts and the Chiricahuas were fighting!

The reports welled faster. Every ear was keen set. Major Chaffee's cavalry had quickened pace, each trooper erect in his saddle; the pack-mules were being forced more compactly, ready for corralling should the cavalry leave; the general, in the advance with his aides, clearly was impatient for the country to open out and the battle-field be sighted.

"Bet they got away, dog-gone it!" yelled back Cook Martin. For presently the firing dwindled to spatters, and ceased. Shucks!

"Anyhow, the old man'll keep agoin'," voiced the packer behind Jimmie. "There's a nice moon for huntin' Injuns, an' we can live on what those bronc's are throwin' away!"

So it was plod, plod, up and down, and down and up. The troopers dismounted, to lead their horses.

Toward dusk a great smoke was to be seen several miles away, on a high mountain-side. The pack-train guessed that a Chiricahua rancheria was being cleaned up.

The horizon over there flared into red, and while supper was being eaten, in camp under a glorious full moon, here came Captain Crawford and his scouts at at last, both afoot and ahorse. They brought also forty-seven horses loaded with plunder, and five prisoners—two boys, two girls, and a woman.

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Alchisé acted rather disgusted, but Micky Free was joyful.

"Hello, Cheemie," he greeted, as he and others of the scouts squatted near the camp-fires, to eat again. "We had good fun. It was Chato's and Bonito's rancherias. Alchisé and Sibi are mad because we shot too soon, and the Chiricahua ran off. We killed nine and captured those five. We didn't catch any more. The country was very rough, and they hid. But we set the rancherias on fire. There were thirty houses. And to-morrow we get more Chiricahua."

"Wasn't the little white boy there, Micky?"

"Yes, he was there, the squaw says. His name Carlos (Charles); six years old. He was with some old squaws and they ran off with him. But she says she can find them in two days. Loco and Chihuahua want to come back to the reservation; maybe Geronimo and Chato and Nah-che; Whoa still thinks bad."

"Where is Geronimo?" asked Frank Monach, in Spanish.

"Nearly all the Chiricahua men are down in the south, hunting Mexicans. They will be surprised when they know the Cluke men have found where they live, and that Pa-na-yo-tish-n had led us so straight. We now are inside and they are outside. Inju!"

Everybody was much disappointed that little Charley McComas had disappeared. If some of the younger scouts had not shot first without orders the rancherias might have been surrounded and Charley rescued.

However, the captured squaw seemed to be certain

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that she could find the older squaws who had him. Early in the morning she was sent away, with one of the boy prisoners and two days' rations. She promised she would tell the Chiricahuas it was no use to fight.

This was a cold, rainy day, which made the waiting disagreeable. At night ice formed. In the morning a smoke signal was seen. The general ordered that it be answered. "Peaches" guided to a better camping-place, where there were grass and running water.

Another smoke signal was sent up, but only a few squaws and children came in. The squaws said that some other squaws had Charley McComas. One of the women was the sister of Chief Chihuahua (or Bonito). She stated that all the Chihuahua band would surrender as soon as her brother could get them together.

"The idee of the gen'ral is, not to do any more fightin', if he can help it, till that white kid is fetched along," explained Martin, the cook for the Monach pack-train and officers' mess. "That's what Cap'n Bourke says. You see, the leetle fellow's with the Chihuahua band."

The next day Chihuahua (Bonito) himself came boldly in, to say that he would surrender his people as soon as he could get word to them all. They were tired of fighting and hiding.

"That is good," answered the general. "I have soldiers and scouts enough to fight the Chiricahuas as long as they wish to fight. Those I do not kill or capture I will drive into the Mexican soldiers who are coming up from the south."

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"I speak only for my own band," answered Chihuahua. "They will make peace, but I do not know what Geronimo and Whoa will do. If you will let me take two of my young men and go out again, I can hurry my people in faster."

"They must bring the white boy."

"I will tell them so," said Chihuahua.

Chihuahua did good work, for the Chiricahuas kept gathering until there were one hundred and twenty-one in camp. But they had not brought Charley McComas, and none of the Geronimo men had turned up.

Then, at eight o'clock in the morning, a tremendous outburst of shouts and screeches sounded from some high cliffs above the camp. More Apaches were jumping about among the rocks there, as if much astonished.

"Geronimo!" exclaimed Micky, running.

The camp sprang to arms.

"What is the matter?" were yelling the Chiricahuas above, to the Chiricahuas below.

"The white war-captain has us. We fight no more," called the Chiricahuas who had surrendered.

"It is no use. Our own people fight against us."

Two old squaws clambered half-way down.

"Ask the white war-captain if we will be hurt?" they screamed.

The general sent out Micky and Scout To-klani (Plenty Water) and one of the Chihuahua Chiricahuas. To-klani's sisters belonged to the Chihuahua band, and the Chiricahuas all knew him.

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"The white war-captain says that he does not care whether you surrender or not," announced To-klani. "Chihuahua has surrendered. We are only waiting till the rest of his people and the little white boy come in. If you come you will not be harmed, but if you do not come you will be killed."

This set the Chiricahuas on the cliff to thinking. Evidently now that they had found their best camping-place occupied, and so many of the other Chiricahuas surrendered, they did not know quite what to do. As Frank Monach remarked: "That's a heap joke. Expect we look mighty comfortable, at our little love-feast."

Within about an hour, the Apaches came down. It was Geronimo, all right—he, and Nah-che, and Chato, and thirty-three warriors. They all carried the latest model repeating rifles, and the best nickle-plated revolvers, and they stared about very uneasily.

They began to ask questions of the scouts; Nah-che sighted Jimmie, and sidled over to him.

"Chi-kis-n," he said.

"Chi-kis-n," replied Jimmie.

"The last time I saw you I talked straight," proceeded Nah-che. "Now I ask you to talk straight, for we are men. I want to know how you came in here, with so many soldiers and Apaches and mules, while we were out hunting the Mexicans. What does Cluke intend to do?"

"We came in easily, because the White Mountain who was one of Chato's men showed us the road. But the Gray Fox would have brought us anyway. The

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American soldiers can hunt Apaches in Mexico, and the Mexican soldiers can hunt Apaches in the United States. That is arranged. If Geronimo will not surrender, let him try to fight. The other Chiricahuas are going back to the reservation. Geronimo will not last long. His own people are against him, and he cannot hide any more in Mexico."

"That sounds bad," uttered Nah-che; and he walked away very downcast.

The general was saying the same thing, and other things, to Geronimo.

"You should have had more sense than to leave because of a few troubles," he scolded severely. "There is always some trouble in a big camp of Indians. I want to know what those troubles were, so that I may correct them. I shall not talk long with you; you must make up your mind for peace or war. You can see for yourself that I am not afraid of you. I have come in here, where you thought I could not come, and I am not even taking your arms from you. You are free to stay or go. If you decide to stay and march with the other Chiricahua to the San Carlos, you will not be harmed.

"You have done things for which you ought to be arrested; but if you will promise to behave yourself and work, I will see to it that you are placed wherever you choose, on the reservation. I will make soldiers of your own men, to keep peace in your camp. The ugly long-nosed man (who was Lieutenant Gatewood) shall select them, and he will be your officer. He will see to it that you get whatever you are entitled to get.

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“ But if you do not go back with me, then it will be war. I will cover all this country with soldiers and scouts, and the Mexicans and the Americans and the scouts will hunt you down without stopping. Now I have spoken. I ask you to leave me and to think this over, and talk with your men. Then you must tell me what you have decided, for I do not want there to be any misunderstanding.”

The council broke up. Geronimo appeared rather downcast, too. The rest of the day he and his people kept by themselves. Even Nah-che did not come over again. It was an anxious period, for the Geronimo band were able to put up a hard fight still, and the camp was full of Chiricahuas.

“ What do you think Geronimo will do, Micky? ” asked Jimmie.

“ He is a smart man, and likes to talk, ” answered Micky. “ He is a war-captain. But when he sees that he is talking alone, he will quit. Cluke’s words stung him, for no chief likes to be talked at like that. I looked for a fight right away, and so did Sibi. There was no fight—it would have been a good fight, though, with so many Chiricahua all around us. Now I think that if Geronimo is still here, in the morning, it means peace.”

Everybody—soldiers, scouts and packers—slept with one eye and one ear open, this night. But in the morning Geronimo asked the general for another talk. It seemed as though the decision had been made.

“ I have thought deeply, and have talked with my people, ” said Geronimo. “ We were not well treated

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at San Carlos, but if you will be good to us we will do as you tell us to do. The white man does not see as the Apache sees, and yet you have made me feel that I have done wrong. I will go with you to the San Carlos. But first I ask you to order me to send out for the rest of my people. They are much scattered, and they have many ponies and cattle which belong to them; but if they see only signals they will think them to be signals set by your scouts, to fool them. And if I go away and leave them, then the Mexicans will kill them."

"You must try to find the white boy," reminded the general.

"I will do exactly as you say," replied Geronimo.

"Is it peace, chi-kis-n?" inquired Jimmie, of Nah-che.

"It is peace," answered Nah-che; but he did not smile.

"Hooray!" cheered Long Jim Cook. "That was a tall bluff on the gen'ral's part, I reckon; but it worked. For a while we were in a bad box, with the camp runnin' over with Chiricahua, an' thirty or forty fightin' bronc's up on those cliffs, ready to rake us. I wouldn't trust all these scouts, in a pinch, either. They've got too many kin, in the hostiles."

"D' you suppose Geronimo has somethin' up his sleeve, still?" proposed Martin the cook, to Frank Monach. "He acts awful agreeable."

XXIII

GERONIMO PLAYS SMART

“TO-MORROW we go home,” declared Micky Free, to Jimmie and Nah-che. They three had been messing together, as old friends.

It was the afternoon of May 23. Two days had passed since Geronimo had decided upon peace. He had kept his word, for the Chiricahuas had continued to come in—crippled old Nana himself had arrived this very morning—all the chiefs and captains were here except Juh, and Juh, or Whoa, need not be expected. He and his band of one man and two squaws had gone farther south.

Even Ka-e-ten-na (The Looking-glass), who was a young war-captain of the Mexican Chiricahuas, part of Whoa's people, had come in. Now rations were being issued by Lieutenant Gatewood to two hundred and fifty extra persons, including a dozen Mexicans— forlorn women and children whom the Chiricahuas had brought with them. But, alas—

“Don't we wait for Charley McComas?” demanded Jimmie.

“The white boy?” And Micky shook his red head. “No. It is too late. He is lost. If we wait longer, there will be no food. Too many people eat.”

“Doesn't Chato know where he is?”

“Chato says not,” answered Nah-che. “He was

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left with the women. We have asked the women. They say that on the first day, when Chato's rancheria was attacked, the little white boy ran into the bushes. Nobody has seen him again. He did not come out. Then there were rains that washed his trail. It was eight days ago, and we think he is dead."

The general had questioned the Chiricahuas closely. They all stuck to the one story, and seemed to be speaking the truth. Six-year-old Charley probably had been so frightened that he had run until exhausted and lost in the dense brush. No trace of him was ever discovered.

When the general finally issued the order that camp should be broken in the morning, and the start made for San Carlos, Geronimo was smiling and ready. He asked only that the first marches be slow, so that the Chiricahuas who were still out might catch up. There seemed to be no end of those Chiricahuas who were still "out."

"We expect you to protect us from the Mexican soldiers," said Geronimo. "My old men and women who are coming cannot fight."

"I will protect you," promised the general.

This appeared to make Geronimo happy and satisfied.

However, in the morning a sudden delay occurred. The pack-trains were loaded and waiting, the cavalry had formed, all the Chiricahuas were herded together, the scouts were on the flanks, but the general had sent for Geronimo—was talking earnestly to him.

Presently Archie MacIntosh came trotting back,

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ahorse, as if with an eye to seeing that everything was closed up.

"What's the trouble ahead, Archie?" hailed Frank.

Archie grinned from his sun-burned face, and paused.

"Just been discovered we're about a hundred bucks shy. They disappeared between sunset and sunrise. Looks as though that old rascal of a Geronimo had put one over on us."

"Hi! I said he had somethin' up his sleeve," chuckled Long Jim Cook. "Where they gone? After plunder, I bet you!"

"Of course," declared Archie. "And the general's raising Cain. He says to Geronimo: 'Those bucks of yours are riding south to steal horses and cattle from the Mexicans.' And Geronimo, he just smiles and says: 'Oh, they wouldn't rob anybody. They're looking for some of our own horses and cattle that we've left.' And the general says: 'I won't allow you to take any stolen stock across the border. I'd be court-martialed for it.' And Geronimo says: 'Don't bother with that. All those Mexicans are good for, is to grow horses and cattle for the Apaches. We will ride on slowly. But if there is any trouble with the Mexicans, you have promised to protect us. Besides, it will be several days before my men come to join us.' So the general, he's regularly up a stump."

And that was true. For the time being the wily Geronimo had outwitted him. Without doubt most of the able-bodied warriors had ridden away for the

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purpose of making one last raid, and returning to the reservation, rich!

The march north was begun. The procession stretched for more than a mile—the old men and old women, the wounded, and the little children riding upon ponies, the women afoot packing great bundles, and many carrying cottonwood boughs to shield their heads from the fierce sun.

Soon the Chiricahuas numbered three hundred, the majority women and old men and children. The herd of horses and cattle steadily grew. Near the border a dozen warriors caught up, at night; they brought fifty horses. But at the camp across the border the warriors, driving herds of stock, joined in streams, and the general found that he had three hundred and sixty-three Chiricahuas and over one thousand horses and mules and cows bearing Mexican brands!

“Every one of those must be turned back into Mexico,” he ordered.

“No,” replied Geronimo. “They belong to us. We bring them, so that we can go to farming, as you ask us to do. Who cares what a lot of howling Mexicans say?”

Mexicans, lawyers and angry ranchers claiming horses and cows were threatening to sue the United States, and General Crook, for helping to steal Mexican stock. But many of the brands had been changed over, and there were disputes without end, the Mexicans and the Chiricahuas both claiming all the cattle.

So the only way out of the muddle was, to drive the stock to San Carlos, and sell it, and send the money

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to the United States treasury. Then the Mexicans who could prove their claims should be paid.

This did not please Geronimo.

"The Chiricahua will not understand, and they will not forget," said Maria Jilda, who was at the border camp. "You will chase Geronimo and Nah-che again, Jeemie."

"Well, I shorely hope not," quoth Frank Monach. "Hope we get a chance to rest up, anyhow. The general and Sieber look about tuckered."

And that was so. After five hundred miles of travel through the roughest of mountain country, in heat and cold and dry and wet, even General Crook seemed to be worn out.

He kept his word with the Chiricahuas. Geronimo and the other chiefs were permitted to choose their own lands, and settled with their people, five hundred and twelve in number, south of Fort Apache. It was a fine country, too, on the head-waters of Turkey Creek.

The general obtained orders from Washington that all the Chiricahuas should be placed under his control. This was thought by Arizona to be a very good plan, because the Chiricahuas, like the other Apaches, had much faith in "Cluke."

As the governor said, in an annual message to the legislature: "The Indians know General Crook and his methods, and respect both."

Jimmie stuck at Fort Bowie. He had been appointed pack-master, there, and this was quite a job for a boy scarcely twenty-one years old. But he felt

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as though he had grown up in the service; and old Jack Long had started him off well.

Captain Crawford was in military charge of the San Carlos reservation. Micky Free was over there, too, as a sergeant of the Indian police. Lieutenant Gatewood was stationed in the Chiricahua camp at Turkey Creek, just as the general had promised. Maria Jilda took up a ranch; he said that he was tired of scouting and interpreting. Al Sieber, as chief of scouts, divided his time between San Carlos and Fort Apache; and where Archie MacIntosh went, Jimmie did not know.

But there was no opportunity for being lonesome at Fort Bowie. Pack-train duties kept a fellow hopping, if he tried to have a crack outfit—and the only outfits tolerated by the quarter-master's department under General Crook were crack ones. Supplies had to be packed in from the railroad, fifteen miles, and there were scoutings and practice marches.

For the remainder of 1883 everything seemed to be quiet. Reports stated that Geronimo and all the Chiricahuas were farming and doing famously, and that the White Mountains, on the other side of Fort Apache, were getting rich by selling their barley and hay to the post and to the towns.

Then, as the months of 1884 rolled by, troubles appeared on the surface. The military and the Indian Bureau employes did not agree. The military officers, like Captain Crawford and Lieutenant Gatewood, had charge of the Chiricahua prisoners, but the Indian agent had charge of the other Indians. The military was obliged to keep order at San Carlos and the Fort Apache

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reservation, both, but the Indian agent had the authority to direct the farming. The Chiricahuas had been encouraged by General Crook to mingle with the peaceful White Mountains, and all the Indians preferred the soldiers to the civilians.

The White Mountains and Chiricahuas complained that they were not getting their rightful amount of meat from the agent. The man sent out to see, reported that they were getting everything.

Captain Crawford did not agree with the report. The Indian Bureau asked that he be removed. He demanded a court-martial. The court-martial found that he was honest and correct; and that the Apaches, instead of getting one thousand cows, had been assigned only six hundred poor ones, with the promise that the rest should be delivered "when required."

But Captain Crawford was powerless in the matter, and the Apaches could not understand why there should be two fathers over them.

In May young chief Ka-e-ten-na went "bad." He was the Mexican Apache chief who had surrendered; now he made ready to run away, with a band of other restless Chiricahuas, into Mexico again.

General Crook was at West Point, to address the graduating class there. However, Ka-e-ten-na was arrested by his own people, and was tried the same as a white man, and sentenced to be "shut up till he learned sense." He was sent to the United States military prison on Alcatraz Island, in San Francisco Bay, for a year; and this proved a very good plan, the same as the cases of Santos and Pedro and old Miguel; because

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after he had seen how powerful the Americans were and what a great city they had, he was cured of wishing to live wild.

“He is only one, though,” said Micky Free, this fall, while at Bowie on a scouting trip with Tom Horn who was Al Sieber’s right-hand man. “Sibi thinks that all the Chiricahua would better be sent to prison. So does Tom. They have had a talk with Geronimo, and the only way to do is to send all the Chiricahua out of Arizona, quick.”

XXIV

PACK-MASTER JIMMIE MEETS A SURPRISE

“WILL there be trouble again, Micky?”

“Of course,” laughed Micky scornfully. “Everybody in Arizona knows that. You see it yourself, Cheemie. You read the talking papers. The talking papers of Mexico say that the Chiricahua from Arizona are sneaking down there and stealing cattle. That is true. Even Gatewood is getting afraid. He is losing Chiricahua all the time; they go somewhere and his counts are always different. I think he will move to Fort Apache. It is only twelve miles, and he will be safer.

“The Geronimo Chiricahua see that the San Carlos Apaches and the White Mountains are unhappy, with two fathers bossing them. So they trade their goods for whiskey and guns. Sibi went to Geronimo and asked him what he was planning to do. Geronimo said: ‘It is no use to lie to you, Sibi. You read my thoughts. The truth is this: When my men came up with Cluke from Mexico they expected to go back every little while, to get horses and cows. There is no harm in stealing cattle from those Mexicans. Besides, Cluke took away the cattle that we first brought up. If my men are not allowed to do that, they would rather live in Mexico and act as they please. It is only my talk that holds them, and some day they won’t listen.’

“To hear Geronimo pretend peace talk would make

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a mule laugh," concluded Micky. "Now because Cluke is in Washington we have come down here with Tom Horn, and Sibi who has a lame leg is coming in a wagon. They will talk with Bourke. Sibi says to capture all the Chiricahua and send them far away. That will end war. But I guess it won't be done."

Captain Bourke—who had been promoted to major—was at Bowie, waiting for the general to return from Washington. The general had gone to Washington in the hopes of getting more authority to deal with the Apaches.

He did not succeed. All this fall and winter of 1884 the War Department and the Interior Department could not agree upon the control of the reservations.

The officers at San Carlos staked out an irrigating ditch for the Apaches to dig, and the agent declined to permit the digging. The Indians believed nobody. Captain Crawford asked to be transferred to his regiment, the Third Cavalry, and Captain F. E. Pierce, of the First Infantry, was assigned to the military charge of San Carlos. He had lost an eye in the Civil War.

In February of 1885 Major-General John Pope, who commanded the Military Division of the Pacific, from San Francisco announced, to Washington:

If General Crook's authority over the Indians at San Carlos be curtailed or modified in any way, there are certain to follow very serious results, if not a renewal of Indian wars and depredations in Arizona.

Consequently, with matters at sixes and sevens, the outlook at Fort Bowie was very gloomy.

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In the middle of May Jimmie rode down toward the border, to see how some of the pack-mules in pasture upon a ranch were getting along. There was likely to be need of them soon, for the Indians certainly were going to break out.

It was an all-day ride. The pasture was in some bottoms among the hills, where there was good water and grass; so he cooked his own supper and prepared to sleep out, beneath the stars.

He was just about to turn in, under his blanket, when he heard Chiquito snort. Chiquito was his horse, picketed out to graze. The snort might mean mountain lion, Mexican leopard, wolf, deer, or——!

“What is it, Chiquito?”

Chiquito's head was up, his ears pricked, he was staring into the south. He knew a heap, Chiquito did.

Jimmie gazed, too, in the same direction. And there, far to the southwest, across the Mexican line, he saw a red gleam on a high hill. A signal fire, sure: Indian signal!

Jimmie scrambled to his feet and stood peering intent. Presently the gleam was broken—and then repeated. Indians down there were signalling for other Indians to answer. That was plain. Even Chiquito had known. He was Indian wise.

Jimmie swept the dark horizon again and again, to catch the answer, but none appeared. His view from the camp was not very good; but he must find out what was going on; accordingly he snatched up his blanket and ran through the brush to the crest of the slope above him.

PACK-MASTER JIMMIE MEETS A SURPRISE

Here he found the right spot, and squatted, with his blanket wrapped around him, to wait. He did not dare to build a fire, lest it be seen.

This was a long, cold wait.

The fire in the southwest flared regularly at intervals of about an hour. "Answer," it kept saying. "Answer." Jimmie eyed the north as well as the south—and at midnight the expected happened. The signal in the south had been answered, for it suddenly broke into a message.

There were one long flash and several shorter ones. Then, quickly following, two flashes, and an interval, and two more.

As anybody ought to know, this spelled: "All right. We will wait two days."

The fire died. That was the end. Jimmie jumped to a conclusion. There had been only the one fire in the south; so the answer had come from the north, and he had somehow missed it. But the Indians in Mexico had signalled to some Indians in Arizona, and were to wait two days!

The Chiricahuas had arranged to run away! Probably they already were out, making for Mexico, to join runaways already there. Whew! Great Scott!

Well, all that he could do was to wait until daylight, and then make for Bowie. And the sooner the better, because he was right in the track of runaways.

He went down to his camp, and got a half night's sleep. In the morning he did not wait to gather his mules; he saddled Chiquito at daylight and struck out by the shortest way.

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The country all seemed peaceful. Who might have foretold that he would bump right into the hostiles? But that is precisely what happened. He was loping up a shallow draw fringed by rocks and stunted pines—had been riding two hours—when as he rounded a shoulder, on a sudden here there came at headlong gallop a dozen steers.

He wheeled Chiquito to one side, quick; barely had time to get out of their way—didn't have time to get out of the way of the three young bucks chasing them full tilt; and before he could spur Chiquito up the flank of the draw, for cover, he was a "goner."

With a yell and with guns leveled the three bronc's had charged him; a bullet sang by his ear; and he raised his hand for a talk. They arrived instantly, reined short, around him. He didn't know them, and they appeared not to know him.

"Chi-kis-n," he attempted. But they only scowled and talked among themselves in Apache.

"Shall we kill him here?"

"That is best."

"Stick him with your lance."

"You talk foolish," retorted Jimmie boldly, in good Apache. "There's no sense in killing me. You'll only get in trouble by it. Take me to your chief."

"Who are you, that speaks Apache?"

"Never you mind who I am," retorted Jimmie. "You take me to your chief. If he says kill me, all right. But you'd better wait till he does say so. You're only warriors."

"Where are the rest of your party, white man?"

PACK-MASTER JIMMIE MEETS A SURPRISE

"I'm alone."

"What is your business?"

"I herd mules."

"Where are you going?"

"To Fort Bowie."

"We ought to kill him. He will tell on us if we let him go," said one, aside.

"No. We'll have to take him back," said the oldest boy. "There is plenty of time to kill him later."

They snatched his rifle and revolver from the holsters, and on either side and behind jostling him along, drove him up the draw. For the next five minutes Jimmie figured that his chances were about one in one hundred.

They rounded the turn; and here, in a little hollow, was a group of twelve or fifteen men and women kneeling over two cow carcasses, and butchering them. Several of the figures looked to see who was coming. One of them was Nah-che. Jimmie's heart beat less rapidly. His chances were increased.

However, Nah-che, standing erect, was not at all pleased to see him.

"Why are you in here?" demanded Nah-che.

"I came down from Bowie to look at some mules. Now I was going back to Bowie."

"Did you know that some of us are off the reservation?"

"Yes. I saw a signal fire last night, in Mexico, and I read what it said."

"What did it say?"

"It said that they would wait two days."

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"That is right," replied Nah-che. "I am sorry we met you, chi-kis-n, because now you will be killed."

"That may be so. But why do you kill me, chi-kis-n?" challenged Jimmie. "I have done you no harm."

"No; we fought against each other, but that was understood. If you will promise me not to say a word about us at Fort Bowie I will let you go."

"You know very well that I would not be a man if I gave any such promise," retorted Jimmie. "I shall not lie to you."

"If white men never lied to us, then everything would be all right," said Nah-che. "They do lie to us, so you must die. I am sorry, but——"

"No! No!" One of the squaws had rushed up. She was Nah-da-ste! "This is the Boy-who-sleeps. I remember him well. He has slept in my lodge and eaten my food. I won't have him killed. You had better let him go. He cannot harm us."

"No. Fort Bowie is a long way off," reminded Jimmie. "Besides, if you are off the reservation, that is known by this time."

"Maybe not. We cut the talking wire," answered Nah-che. "But it is true that Fort Bowie is a long way off. Anyway," he added, "I don't want to kill you, and I cannot argue with women. You can go, chi-kis-n. By the time you tell what you know, we shall be far in the other direction. So go as fast as you please, but keep going straight, for you might not find a chi-kis-n among other Chiricahua."

"Good," grunted Jimmie, as his rifle and revolver

PACK-MASTER JIMMIE MEETS A SURPRISE

were passed to him. "I ask one word. Tell me why you are leaving the Fort Apache country. I wish the truth."

"Everybody but Cluke is our enemy. We are lied about. Even Chato tell lies on us, and gives us a bad name, because he hates Geronimo. If we stay we will be locked up. That is what is said. Now go, for I will talk no more."

Jimmie took the hint, and spurred away. He knew better than even to look back.

XXV

ON THE JOB WITH CAPTAIN CRAWFORD

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY Chiricahuas under Geronimo, Chihuahua, old Nana and Nah-che were the ones who had run away. Chato had persuaded the three hundred other Chiricahuas to stay. He did not approve of Geronimo and Nah-che, or of further war.

The outbreak had occurred on the night of May 17. The Chiricahuas had left in parties of twenty or so, to meet again across the border. Lieutenant Britton Davis, of the Third Cavalry, had been in charge at the reservation. As soon as he had discovered the loss, he had tried to telegraph General Crook; but the "talking wires" had been damaged. Before the message got through, the Chiricahuas were beyond the railroad, with a clear field ahead.

Nah-che had spoken truly when he said to Jimmie that they ran away because they feared being locked up. They knew that they were watched. And in defiance of the general's complaints that liquor was manufactured upon the reservation, they had obtained a quantity of it and drunk it—which of course made them liable to punishment.

The general came over to the reservation too late; but flying columns had been sent out at once, from Apache and Thomas and Grant and Bowie. Two hundred scouts from all the reservation bands were enlisted for six months. Chato himself volunteered.

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The columns dispatched were mainly for the purpose of keeping the Chiricahuas away from the border until it might be patrolled, and the principal band located by either the American or the Mexican troops.

Meanwhile as a crack pack-master Jimmie was decidedly busy at Fort Bowie. Bowie had waxed to a bustling supply depot, and was likely to be headquarters field base.

Tom Moore, who had been up north in the Department of the Platte, was sent for by the general to be chief packer again in the Department of Arizona. He brought down from Cheyenne, Wyoming, the best of the Platte pack-mules, and was given a great welcome at Bowie by Jimmie and the other "old-timers."

The country was being scoured for good mules. These had to be broken, some of them, and distributed. Troops were pouring in, until the general had at his disposal forty companies of infantry and the same of cavalry.

He was planning surely. He directed that heliograph stations, for the purpose of telegraphing by mirrored sun-flashes, be established upon hill-tops all along on both sides of the border. Then he went to Washington, to get a better agreement with Mexico regarding a joint campaign against the Apaches.

There was a brief period of quiet, except for hard work that kept Jimmie, as well as others, on the move. The final break came about the middle of October.

Jimmie saw the heliostat flashes which spread the news. He was riding back to Bowie from a long trip down to a supply camp at the border. Chancing to

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turn his head, when only a little way out from the camp, he caught the flash of a message from a station in the south.

The regulation Morse dots and dashes (long and short flashes) were used by the stations. Now he paused, to read. The station was at least ten miles distant. The air was very clear, and his eyes were good eyes.

What was that? No practice message, this, or ordinary routine. The first word—even the first three letters—stiffened him intent.

“H-o-s-t-i-l-e b-a-n-d h-e-a-d-g (heading) n-o-r-t-h f-o-r D-r-a-g-o-o-n c-o-u-n-t-r-y. Q-u-i-c-k.” Signed.

Hah! “Wake up, Chiquito! Gwan with you!” The message read like business, and stirring business. Evidently the Chiricahuas were getting bold. But it did not seem possible that with all these troops, and the railroad, and the telegraph, and the helio stations, and the armed and watchful settlers, a raid could amount to much.

The helio stations were twenty or twenty-five miles apart. A message had been sent from Nacori, in the mountains of northern Mexico, two hundred miles to Fort Bowie, in an hour. But so fast moved this band of raiders, and so cleverly they chose their trail, that by the time Jimmie arrived at Bowie they not only had crossed the line but had disappeared somewhere in Arizona!

Already the troops were in motion, trying to close in and head the raiders off. It was reported that there were eleven warriors. They were not even sighted

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again, until, suddenly, they struck the White Mountain reservation itself—surprised a camp of the White Mountains, killed twelve and carried away six women and children.

That, then, had been the object of the raid: to take revenge upon the reservation Apaches for sending scouts against the Chiricahuas!

The White Mountains succeeded in killing one raider, during the fight. He was Hal-zay, Nah-che's half-brother. They cut off his head, for a trophy. But the ten others completed their bold circuit, and in spite of soldiers, settlers, telegraph, heliostat and railroad escaped back into Mexico.

"I never would have believed it!" declared Chief Packer Tom Moore, to Jimmie at Bowie. "It beats the Dutch! The general's got every waterhole covered, and every pass watched. Anyhow, now there's a fresh trail, for back-tracking on, where they came up by the shortest way. Crawford and Cap'n Davis are going right down after the bacon, to stay till they get Geronimo or his scalp. I've picked you for assistant chief packer with one of 'em. Which do you say? Chances are even. You're the boss.

"Guess I'll throw in with Crawford, Tom, if you put it up to me," promptly said Jimmie. Assistant chief packer! Wow!

Captain Crawford and Captain Wirt Davis were both good men, but as Tom Horn, acting chief of scouts, had remarked: "Crawford's my style of fighter: the go-get-'em kind with a wolf jaw!"

"You'd better be makin' up your best trains, then,"

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counseled Tom, to Jimmie. "Three, I reckon. Crawford won't wait on sore backs or sore feet; and he'd rather bust every man and every mule and go on by himself, than let Davis outdo him."

When Captain Crawford arrived with his column at Bowie, from Fort Apache, on November 15, Jimmie the assistant chief packer was ready for him. The Captain Wirt Davis column was to be composed of cavalry and scouts both; but Captain Crawford was taking only scouts.

These were one hundred Chiricahuas, White Mountains and Warm Springs, from the Fort Apache reservation; but mainly Chiricahuas, with Chato as their chief, and Ka-e-ten-na the traveler included. Micky Free was going with the San Carlos scouts and Captain Davis. Captain Crawford had selected so many Chiricahuas because his goal was the Sierra Madre Range again, and the Chiricahuas knew all that country well.

The scouts formed two companies, under command of First Lieutenant Marion P. Maus, of the First Infantry, and a gallant young "shave tail," Second Lieutenant William Ewen Shipp, of the Tenth Cavalry, only two years out of West Point.

Another "shave tail," Second Lieutenant Sam Faison, of the First Infantry, who had graduated in the same class with Lieutenant Shipp, was the adjutant, quarter-master and commissary, all three. Dr. T. B. Davis was the surgeon, Concepcion was the interpreter. Al Sieber, the old war-horse, was retained to look after the reservations, but Tom Horn was to be chief of scouts and had proved first-class.

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Altogether, it was an honor to be in pack service with such an expedition, especially as Captain Crawford had volunteered for the Sierra Madre trip because it was the more dangerous of the two.

Lieutenant-General Phil Sheridan, commander of the United States Army, had come out to Bowie from Washington, to see the columns off. He and General Crook inspected the whole outfit, in a parade at the fort.

"Well," reported Chief of Scouts Horn, after a conference in General Crook's quarters, "this is the idea: The general says we're to go down into Mexico and stay six months, if necessary, and when we strike a trail we're to follow it as long as it shows a single moccasin track or pony track. Savvy? When we've killed all the bucks who don't surrender, and corralled all the women and children, we can come up home with our batch. Then he'll tell 'em what'll happen next."

The march veered west through the Dragoon Mountains, in the hope of striking the up trail and following it down. But heavy rains had washed out the signs, so the course was continued straight south, for the Sierra Madre country again. The Chiricahuas were bound to be there, if at any place.

Throughout the month of December the pack-train job was the same tough job as that when General Crook led on, in 1883: up hill, down hill, sliding, scrambling, falling, barking shins and bruising hoofs and feet, amidst terrific canyons, thorny brush, sharp rocks, towering cliffs, sun and rain, heat and cold. Tom Horn scouted far ahead with a few picked scouts; the captain and his lieutenants and the plucky doctor, and old Con-

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ception, rode keenly with the eager main body; and Jimmie, assistant chief packer in place of Tom Moore, hustled his toiling pack-trains of fifty mules each, so as to bring them into camp on time every evening.

Now it was the first week in January. There was only one pack-train. Captain Crawford had ordered that the two others be sent back to the border, two hundred miles, with Lieutenant Faison, the commissary and quarter-master, for supplies. So Jimmie had detached the trains of "Chileno John" and Sam Wisser. He had stayed.

Chief Scout Horn had been gone two weeks; but he kept runners out with news from him. He had discovered fresh sign: Indian and cattle trails; cattle carcasses; and a recent camp. Ka-e-ten-na and Chato had just come in. They brought word for Captain Crawford to push on, and join the advance. Tom would be waiting—he knew that the Chiricahuas were yonder before him.

The captain sent for Jimmie.

"We must reduce our packs again," he said, "for a forced march. You will pack four of your strongest mules with twelve days' rations for eighty men. The personal outfit will be cut down to one blanket for each man. Take the shoes off the mules, to avoid noise. The rest of the outfit will be left here, under guard of those men who are unable to travel. Which of your packers have you in mind, to go on?"

"Jimmie Dunn, captain," smiled Jimmie.

"It's afoot, you know—and probably night marches. Will your leg stand it?"

ON THE JOB WITH CAPTAIN CRAWFORD

"Will we strike the hostiles, captain?"

"Sure."

"That's all my leg needs, to lengthen it out, then," laughed Jimmie.

He felt that he was as fit as Captain Crawford. The captain looked badly. So did the doctor; and old Concepcion the interpreter was about done.

The scouts seemed unusually solemn, as if the report by Chato and Ka-e-ten-na had much impressed them. They proceeded to make medicine. In the light of a small fire old No-wa-ze-ta the medicine man unrolled the strip of sacred buckskin that he carried; one by one the scouts kneeled before him; he mumbled over them and held the sacred buckskin to their lips. After that they held a council.

"Some of the soldiers chiefs at Bowie say maybe your Chiricahua will not fight," said Jimmie, sitting beside Chato, in a blanket, and watching. "They say maybe you will pretend to fight, but all the time you will be sending word to Geronimo to keep away."

"That is not true," declared Chato. "We will fight. We are ready."

About midnight camp was broken. Through the cold and the darkness Chato and Ka-e-ten-na guided. Each officer and man was in moccasins and packed his own blanket. Jimmie drove the four mules.

About noon the signs mentioned by Tom Horn were found: a trail, and the bodies of butchered cattle. That evening Ka-e-ten-na pointed ahead.

"Espinosa del Diablo," he said. "Maybe we cross. Very bad country."

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Espinosa del Diablo was Spanish for Devil's Backbone—a high mass of jagged ridges.

Early in the morning two more of Tom Horn's scouts came in. The light of Indian camp-fires had been sighted, reflected in the sky, and Chief Scout Horn urged the captain to hurry.

The command made a short march, rested until late afternoon, and started on again, to march by night. The country steadily grew worse, with deep, dark canyons, steep rocky hills, heavy brush, and a river which was constantly being forded. Moccasins were soaked and soon cut to bits.

From now on, the camps were not ordered until midnight. Only small fires of dry wood were permitted; and under one thin blanket apiece nobody was able to sleep, before the sun rose. In fact, it was as miserable a time as Jimmie ever had experienced.

More messages arrived from Tom Horn. He had located the Chiricahuas—had smelled the mescal steam, had seen the fires. "Hurry!" he bade. He had only two scouts with him.

Captain Crawford lengthened the marches, to all night and half-day stretches. Some of the Apache scouts, tough as they were, began to straggle and limp. Doctor Davis and old Concepcion could barely hobble.

At sunset of January 9, "Dutchy," another of the Horn scouts, appeared. Dutchy said that the Chiricahua camp was but twelve miles away. He and Tom and the other scout had reconnoitered it—had witnessed the Chiricahuas moving about, herding their

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horses. They did not suspect that any enemies were near.

Tom and the other scout had no blankets, and nothing to eat but a little meat—the three of them had had nothing else for ten days; now he, Dutchy, was to bring the captain on at once, while the two watched the Chiricahua camp.

Hurrah! The news put vim into the command. The end of the marches was at hand. Evidently Geronimo had no idea he could be found away in here.

Captain Crawford issued rapid orders.

“Twenty minutes’ halt. No fires. Let the men eat bread and raw bacon. Examine arms carefully. Pack-mules to remain here, with the packer, Doctor Davis and the interpreter. All available men to be ready for a night march, and attack at daylight.”

That was hard luck for Jimmie—but Doctor Davis and Concepcion were completely exhausted, and somebody had to stay with the mules, to move them on in a jiffy when sent for.

In precisely twenty minutes the command set out, guided by Dutchy. It had been the first halt in six hours! As in the twilight they clambered up a rocky, narrow trail, Jimmie saw that Lieutenant Maus was helping Captain Crawford. Even at that, the captain was obliged to pause, once or twice, and lean upon his carbine. He used his carbine as a staff.

“His indomitable will is all that keeps the captain going,” remarked Doctor Davis.

“Muy hombre (Much man),” groaned old Concepcion.

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The darkness closed in quickly. It was a bitter cold night. Concepcion and the mules moaned, the doctor's teeth chattered, and wrapped in his single blanket Jimmie shivered. The brush stirred with the stealthy tread of prowling animals, a leopard shrieked, at intervals, and the still air stung.

With the first grayness Jimmie was up, to unlimber, and listen. The attack upon the Chiricahua camp was due. The moments dragged. The doctor and Concepcion seemed to have dropped asleep at last, but they, also, shivered in their uneasy slumber. This was the coldest period of the night—just at dawn.

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GRADUALLY the shadows upon the rocks and timber paled; and then, suddenly—hark!

Rifle-shots! A spatter—a volley—more and faster, rolling and echoing among the crags! The attack had been made. Throwing aside their blankets, up sprang the doctor and Concepcion, bewildered and staggering, but awake.

“Fighting!” exclaimed the doctor. “They’ve struck the hostiles! Good!”

“Much shooting, much shooting,” stammered old Concepcion.

For fifteen minutes the rapid firing continued. It lessened, to dropping, scattered shots, and in about an hour ceased altogether. The sun rose.

“What’ll we do now?” demanded the doctor, of Jimmie. “Crawford’s licked them, don’t you think?”

“Sounded like it, doctor. But we’d better be watching sharp. Some of the bronc’s are liable to come this way.”

There was another period of anxious waiting. They took turns doing look-out duty from a high rock. With Concepcion’s aid, Jimmie packed the mules. About ten o’clock he could stand the suspense no longer.

“If we moved on we probably would meet the word from the captain, and get there all the sooner with the packs, doctor,” he proposed.

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"All right. But Concepcion and I can't move fast."

They toiled on, following the trail. At noon they met Dutchy.

"The soldier-captain says to come, with mules and medicine-man and Concepcion."

"Did you whip the Chiricahua?" queried Jimmie.

"Yes. We ran them like turkeys. Capture everything—many horses. Chiricahua get away, but they send word they will talk to-morrow."

The doctor, who had been outstepped by Jimmie and the mules, limped eagerly in, with poor old Concepcion in his wake.

"What's the news? Have they got Geronimo?"

"Not yet; but they captured the camp. We're to come on at once, doctor."

"How far? Any of our men hurt?"

Jimmie asked Dutchy.

"Ten miles. Only Chiricahua hurt."

"I've got to rest," panted the doctor. "Go ahead with your mules. We'll follow. Any danger?"

"No danger," said Dutchy, answering Jimmie. "Chiricahua hide till to-morrow."

Dutchy plainly was in a great hurry to get back—probably to share in the plunder. Jimmie left the doctor and Concepcion to come as best they could, and again hustled his mules to keep up with Dutchy. But that proved impossible. The trail was a corker! How in the world Captain Crawford and men ever had traveled it in the darkness was a wonder.

Dutchy disappeared. Only the trail remained, as

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guide. It dipped into canyons, and wound over rocks and steep ridges. Jimmie wheezed and puffed and sweat. He was empty from chin to knees, his legs were leaden, he ached in every muscle. His mules repeatedly halted, and stood heaving and straddled. But he pushed on. The captain had sent for the packs, and orders were orders.

The sun set. He had been half a day covering these few miles! A damp fog was descending, cloaking the mountains. If he missed the trail——! No! Good! He saw camp-fire light, glowing on the low clouds. At last, in the gathering dark, he labored into the camp, to report.

Everybody there was asleep, utterly worn out. Jimmie peered about, and wakened Chato and got a small chunk of pony meat from him; unpacked his mules and went to sleep himself, in defiance of the cold rain that was falling. He had done his stint. The doctor and Concepcion hardly could arrive before morning.

It seemed to him that he scarcely had closed his throbbing eyes ere he was aroused by excited cries and loud shouts. But he had slept, for dawn was here—a wet, foggy dawn. Amidst the fog the scouts were yelling shrilly; upon every side men were jumping up, grabbing guns, and staring into the mist before.

“Look out! Somebody comes! Many come!” were shouting the scouts.

Tom Horn was up; so was Lieutenant Maus, and Lieutenant Shipp. From where he lay exhausted, by his fire, Captain Crawford directed the defense.

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"Be careful! They may be some of Captain Davis's men," he warned. "Don't fire on them till you see who it is."

"Wait for me to tell you, before you begin shooting," repeated Tom Horn, to the scouts.

He started to climb higher, for a better view. Lieutenant Maus and Lieutenant Shipp were running to right and left, to take command of their companies. Down below, beyond a little basin, forms were dimly visible. They acted like soldiers.

On a sudden there was a resounding crash—the red flare of a volley lighted the fog, and a storm of bullets pelted the camp. Jimmie, wriggling for cover, leveled his gun, for the scouts were replying.

"Follow me, valientes (braves)," clearly called a voice, in good Spanish, from the basin in front; and a line of figures moved swiftly forward.

"Wait! Wait! Cease that firing! Stop your scouts, Horn!" shouted Captain Crawford, on his feet. "It's a mistake. Those are Mexicans!"

And so they were.

Captain Crawford leaped upon a rock, to wave a white handkerchief, in signal, and call.

"No tiras! Amigos, amigos! Americanos! (Don't fire! Friends, friends! Americans!)," chimed in Lieutenant Maus, who spoke Spanish.

He ran down, into the open. The captain followed him. Under the lifting mist they met four of the Mexicans. One was a strapping big officer, evidently the commander; another was a slender young lieutenant; the two others were officers, also. The line of

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men behind them had halted, and stood uneasily. They looked like a wild lot, too.

Chief of Scouts Horn advanced. Lieutenant Maus talked earnestly with the big officer, and interpreted to Captain Crawford. Tom Horn joined them, to assist.

On either side of Jimmie the scouts were poking their heads above the rocks, and cramming fresh cartridges into their Springfields. The carbine breechlocks snapped briskly.

"Mexicanos!" hissed Chato, with avid face. "Kill them all."

"You and I will kill that big man, first," answered Ka-e-ten-na.

"See!" bade Dutchy.

A file of other Mexican soldiers were sneaking through a ravine, to flank the camp.

Lieutenant Maus had seen; he pointed, and protested to the big officer.

"Watch those Mexicans, Shipp!" shouted the captain.

"No tiras, no tiras!" again appealed Lieutenant Maus, this time to the scouts.

"No tiras!" boomed the big officer, as if in much alarm.

"Bang!" From the Mexicans at the rear sounded a single shot. Instantly the group in the basin scattered, each man for his own place. The Mexican line came on at a trot, firing, loading and firing. Tom Horn was left for a moment alone, as the captain and the lieutenant scurried for the rocks.

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"The captain is killed!" shrieked Chato, at him. "Come back!" He and Ka-e-ten-na fired together, and the big Mexican officer, running, threw up his arm, and hurling his rifle far, plunged headlong.

"Give it to 'em," yelled Tom, running also.

"Whang-g-g-g!" Everybody shot. The slender Mexican lieutenant fell riddled. He had been hit thirteen times! The two other Mexicans were behind a tree; the scouts' bullets cut the tree almost down and the twain crumpled in a heap. The whole Mexican line melted into sprawled figures, some lax and motionless, some squirming for safety.

Lieutenant Maus arrived, panting.

"Head off those fellows on the right," he rasped, to Lieutenant Shipp. Away darted stripling Shipp, to prevent the flank attack.

"Crawford's dead—shot in the brain!" gasped the lieutenant to Jimmie. "He's yonder, behind a rock. Horn's shot in the arm. Those are Mexican irregulars. What are they up to? But they began it."

The scouts were still firing rapidly on every moving form. The Mexicans were now hard to see.

"Give me orders to send out my men into the trees and rocks and we will kill every Mexican!" shouted Chato, to Tom Horn.

"Don't waste bullets," cautioned Tom, in Apache. "Be careful. We are many miles from more."

"We will use the Mexicans' guns," retorted Chato.

"Give me the dead captain's gun and belt and I will help you kill Mexicans," spoke a new voice. "Make me your prisoner and tell me to fight."

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It was old Nana the Chiricahua chief. He had somehow tottered in, from the rear—he was ninety years of age and lame from a broken hip.

“I fight the Americans no more,” he cackled. “But I will fight the Mexicans any time. And so will all my people.”

He nodded backward; they looked, and there were many more of the Chiricahua hostiles, at a short distance, peering and waiting. Geronimo mounted upon a boulder and yelled across.

“If you are fighting the Mexicans, tell us what to do.”

That was an odd situation. If the Chiricahuas had attacked the camp from the one side and the Mexicans from the other——!

The Mexicans called, where they were concealed.

“Send somebody to talk with us.”

Lieutenant Maus and Tom Horn advanced again. Four of the Mexicans met them half-way. One of the Mexicans was crying. His brother was the slender young lieutenant who had been riddled.

Lieutenant Maus returned and talked with Lieutenant Shipp. The Mexicans claimed that they had made a mistake. They had lost all their officers—among them Major Corredor, who was the big man, and, they declared, “the bravest man that ever lived.” They asked permission to remove their dead.

Lieutenant Maus accompanied each body into the Mexican lines. The Mexicans seemed to be afraid of the scouts.

Now noon was at hand, but instead of withdrawing,

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the Mexicans had taken a strong position that threatened the camp. Many of them were Tarahumari Indians, a Mexican tribe hostile to all Americans and Apaches.

The camp was short of food and ammunition. Several of the scouts had been wounded, one of them severely. Tom Horn's arm hung useless. Captain Crawford lay underneath a blanket, with a bandanna handkerchief spread over his face. A piece of his forehead and a portion of his brain had been shot out, but he still breathed.

Jimmie at last reported his arrival to Lieutenant Shipp.

"Yes, I've seen you," answered the lieutenant. "You did well, but," he frankly added, "we're all in a bad fix. If there's war between the United States and Mexico, our pack-trains are likely to be captured; and while we're fighting our way north, carrying Captain Crawford, there'll be nothing to prevent the scouts from joining the other Chiricahuas and all together making off to do as they please. Where's the doctor? Lieutenant Maus has been asking for him."

Doctor Davis and Concepcion came in, agog to know what had occurred. They had heard the firing, again, and had hidden until it had stopped.

The doctor attended to the captain, and reported that he could not live long. The other wounded were patched up. The Mexicans needed a doctor, and he went over to them, as was his duty.

He was gone some time. On his return he said that the Mexicans had many killed and wounded, but that

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he had been badly treated, with scowls and insulting language.

Some of the Geronimo Chiricahuas were in sight, waiting. The officers did not think it advisable to hold a council with them until the Mexicans had been disposed of. Only old Nana was still tottering about, cackling among the scouts. He was harmless.

"Give us the orders, and we will clean the earth of those Mexicans," implored Chato and Ka-e-ten-na, of Tom Horn. "Then we will all have plenty of pinole (which was meal) and bullets."

Another cold, rainy night settled down early. Lieutenant Maus directed that camp be broken at daylight, for the march north. Captain Crawford should be moved at once, and the pack-train that had been left must be protected. After that, the Chiricahuas who did not surrender would be hunted again.

In the morning, while a litter of reeds from the river was being made, for carrying the captain, old Concepcion, who had been rounding up some ponies, called that the Mexicans had him and demanded a talk with the commanding officer.

Lieutenant Maus again met a squad. They led him aside, behind some rocks, as if to get shelter from the rain—and presently a Mexican brought a note from him. The note stated that he, too, was a prisoner, until he could show papers to prove that he had permission to "invade" Mexico. The Mexicans insisted also upon a supply of food, and mules for their wounded.

Lieutenant Shipp and Chief Scout Horn conferred together. The Mexican messenger was told to get

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four or five men and return for the mules and rations. Lieutenant Shipp slipped around with his company of scouts, to a position where he might pour a deadly fire into the Mexican lines. When the five Mexicans returned to the camp, for the mules and rations, they were suddenly ringed about with carbine muzzles.

"Now," spoke Chief Scout Horn, "you call to your comrades. Tell them that if our lieutenant is not released immediately, you will all be killed!"

"Hi!" cackled old Nana. "That is good. Yes, you will be killed. But we will not kill you quick. We will shoot you in many places, first."

Carbine hammers clicked. Young Lieutenant Shipp's scouts were crouched and aiming, ready. All the scouts were yelling, while the five Mexicans, calling piteously, pleaded that the lieutenant be released.

That, as Tom Horn said, "ended the row." Here came the lieutenant, angry but safe. The five prisoners were allowed to scuttle back.

"They're an ugly lot," announced the lieutenant. "They have over thirty dead and a dozen wounded. Concepcion is still held. I've agreed to let them have six mules in exchange, so they can pull out."

The mules were Mexican mules, but the lieutenant required a receipt for them, and the Mexican government paid the value of them to the United States.

The Mexicans finally withdrew. Scouts were sent out, on their trail, to watch them to a safe distance. The next morning, January 13, camp was broken.

Captain Crawford was living, but unconscious. Four of the scouts carried him in the litter. The trail

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was too rough and narrow for any other method. The Geronimo Chiricahuas had disappeared, but they stayed near. This evening Geronimo sent an old squaw into the new camp. He requested the talk that had been agreed upon for the day when the Mexicans had interrupted.

In the morning Lieutenant Maus took Tom Horn, Ka-e-ten-na, Dutchy, and two or three other scouts, and, all unarmed, met Geronimo in council.

"Why did you come down in here, where I thought white men could not come?" demanded Geronimo, direct.

"I came down to capture or destroy you and your band," answered the weary Lieutenant Maus, just as direct.

"I see you speak the truth," replied Geronimo. He shook hands, sent a long talk, of various complaints, to "Cluke," and engaged to meet the general at the border when the March moon was full.

"Do you think he will do it, Chato?" queried Jimmie.

"Yes. Ka-e-ten-na has told him what a big people the Americans are. Besides, Geronimo is sending in old Nana, and some women. Chihuahua wants to come in. Juh has been killed by the Mexicans. Pretty soon Geronimo will have no one left."

Nana arrived, again, and Geronimo's wife, and one of Nah-che's wives, and another Chiricahua, and several children. Lieutenant Maus divided his few rations with the Geronimo band, and proceeded. Matters looked better.

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But that was a long, sorrowful march, carrying Captain Crawford through the three hundred miles of mountains and rain. He lived, unconscious, for five days—he had an “indomitable will,” as had said Doctor Davis. Without having spoken a word he died on January 17. Of course there was no thought of leaving him behind, in the wilds, so his body was still carried on, in the litter.

He was buried at the little Mexican town of Nacori, near the border, until he might be reburied in the United States. The mayor of the town promised to have the grave guarded.

The news of the expedition was telegraphed by helio to Bowie. Scout runners already had been dispatched ahead.

Almost the first person encountered by Jimmie, when he rode stiffly into Bowie, on the third of February, was Micky the Red-head, as lively as ever, after his own long trip with the Captain Davis column.

“Where is Geronimo, Cheemie?” hailed Micky.

“He will come.”

“Well, if he doesn’t, we will go get him,” asserted Micky. “We will bring him back little by little. You look as though you had been a long way, Cheemie.”

“More than a thousand miles,” laughed Jimmie. And he felt it.

“That’s enough for *you*,” declared Chief Packer Tom Moore, when Jimmie reported. “You stick around, now, and take things easy.”

The post was still talking of Captain Crawford’s one march of eighteen hours with only the twenty min-

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utes' halt; and of his tragic death, at the end, when he had won his goal.

Lieutenant Maus, with Lieutenant Faison and Lieutenant Shipp, Tom Horn and the scouts, was ordered back below the border, to camp until the Chiricahaus signalled for the talk.

Jimmie was laid up with his leg, for several weeks. And at Bowie the general waited impatiently for the news from the lieutenant's camp,

XXVII

THE WORST ENEMY OF ALL

THE last week of March had opened. The moon was near the full. Tom Moore, walking briskly, caught Jimmie bossing the repairs on some aparejos, out at the Bowie mule sheds.

"Word's come," rapped Tom. "I'm to take a pack-train down to Maus to-morrow, and the general will follow."

"Is Geronimo there, Tom?"

"I don't know; but he's promised to be there in four days. Anyhow, we're to pack a lot of rations; and looks like we're to feed some Injuns and fetch 'em back. Do you want to go 'long and see the finish?"

"Sure thing, Tom."

"Bueno! I thought you would, but I can use somebody else if you're not fit. All right, then. We'll pull out at eight o'clock."

The Lieutenant Maus command had been camped one hundred miles south of Bowie, or ten miles below the border. But Geronimo had refused to meet the general there, and had appointed the Cañon de los Embudos (Funnels Canyon), twelve miles below the border and twenty miles west, where the country was rougher.

Alchisé, Ka-e-ten-na, and Tony Besias and another official interpreter went with the pack outfit. There were two old Chiricahua squaws, also, from the bunch who had been taken prisoners at the Geronimo rancheria

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last January. They, and Alchisé and Ka-e-ten-na were counted upon to spread "good talk" among the Chiricahuas. Mayor Strauss, of Tucson, who had been at Bowie discussing affairs with the general, joined by special permission.

The general overhauled the pack-train on the second day out. He and his staff, including Major Bourke and Captain C. S. Roberts, of the Judge-Advocate Department, were in an ambulance. Captain Roberts had brought his ten-year-old son, Charley, who was seeing army life in the Southwest; and there was an escort of scouts, with the inevitable Micky as scout sergeant.

Before the Lieutenant Maus camp was reached, the company had grown larger. Two photographers named Fly and Chase had joined; and a Mexican, José Maria Yaskes, who had lived with the Chiricahuas; and several ranchers and cow-boys.

"All want to see Geronimo—but I guess the Gray Fox wants to see him worst of anybody," laughed Micky.

On the morning of March 25 Alchisé and Ka-e-ten-na sent up a smoke signal, to tell the camp and Geronimo that the general was near. Lieutenant Shipp, Chato and two others rode out to guide the detachment in.

The Maus camp was well located, upon a mesa commanding water and grass, in the canyon. Geronimo's camp was just as strongly located, a half mile away—on the top of a lava cone surrounded by bristly gulches.

The packers already in camp thought that there would be no trouble. Geronimo had been over every

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day, to ask when the general was expected for the talk; Chihuahua had sent word that he was prepared to surrender at any time, and do exactly as the general told him to do.

“Chihuahua will leave Geronimo; Nana has left Geronimo; soon he will have nobody,” Chato repeated. “Geronimo and Chihuahua are living separate now. Nana is too old to run any more.”

After the general had lunched, there was sudden exclaiming and pointing. A large party of Chiricahuas were descending from their cone.

“Geronimo!”

“Here comes the old rascal!”

The Chiricahuas rode on, up the canyon, and Chief of Scouts Horn met them. He returned, and reported.

“Geronimo says he will talk with the general.”

Still, Geronimo did not enter the camp. He halted a short distance out, amid some white-barked sycamores and shaggy cottonwoods, near the river. The general and officers advanced, to hold the talk, and a crowd followed, eager to hear.

There were the general, Lieutenant Maus, Lieutenant Shipp and Lieutenant Faison; Surgeon Davis (who had recovered from his hard trip); Captain Roberts and young Charley Roberts; Major Bourke; Chief Packer Tom Moore, ex-Assistant Jimmie, Pack-masters H. W. Daly and Harvey Carlisle, Packers Shaw and Foster; Mayor Strauss, of Tucson; Photographers Fly and Chase; Tony Besias, old Concepcion, José Maria Yaskes, and other interpreters; Chief Scout Tom Horn, Sergeant Micky Free, Alchisé, Ka-e-ten-na, Chato, and

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others of the scout companies; and even a little boy named Howell who had traveled along from a ranch thirty miles away.

Chihuahua was here, smiling and good-natured. So was Nah-che—not smiling, but on the contrary looking grim and anxious. Jimmie saw Porico, or White Horse, Geronimo's brother. No squaws had come over, and only a few of the warriors sat together; the majority were scattered, well armed, wearing two cartridge-belts, and prepared to fight and flee, if an attempt were made to seize them.

Everybody except the general, Chihuahua and Micky appeared to be rather on edge. And no wonder. After all these months of worry and work, growing old chasing Geronimo on the heart-breaking trails, was this the end at last? Jimmie suddenly felt old, himself. How far had he trailed the fighting Apaches? Two thousand miles, at least!

“Ka-e-ten-na says the Chiricahua will shoot if we try to hold Geronimo,” whispered Micky. “They made Maus promise that the Gray Fox would bring no soldiers down. That is bad.”

“But the scouts will fight.”

“Yes, they will fight,” nodded Micky.

Geronimo was speaking, as he sat twisting a strand of buckskin in his nervous hands.

“Everybody on the reservation was unfriendly to me. Chato and Micky Free stirred up trouble against me; they lied about me to the soldier-captain Davis, and he spread the lies. The papers told bad stories on me. They said that I ought to be arrested and hung up.

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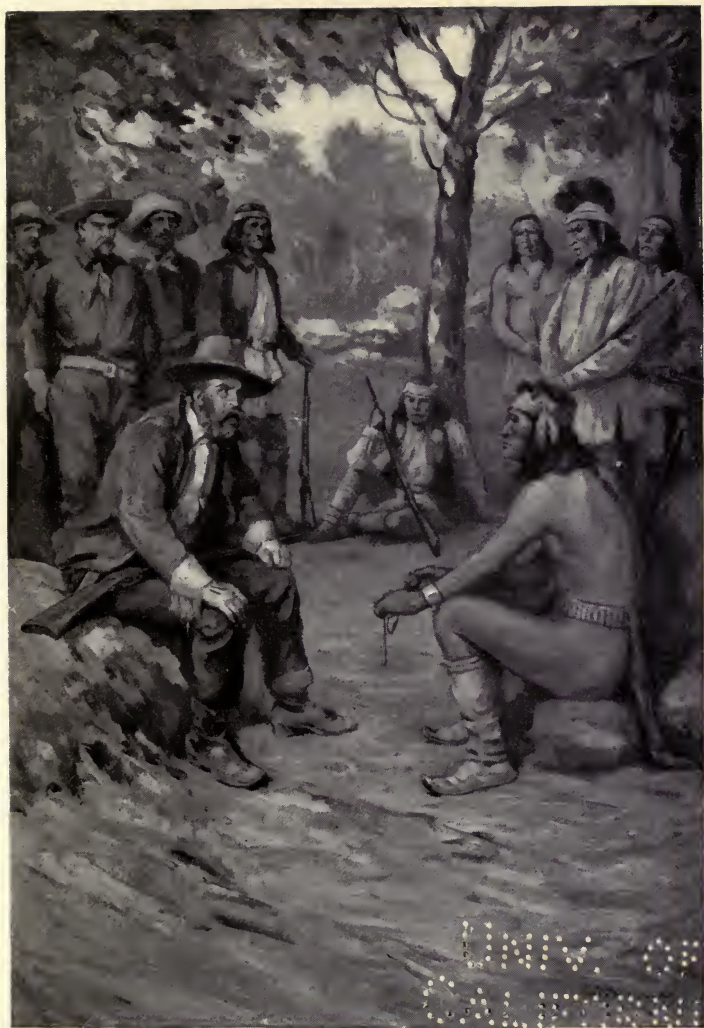
I don't want any more of that talk. Why don't you speak to me and look with a pleasant face? What is the matter, that you don't smile on me? Why did you give orders to have me put in prison? I had tried to do right. Remember that I sent you word I would come from a long distance to speak with you here, and you see me now. If I thought bad or had done bad, I would not have come."

General Crook made no bones about answering.

"I gave no orders to have you arrested. If you left the reservation because you were afraid, why did you sneak all over the country killing innocent people and stealing horses? Your story is all bosh. You sent up your people to kill Chato and Lieutenant Davis. Everything that you did on the reservation is known. There is no use in your trying to talk nonsense. I am no child. You promised me in the Sierra Madre that the peace should last, and you have lied. How do I know but that you are lying now, when you say you want peace? Have I ever lied to you? You must make up your mind either to surrender or to stay out on the warpath. If you stay out, I will keep after you and kill every one of you if it takes fifty years. I have said all I have to say. You had better think, to-night, and let me know in the morning."

The perspiration had burst out upon Geronimo's face and hands. He would have said more, but the general arose, as signal that the talk was at an end. Only the two photographers were happy; they had taken a number of excellent pictures.

This evening and night the two camps remained



"WHY DON'T YOU SPEAK TO ME AND LOOK WITH A PLEASANT FACE?"



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apart. In the Maus camp there was a great deal of discussion. Nobody might yet foresee what the Chiricahuas under Geronimo would do.

"A thousand troops couldn't get those broncs, where they're located," asserted Tom Moore. "They'd scatter like quail and be off into Mexico, at first sign of trouble. Anyhow, Maus agreed not to attack 'em, and while the general mightn't have made any such agreement himself, he's bound to stick by it."

"You and I will go over in the morning, Cheemie," said Micky. "We will see for ourselves."

So they did. Major Bourke, Mayor Strauss, of Tucson, Pack-master Carlisle and others likewise went. It was indeed a strong position, well up among broken lava, with every jacal or hut defended by a cactus fence. A number of jagged rifts had to be crossed, and there were ravines leading away.

No army officer, Major Bourke alleged, could have chosen a better situation or made more of it.

Geronimo and his warriors were in council, and could not be approached. None of the Chiricahuas would talk; even Nah-da-ste declined to speak to Jimmie, but hid her face.

Young Charley Roberts was the only visitor who could attract attention. The little girls followed him around, giggling, and passing compliments upon him. It reminded Jimmie of the time, long ago, when he had been giggled at in a Chiricahua camp.

Nothing happened this day. Matters looked bad. In the morning Alchisé and Ka-e-ten-na came into camp. They had been spending their time in the Geron-

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imo camp, to spread peace talk. Ka-e-ten-na was to tell the Chiricahuas of the sights that he had seen in San Francisco.

They brought word from Chihuahua that whether Geronimo decided to surrender, or not, he himself would appear with all his band at noon, and do as "Cluke" said to do.

At noon Chihuahua appeared. Geronimo and Nahche and old Nana were with him. Geronimo's face was blackened, as sign of mourning. The general talked with them, again, at the same place as before.

"I am glad to see you, Cluke," said Chihuahua. "I am now in your hands. You may do as you please with me. I am going over to stay with you in your camp."

"What have you decided?" asked the general, of Geronimo.

"My people are afraid to go with you, for fear they will be punished. They do not want to be punished. We will go with you if we are allowed to live as before."

"That is all nonsense," retorted the general. "I do not trust you any more. If you go with me, you must understand that you all will be put in the guard-house until Washington tells me what to do with you."

"How long will we be kept prisoners?"

"You will be sent away, like Ka-e-ten-na was. That cured Ka-e-ten-na and made him good. It will make you good, because it will change your hearts. You say that lies are told about you on the reservation. If you are sent away, there will be no lies."

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"How long will we be sent away?"

"Maybe one year, maybe two years. You may take your families with you. Only Nana shall stay; he is too old to make trouble."

Geronimo shifted uneasily, and gazed appealingly around.

"I will talk no more," stated the general. "Tomorrow morning I shall go back to Fort Bowie. If you decide to stay away, you will not be safe anywhere in Mexico. You cannot hide from me. This you already know.

"We will march to Fort Bowie, and there you may send us away, as you say," spoke Geronimo desperately. "But we must march freely, by ourselves. I cannot make my men give up their guns, until they are in the fort where you will protect them. There are bad people along the way who would kill us. Your young soldier-captains might not be able to control their scouts, and the scouts would kill us. I want you to promise that we shall not be made prisoners until we arrive at Fort Bowie. Otherwise, I cannot persuade my men, and there will be war."

The general eyed him fixedly.

"It is agreed," he said.

Geronimo was much relieved, and shook hands with him.

"Geronimo speaks the truth," declared Ka-e-ten-na, that evening. "If the general had not agreed, there would have been war. The Chiricahua were ready to fight and run away. But they would rather be put in prison a little while, and see such things as I have seen."

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Orders were given to be prepared to move in the morning. The general was going on ahead, to Bowie, and get instructions from General Sheridan at Washington; Lieutenant Maus was to follow, with the Chiricahuas.

That night there seemed to be a wild time in the Geronimo camp, half a mile distant. Gun shots could be heard, and shrill whoops. During breakfast in the morning there were many rumors. Jimmie got the truth from Micky.

"Much whiskey in the Chiricahua camp," said Micky, with shrug of shoulders. "Ranch man send it in, and sell at one dollar a gallon. Geronimo drunk, many others drunk."

The general, when he rode by, looked worried. But he had to reach the telegraph at Fort Bowie as quickly as possible. It was understood that he had ordered Lieutenant Maus to destroy all the whiskey that could be found, and to hasten on with the Chiricahuas.

So the camp was broken, and moved on the back trail, with directions to halt at ten miles, and wait. The lieutenant stayed behind with Concepcion the interpreter, to wait for the Geronimo camp to move.

In the afternoon he arrived at the halting place. The Chiricahuas were following, but Geronimo had told him not to hang around or he might be killed by some of the drunken warriors.

Chihuahua sent for Chief of Scouts Horn, and asked that he and all his band be put under guard.

"I don't like that, Cheemie," uttered Micky. "When Chihuahua does such a thing, he sees ahead."

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He is afraid of what will happen if his people get the whiskey, too."

Geronimo made camp again about half a mile away, as before, and in a strong position. Everybody was ordered to keep away from it, so as to avoid trouble; but the lieutenant took Ka-e-ten-na and rode over.

When they returned, Ka-e-ten-na reported that Geronimo was still drunk, and he and another chief were riding around on one mule; and that Nah-che had shot his wife.

Now the ranch which had supplied the whiskey was near. Lieutenant Shipp took a detail over, to search the ranch and destroy the liquor.

Tom Moore, the old frontiersman, swore vigorously.

"It's sure a dog-gone shame that for a few dirty dollars any man will throw the whole country open again to an Injun war. For that's what it means, if those Chiricahuas lose their heads. When whiskey gets in, the brains go out."

Concepcion said that the whiskey seller had been filling the Chiricahuas with lies also: he had told them that they were to be killed as soon as they reached Bowie. He did this, so that they would stay out and he might sell them more whiskey.

However, the night quieted the Chiricahuas in their camp. The lieutenant sent over, once, to investigate. The warriors were said to be sleeping.

But in the morning, which was March 29, while Jimmie was pulling on his boots before breakfast, he saw the lieutenant dash away, with Ka-e-ten-na, in the

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direction of Geronimo's camp. In about an hour they returned. The lieutenant stopped here where Tom Moore was overseeing the unpacking of the pack-trains, for the day's march. He looked oddly haggard, but spoke with a hard, quick accent.

"Geronimo, Nah-che and twenty men and thirteen women are gone. I'll require a pack-train and several of your best men, to follow them with. You can report to Shipp. Faison will go on to Bowie."

Tom's jaw dropped, and for a moment he acted as if too full for utterance. This, then, was the outcome of all those other bitter pursuits—poor Captain Crawford's death—the general's painstaking methods!

"That dog-gone liquor!" he growled.

Jimmie sprang forward, and saluted the lieutenant.

"I'd like to go with the packs, sir."

"You would? Why? You've been once, and you know what it means?"

"Well, I'd like to try again, sir. I won't get enough till Geronimo gets enough."

The lieutenant's face lighted up.

"If that's your spirit, there's no man I'd rather have with me. So you and Moore settle it between you."

And he galloped on.

"Gosh, but this will break the general all up," muttered Tom. "All right," he added. "You get your outfit together and go along with Maus."

Chihuahua, Nana, and sixty or seventy others of the Chiricahuas still remained. Lieutenant Faison was to take them on, up to Bowie. Lieutenant Maus and

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Lieutenant Shipp, with a company of the scouts and Jimmie's pack-train, set out in the opposite direction.

But it was no use. Geronimo had been thoroughly frightened by the stories told him. Now his party traveled afoot, over country where horses and mules could not travel. In three days the trails had split and had become impossible, and the scouts had to give up.

So the command turned back. When they arrived at Bowie on April 3, this 1886, they learned that General Crook was no longer the commander in Arizona!

XXVIII

THE END OF THE TRAIL

THAT was a stunning blow to the Crook men. The general had been relieved of his command on April 2, at his own request.

As far as might be learned by the rank and file, and the pack service, the President had not approved of the terms upon which Geronimo had surrendered; but by this time Geronimo had fled again. Then the dispatches from General Sheridan, commanding the Army, to General Crook, had somewhat questioned the wisdom of the general's methods in depending upon the scouts, and suggested that he now make no more campaigns for a while, but try to protect the border with his troops.

The general had replied that he still believed his methods were the best, under the conditions; that he had been using the troops, to protect the border; and that it had been impossible to hold Geronimo as a prisoner and not break the promise given him.

To attack Geronimo in camp had likewise been impossible of success.

"It may be, however, that I am too much wedded to my own views in this matter," the general was said to have added, "and as I have spent nearly eight years of the hardest work of my life in this department, I respectfully request that I may now be relieved from its command."

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The Apache medicine-men at Fort Bowie made more medicine, and insisted that if Ka-e-ten-na and other runners were sent after Geronimo, as soon as the whiskey left him he would keep his word and come in peaceably.

This was not done, because Brigadier General Nelson A. Miles, of the Fifth Infantry, commanding at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, had been directed to take command of the Department of Arizona. This of course meant new methods, and a shake-up all 'round.

Not knowing exactly what was ahead, Jimmie left the pack service and became a railroad telegraph operator.

At any rate, General Crook had not failed. Eighty of the Chiricahuas, including Chihuahua and Nana, had been brought in. Only Geronimo and Nah-che and their twenty men and boys and thirteen women, were out. And the Mangas squad of six men, who had not been with Geronimo for almost a year.

General Miles arrived at Fort Bowie on April 12. He immediately organized things for a campaign with the regular troops. The War Department did not favor trusting in the scouts as fighters—especially in the scouts from the White Mountain and Chiricahua friendlies.

The General Crook scouts had been discharged, and so were many of the interpreters. Tom Horn left. Yes, there was a decided shake-up.

But the new general seemed to be a good man, all right, and the Arizona newspapers put much faith in

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him. He extended the heliograph service, until a perfect network of stations had been established; and he injected fresh vim into the officers.

Suspecting that they were to get no terms at all, now, and to show that they despised the soldiers, Geronimo and Nah-che went thoroughly bad. Perhaps General Crook's methods might have been better; perhaps not; but toward the last of April Geronimo and Nah-che led their few warriors straight up past Tucson itself; the troops had not been able to protect the border, and Nah-che penetrated clear to Fort Apache.

They lost only one man. He was a deserter, and volunteered to follow them, as "Peaches" had. The troops did heroic work. Lieutenant Lloyd Brett, of the Second Cavalry, marched twenty-six hours without a halt; his troopers were forced to drink their own blood, to quench thirst.

Captain Henry W. Lawton, of the Fourth Cavalry, and Captain Leonard Wood, assistant surgeon in the army, were selected to push the pursuit through Mexico, with a picked command of the Eighth Infantry and Fourth and Tenth Cavalry. Surgeon Wood was instructed to see if the men could not outdo even the Apaches.

Tom Horn went in charge of some Tonto and Yuma trailers. The Lawton and Wood column made terrific marches; altogether, fourteen hundred miles. On July 13, three hundred miles into Mexico they surprised the Geronimo and Nah-che camp, as Captain Crawford had surprised it, the January before.

Nah-che had been wounded; he and Geronimo and

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their band barely escaped. They sent word to a Mexican woman (the wife of the interpreter José Maria Yaskes) that they desired to surrender.

It was a Crook man, after all—Lieutenant George Gatewood—who performed the bravest act; and a General Crook method that clinched the surrender. From Fort Apache the lieutenant, under orders by General Miles, traveled down with only Kah-yee-ta, the deserter, and Martinez, another Chiricahua, to find the hostile camp and talk with Geronimo. This was done. Lieutenant Gatewood's life hung by a hair; but his talk had effect, for in the morning Geronimo, Nah-che, and their warriors surrendered to Captain Lawton.

Lieutenant Gatewood had been instructed to offer them no terms whatsoever, except that their lives would be spared; the captain offered the same terms.

Geronimo agreed to march along with the column, just as before. He and his men were still very suspicious, but he sent Porico up to General Miles as a pledge of good faith.

The general met him at the border, on September 3. Geronimo did not know that while he had been out, all the Chiricahuas upon the reservation—Chato, Ka-eten-na, and all—had been moved, and were started for Florida.

“This,” as Tom Moore explained to Jimmie, “took the sap out of him. He had no base of trouble, any more. Nah-che hadn't come in with him, but he sent out after him, and the whole band—what there was left of them—were packed aboard the cars on September 8, and now they're on their way, too. Let's see—this is

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1886. How long have you known Geronimo, anyhow?"

"Sixteen years," said Jimmie.

"Well, you'll never see him again."

And Jimmie never did.

He never saw General Crook again, either. The general had resumed command of the Department of the Platte; and as major-general was assigned to the command of the Division of the Missouri, with headquarters in Chicago.

But he was not forgotten in Arizona. The Indians at the San Carlos and the Fort Apache reservations continued to hold him in their hearts. Jimmie happened to be at Fort Apache, on business, when in the spring of 1890 the news of the general's death was received.

The old men and women, and all the White Mountain scouts, "sat down in a great circle, let down their hair, bent their heads forward upon their bosoms, and wept and wailed like children." And in the far north the Sioux also lamented the passing of their conqueror but friend, the Gray Fox.

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